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God, and the devil

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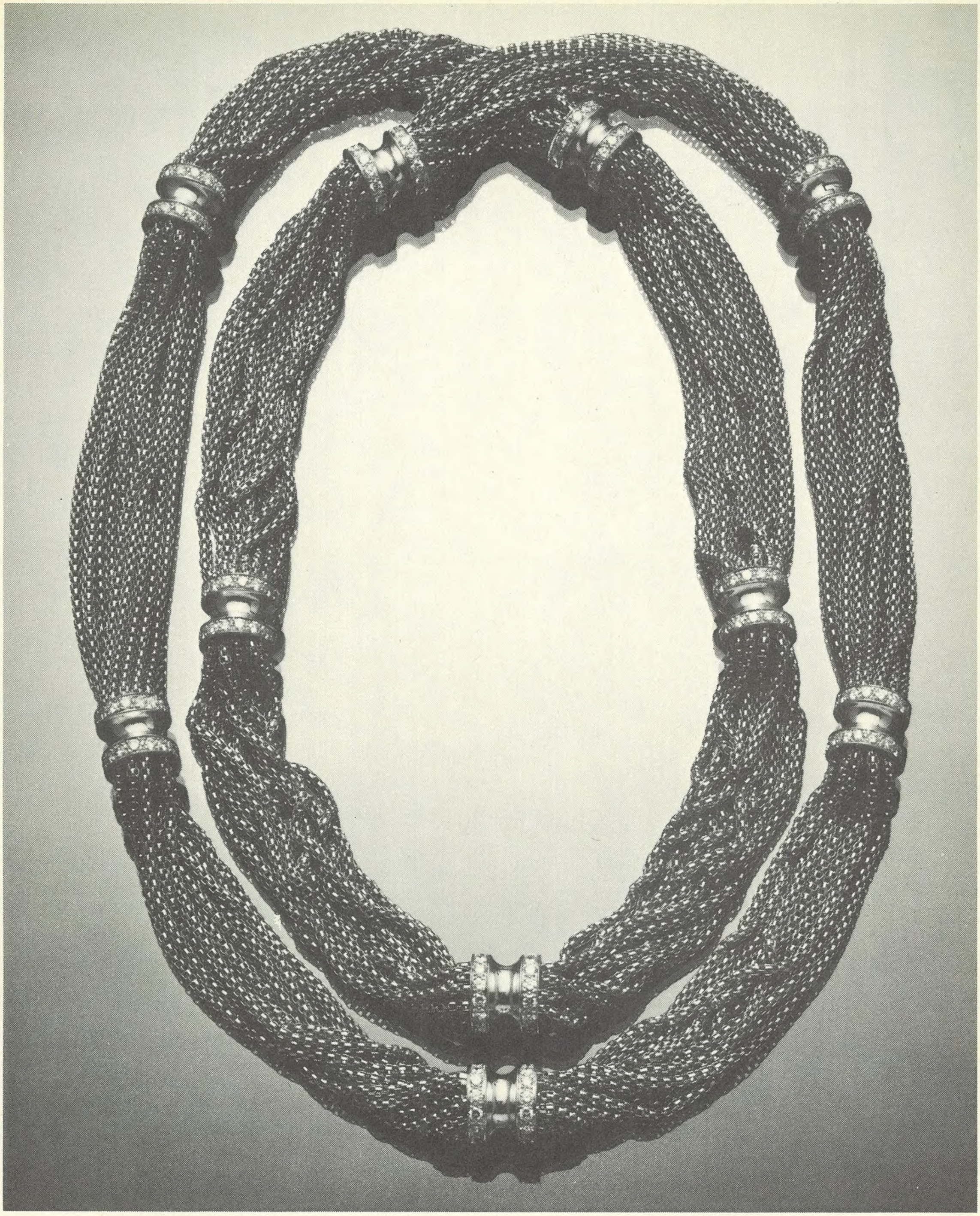

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december

FASHION

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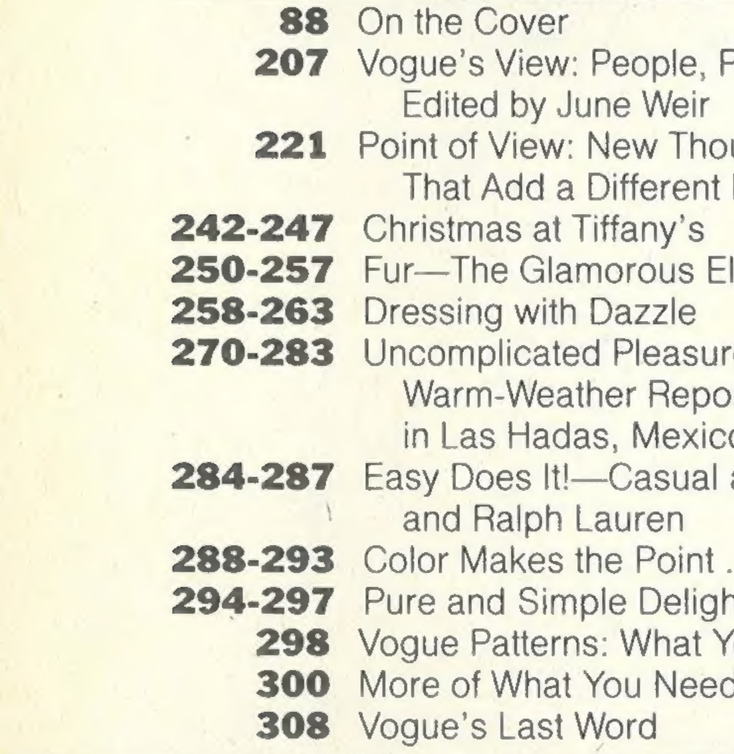

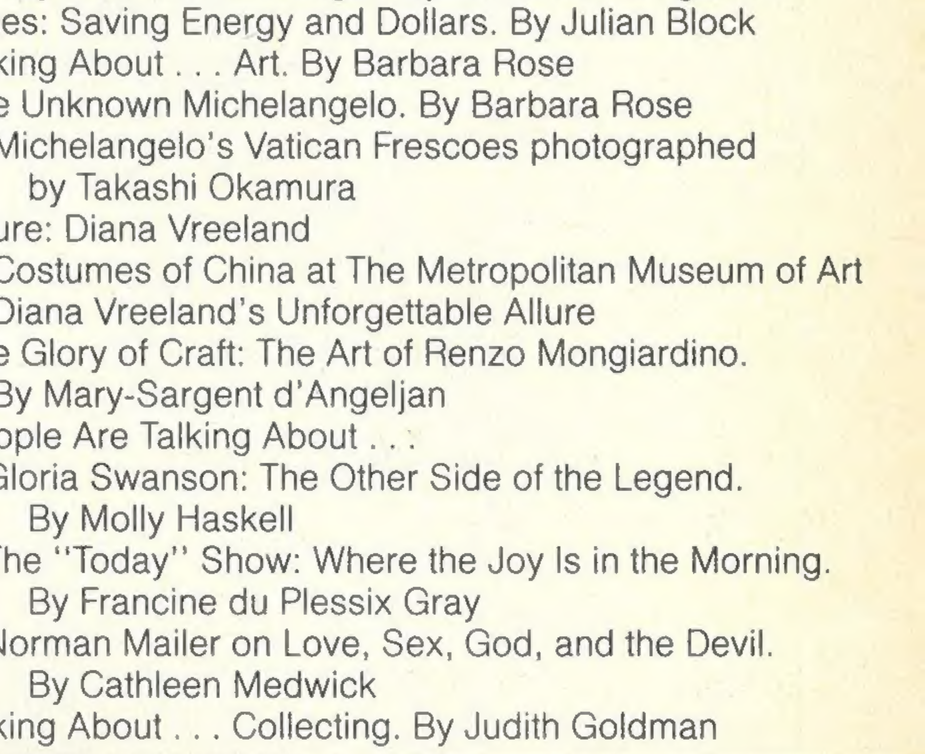

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Oleg Cassini's Sea Scape, '81

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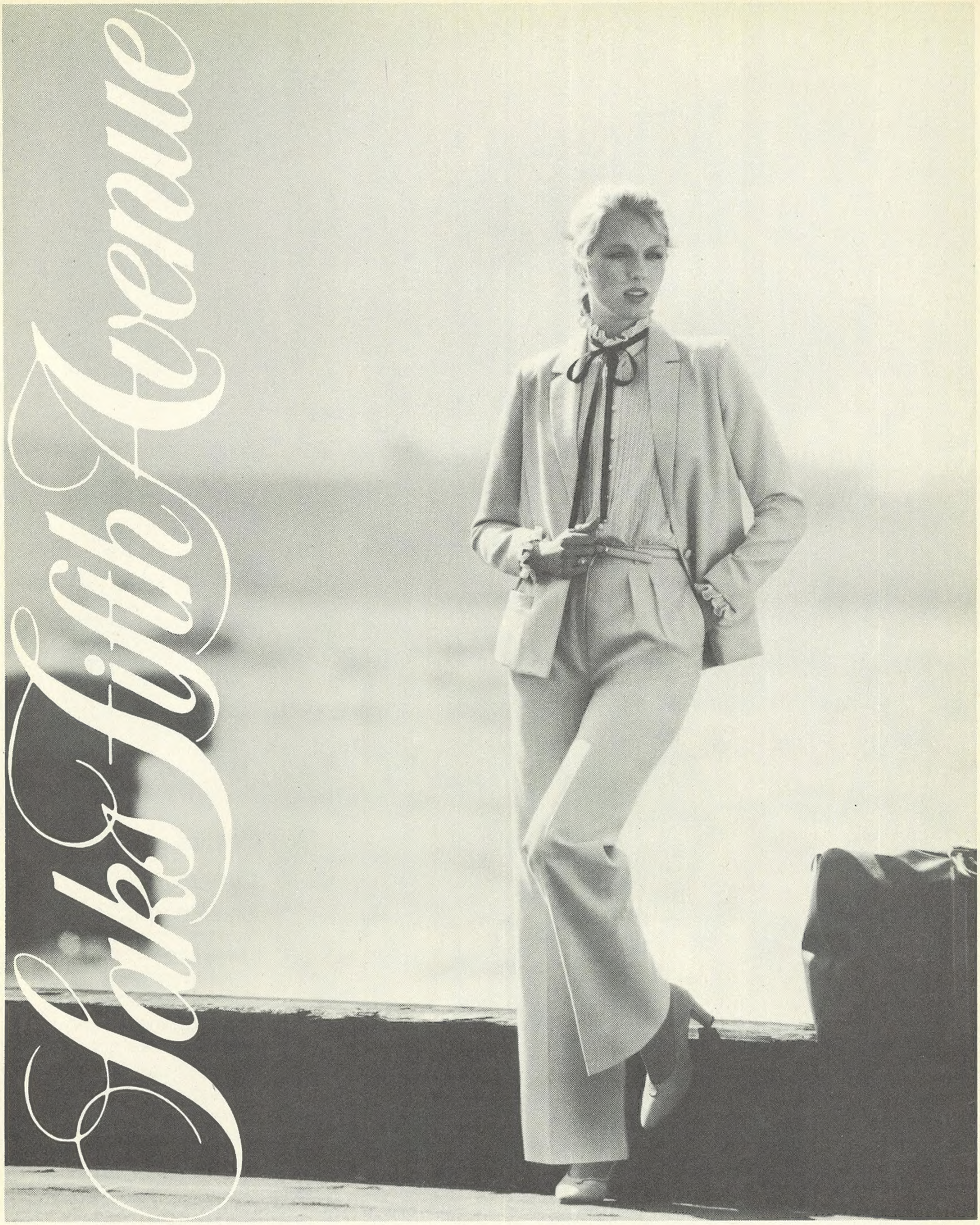

Born Against The Sun, The St. John Silhouette.

Exclusively ours, and resort-bound, Marie Gray's suit of worldly elegance, of timeless appeal. For in its line exists the allure of total simplicity. Contours of ever-flattering dimensions. The jacket neither too shaped nor too straight. Pants softly gathered, but never too fully so. And so what results...a silhouette to carry you down to sun-struck climes, then keep 'til the sun warms northern realms. For the texture of it is a seasonless delight: for where you once thought the knits of St. John...now delight in this suede-like elegance. The suit of oyster polyester suede with the buttery-rich feeling of doeskin, and the ruffled polyester blouse with grosgrain tie and belt, for sizes 4 to 14; $480. In the Fifth Avenue Collections...where we are all the things you are.

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OF

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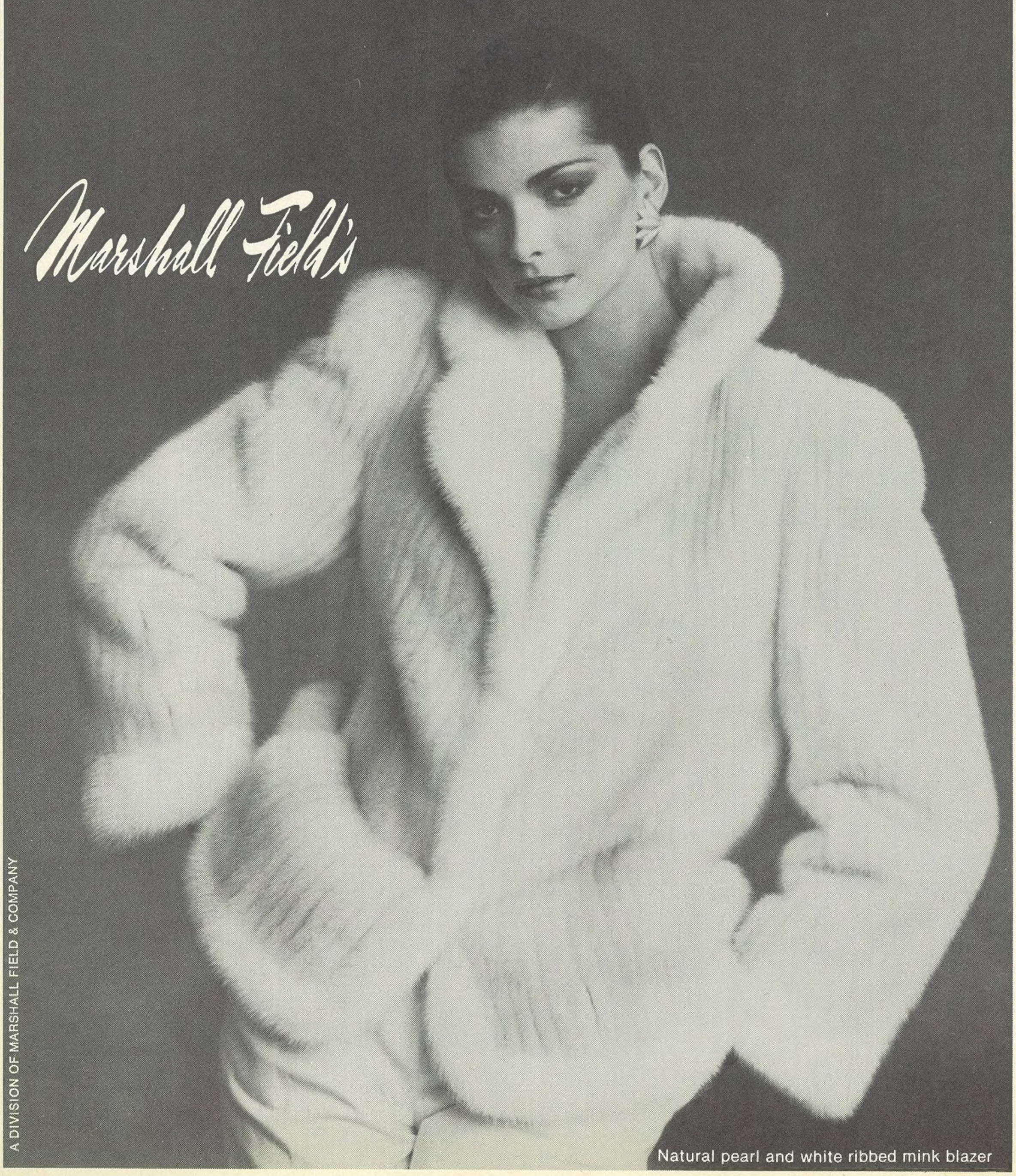

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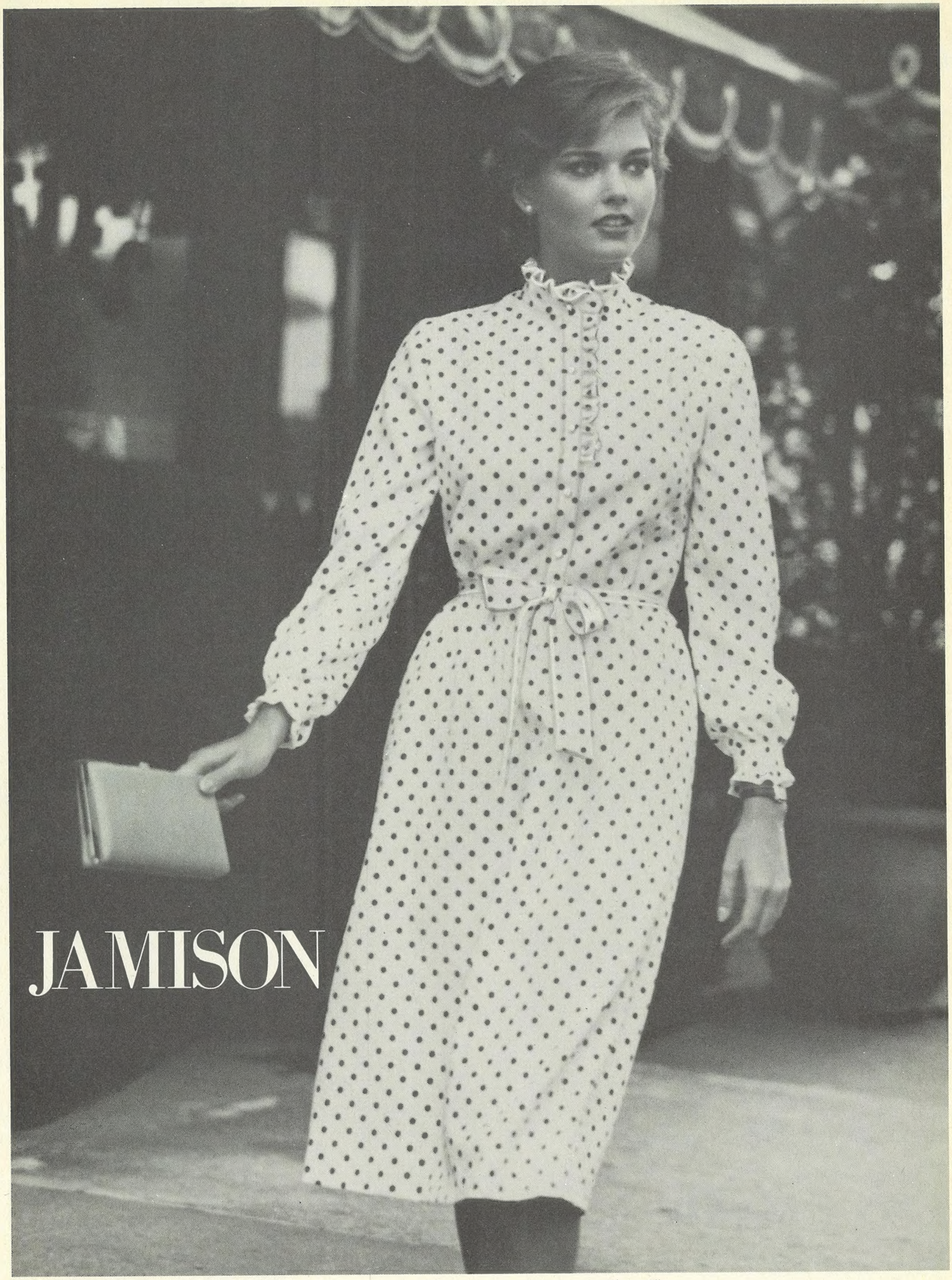
Natural pearl and white ribbed mink blazer



Jamison interprets the new romanticism with ruffles,
pearl buttons and navy polka dots on white poly twill. Sizes 6 to 16, about $80.
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December thoughts:
recall now, Pavlova
wrapped in furs
riding in a sleigh
through the
St. Petersburg
streets of Christmas eve.
And a fragrance
floating on the winter
air of tuberose, jasmine
and rose petals.
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BONWIT TELLER

December thoughts: imagine gliding through the night in a limousine to a New Year's celebration at the top of the city. A contemporary vision in a devastating quilted silk blouson evening jacket, a leaf print in gleaming bronze on black for small, medium or large sizes, 158.00 with slim black silk pants for 4 to 12 sizes, 78.00. Both by DDDominick. Contemporary Sportswear

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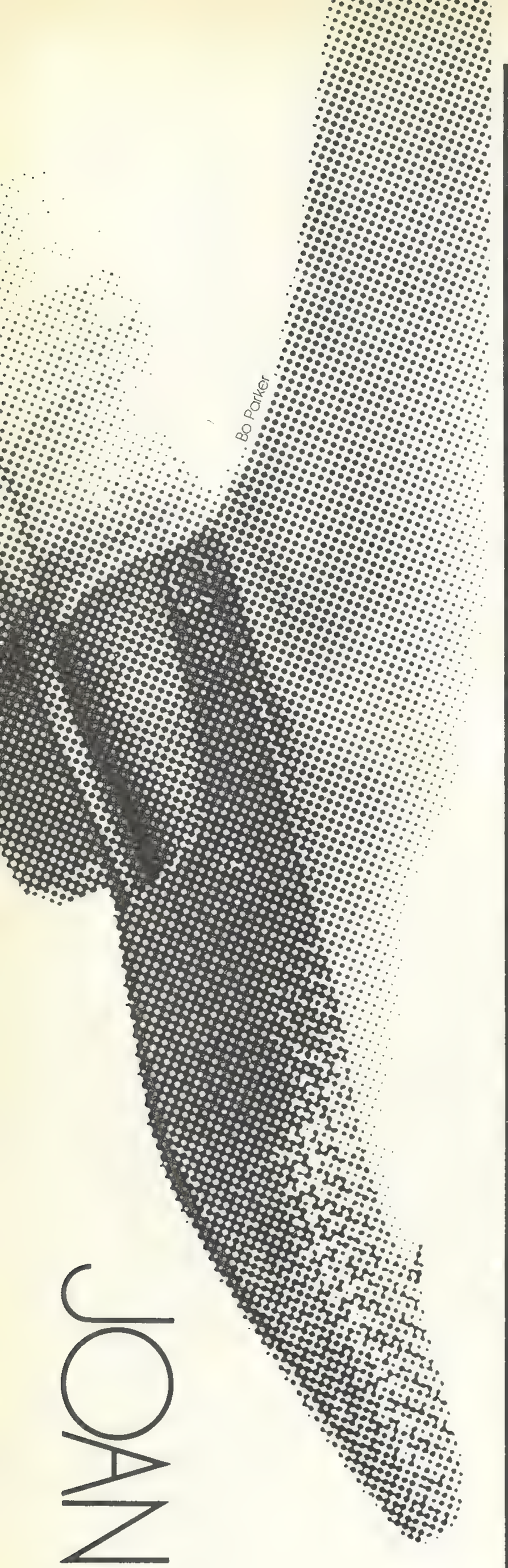

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Your Letters

"You can't be too thin"
Please be advised that the statement "the thinnest watch in the world" as applied to the Omega 1355 at 1/16" in the article appearing in the Living: Ideas and Trends section, on page 378 of the November issue, is completely and utterly false.

The Concord Delirium™ IV 0.98mm (less than 1/25") is the world's thinnest watch. The Concord Delirium™ IV was introduced on April 19, 1980 at Basel, Switzerland, and advertised in *The New York Times* on Sunday, June 1, 1980 as the world's thinnest watch.

Gedalio Grinberg, President
North American Watch Corporation

Editor's reply: *In Vogue's caption for the picture of the Omega Quartz 1355, the phrase "the thinnest watch in the world" appears in quotation marks as an allegation, not as an established fact. The quote came, of course, from the makers of the watch. This statement is not now accurate; we can report that, as we go to press, the Concord Delirium IV is the holder of the "thinnest watch" title, winner by .5 millimeter.*

Womanpower in politics
I am so pleased that your article, "Women in Politics" (September 1980), encourages women to reach for the top, at the same time describing the hurdles they will have to overcome. I only wish that the motive proposed for doing so could have been a great love for the people, and not power. I really believe that a person accomplishes something greater when she cares about people, rather than when she controls them. And it can be done: look at Assemblywoman Clare Dunn from Arizona's 43 district.

Sister Marylouis, CSJ
Los Angeles CA

Lost in the translation
I was pleased to see the piece on the Russian poet Marina Tsvetaeva in your August issue, and want to commend you for bringing this fine poet—who should be better known—to the attention of Vogue's wide audience. I must register a friendly *(Continued on page 112)*

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SKREBNESKI

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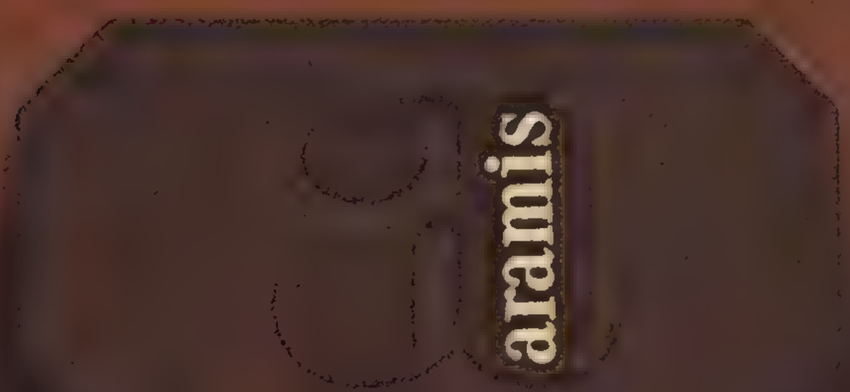

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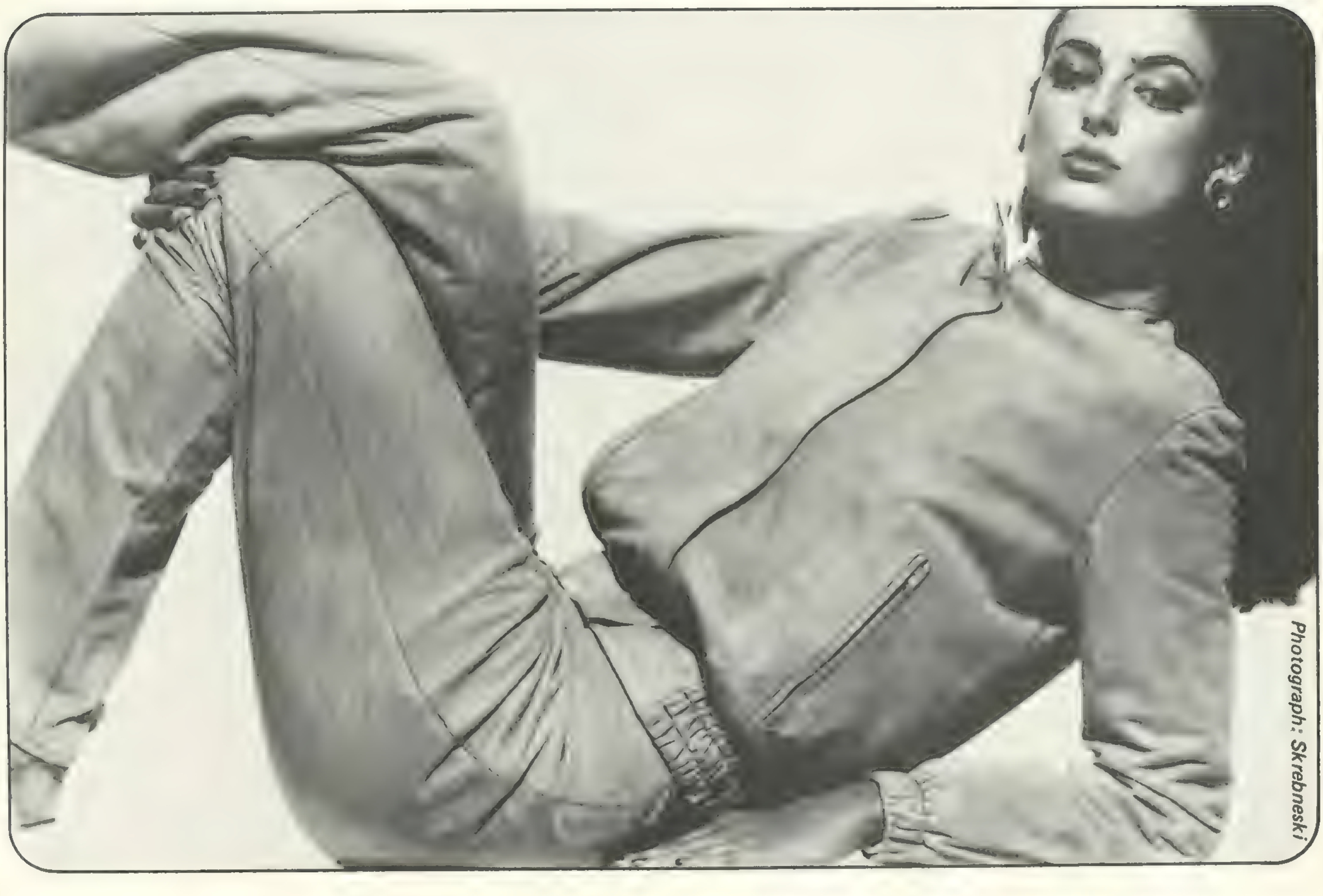

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I. Magnin

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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Jazzy holiday movie—with a hometown heart . . . oval office secrets . . . tough TV

movies

BY REX REED

The Jazz Singer

Directed by Richard Fleischer; starring Neil Diamond, Lucie Arnaz, and Laurence Olivier

In Hollywood, there's an axiom: when the new movies fail, go back to the filing cabinets, the vaults, and the projection rooms, take a look at the old movies that used to work, and make them all over again. Few movies ever worked better than *The Jazz Singer.* It was a Broadway vehicle for George Jessel in 1925; it made Al Jolson a movie star when it became the "first talking picture" in 1927; it got overhauled as a vehicle for Danny Thomas and Peggy Lee in 1953; and now it's been dusted off, gift-wrapped in expensive tinsel for a multimillion-dollar 1980 Christmas present and recycled for the contemporary talents of rock star Neil Diamond.

The dog-eared story of a Jewish cantor torn between his loyalty to the synagogue and his love for show business still works, although musically it should be called *The Rock Singer* instead of *The Jazz Singer.* There is no jazz, hot or cool, and even the rock is tepid.

Lucie Arnaz, Neil Diamond in "The Jazz Singer": rocking into the '80s

Jessel and Jolson were Jackie Rabinowitz. Concert star, record tycoon-songwriter Neil Diamond is Yussel Rabinovitch, the latest in five generations of singing cantors who escaped the Holocaust and ended up in the Jewish ghetto of New York's Lower East Side. Yussel wears the yarmulke, brings pride to his simple young wife (Catlin Adams), and honor to his aging father (Laurence Olivier). But instead of bending his knees and singing "mammy" songs in blackface like Jolson, this young cantor changes his name to Jess Robin, wears an Afro, and sings rock songs with three Black friends in a honky-tonk. His talent takes him to Hollywood, fame, divorce, personal guilt, and a struggle between Jess and his tradition-bound father that gives the film its central dramatic conflict. Meanwhile, there are ten new rock songs written and performed by Neil Diamond that all sound exactly alike to my ears. Maybe that's my fault, not Diamond's, but I never said I didn't prefer Cole Porter.

The numbers aren't important; it's the story that counts. This is the story of a man who prefers bars to bar mitzvahs. He's moving so fast his family can't keep up with him. By the time his innocent young wife talks about roots, Jess has already outgrown them. Lucie Arnaz gives a splendid performance as the record-industry *shiksa* who takes him to her bed and heart. She's the most endearing performer in the film. Laurence Olivier, seventy-three, has become an outrageous old ham. Rolling his eyes like Molly Goldberg, drinking his schnapps, and shouting "Ven you comink home, vy not?" he gives a Yiddish impersonation that will undoubtedly get a million *"Oy veys!"* from the gang down on Delancey Street. Then he turns around in the big emotional scenes and breaks down even the toughest defenses with such force you'll forgive him anything.

But the real test is how much you love Neil Diamond. I guess I flunked. To me, he looks like a bored-stiff Bobby Darin and sounds like he's got corns on his vocal chords. The fact that I ended up liking the film in spite of a star who is seldom off the screen is a testament to the durability of the story and to the sensitive way it has been preserved. In the end, the hero returns to New York to do a TV special, sings the "Kol Nidre" in his father's place on Yom Kippur, and produces a new grandson who sounds like a sixth-generation cantor in the making. All is forgiven in a movie finale that will reduce the most cynical audience to tears, and that's pretty much the way I feel about *The Jazz Singer,* too.

art

BY DAVID BOURDON

Joseph Cornell

The Museum of Modern Art, New York; through January 20

He outfitted his enchanting box constructions with carefully selected ephemera—printed diagrams of the solar system, engravings of castles, illustrations of exotically plumed birds, metal spirals, cordial glasses, reproductions of Renaissance portraits of children, the six-pointed metal pieces and rubber balls used in the game of jacks, clay pipes, tinted sand, and splintered mirrors. It is an eclectic repertoire of pasted papers and three-dimensional objects, judiciously juxtaposed and fixed in place behind panes of glass.

Universe in a box: Cornell's "Tilly Losch" evokes "private realms of memory, feeling."

Joseph Cornell's boxes are sometimes reminiscent of antique pinball machines, doll houses, stereoscopes, miniature stage sets, dioramas—anything that requires the viewer to peer through an invisible or glass wall into a tiny three-dimensional world. Though the individual boxes are small, each seems to contain a visionary universe, expanding with references that range from the solar system and the ocean's tides to private realms of memory and feeling. Childhood innocence, the romance of faraway places, the "dream extravaganzas" of Cornell's imagination—all are meticulously preserved in his exquisite caskets.

Cornell was a fascinating, temperamental man whose gaunt face and grave expression seemed appropriate for a wizard who could convert ephemera into spellbinding works of art. Though his art is filled with allusions to European art and geography, he never traveled outside the northeastern United States. From 1929 until his death at age sixty-nine in 1972, he lived in the New York City borough of Queens, in a modest wood-frame house on a quiet street called Utopia Parkway.

Cornell often shopped the local dime stores and frequently rode the subway into Manhattan to browse in Fourth Avenue second-hand bookshops, where he claimed to have bought "thousands of books" that he cut up for their illustrations. He was also a familiar face at places like the New York Public Library's Picture Collection, where he ordered photographic copies of images for use in his boxes.

("What's News" continued on page 45)

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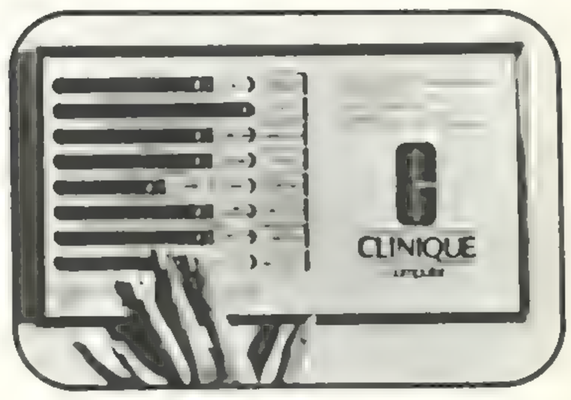

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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Cornell resented deep readings of his art and saw nothing esoteric about his work. For him, there was no division between his work in the basement and "life right out in the open." "It's out in the open that I find my materials—the driftwood, the shells, the cork balls. I collect anything of human interest. There are no elite kinds of things in my work."

The present show at the Museum of Modern Art is much larger than any of Cornell's previous retrospectives, containing some two hundred constructions and seventy-five collages, including many hitherto unexhibited works from the artist's estate; it will travel to London, Dusseldorf, Florence, Paris, and Chicago.

Exquisite Visions: Rimpa Paintings from Japan *Japan House Gallery, New York; through January 4*

Rimpa, a term coined by art historians, refers to a school of art that originated in late sixteenth-century Kyoto and flourished for nearly two hundred and fifty years. The school was founded by Hon-ami Kōetsu (1558-1637), an eminent calligrapher, potter, and all-around connoisseur who started an art colony on land granted to him by the Shōgun Tokugawa Ieyasu (the real-life model for author James Clavell's fictional warlord, Toranaga, in the novel and TV miniseries, *Shōgun*). Rimpa artists excelled at producing highly stylized, serenity-inducing images of bird- and flower-filled landscapes, often rendered in precious and semiprecious materials, ranging from gold leaf and ground lapis lazuli to pulverized jade.

This strikingly handsome exhibition features the work of over fifteen Rimpa artists and includes choice examples of folding screens and sliding partitions, hanging scrolls, hand scrolls, and fan paintings, all on loan from Japanese collections. Among the highlights: *Cranes and Poems*, a hand scroll more than forty feet long with Kōetsu's elegant calligraphy boldly superimposed on his collaborator Sotatsu's freely brushed images of flocks of wading, flying, and frolicking cranes, paint-

tv

BY GLORIA EMERSON

Cutting through the talk-show tinsel

Television can be unpredictable, if not astonishing. On a single day it is possible to see a masterpiece and then an hour of rubbish which still, despite the vulgarity of its producers and the tiresome fizzle of its "hosts," can yield moments of startling poignancy and remind us how Americans often use humor to suggest pain, the wisecrack to camouflage grief.

The masterpiece happens to be the 1957 film *Paths of Glory*, directed by Stanley Kubrick, which I saw on the four o'clock movie on a local New York channel. The horror in the film begins to grip right away: three soldiers in a French division at Verdun—where in World War I two million men were engaged in battle, a million of them killed—have been selected at random, under orders, to be shot for cowardice because an impossible attack on the German lines could not be carried out. Kirk Douglas is an officer who tries to defend the three victims—one of whom has already been cited for bravery in other operations—at a fraudulent military trial. The three, in a freezing stockade, are not at all comforted by a priest and the soldier who tries to attack him is hit, suffering a fractured skull. He is strapped to a stretcher so he can be shot in an upright position and his cheeks are pinched to revive him so he can see the rifles being aimed at him.

An artistic and harrowing and unforgettable film, based on a real incident, *Paths of Glory* could not be diminished by constant commercials telling us how to smell, how to clean, and what to eat. What cannot easily be forgotten: one of the condemned men lurching and sobbing as he walks to his death; the sleek, sly, corrupt general played by Adolphe Menjou; and the face of Kirk Douglas, the decent, honorable officer who learns that justice is a luxury, an abstraction in war. "Your men died wonderfully," says the General. To watch

("What's News" continued on page 48)

where to eat now

Vienna 79

JADE ALBERT

Time was, not so very long ago, when Manhattan was a paradise of Austro-German cooking: heavy in a comforting way, hearty, just the cuisine for winter. Today, we have one absolutely splendid purveyor—there are lesser lights, but Vienna 79 is the splendid exemplar, a true temple of *Gemütlichkeit*. The 79 is the street upon which Peter Grunauer (scion of Viennese restaurateurs) dispenses his gustatory delights. The restaurant room (not overly large, see photo *above*) is charmingly unobtrusive, the table appointments are, indeed, elegant; but it is what's prepared by Chef Willi Ribbe and Pastry Chef Thomas Ferlesch that makes Vienna 79 such a savory treat.

The true test of how good a Viennese restaurant is is its way with *Tafelspitz*—boiled beef, usually the size of a fatty footstool, here a good, lean, exquisitely cooked slice bedded in perfect vegetables; *Wiener Schnitzel*—a thin slice of veal delicately breaded and swiftly fried to melting goodness. . .I have never had any as good as this in *alt Wien*. (I have a feeling that these joys have been rethought with an appreciation of Nouvelle Cuisine.) And desserts. Vienna, city of glorious desserts. And they are sublime at Vienna 79. . .*Salzburger nockerl, Kaiserchmarren* (sometimes too doughy, too eggy, but here airborne). And of course, *moist Sacher Torte* for rich, rich, rich holiday cheer.

—LEO LERMAN

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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Douglas flinch is to be reminded of what talent he had and how meagerly Hollywood used it over the years.

NBC—whose new motto is, oddly enough, "Proud as a Peacock"—has a prime time program called *Real People* with five people who "host" it and pretend to be reporters with the usual fizzle television requires. Nevertheless in a recent program of *Real People*, a dreadful mishmash, a reunion of former World War II prisoners of war and those from Korea was covered in Las Vegas. The middle-aged men, enormously happy to see each other, were not apt to reveal their suffering to a television reporter who, at one point, said there were no atheists in a foxhole.

But somehow the program was intensely disturbing: a former POW in Germany, who said he was Jewish, described how a German guard would strike him with a rifle and how he, as an American, refused to fall down. Then, he explained, a British prisoner of war advised him to collapse after the first blow if he wanted to survive. And a stout cheerful-looking woman said that even now, so much later, if she woke her husband up in the night he acted as if he were expecting to be assaulted. And yet another survivor who, like many others, suffering lasting disabilities from those years, said of the Veterans Administration, that infamous bureaucracy in Washington, DC which does not readily compensate or aid the afflicted who were POWs: "We have not been forgotten, we have been ignored." And then, that one second when one of the former prisoners, who had been so jovial when first seen, began to cry and the reporter reached out to comfort him. For just a little while *Real People* had a legitimate link to its name.

books

BY ALLENE TALMEY

Off the Record: The Private Papers of Harry S. Truman
Robert H. Ferrell, ed. (Harper & Row)

Testy, sharp, penetrating, and fun, these private papers of Harry Truman, with a few expurgated exceptions, have never been published, some coming to light as late as 1978. Covering the period 1945–1971, Ferrell's sources include Truman's daily appointment schedules, which he annotated after the departure of each visitor (he called them "customers"); his diary (he was one of the few Presidents to keep one); memoranda for his files, and letters to his family and others, including some "hot" ones that perhaps sheepishly and, certainly with reluctance, he marked "not sent."

The initial papers reflect the enormity of what Truman faced upon FDR's death: the atomic bomb, the conclusion of the war, the Potsdam Conference, demobilization, the lifting of price controls, and inflation. His reading of Churchill and Stalin is astute, although he later realized that Stalin did not keep his word and that the only thing the Russians understand might be force. Principled, yet sensitive, Truman agonized over the firing of Henry Wallace and, later, Louis Johnson, Secretary of Defense. However, he had little reluctance when it came to recalling "Mr. Prima Donna, Brass Hat, Five Star MacArthur" in 1951.

From Truman's appointment schedule: September 18, 1945, "11 A.M. (William Randolph Hearst, Jr.) Told me what papa thought.

Off-the-record Truman: New book of letters that give-'em-hell Harry (above) never mailed.

Explained, diplomatically, I didn't give a damn." A letter (unsent) to Eisenhower upon his reelection pointed out that he was the only President except Zachary Taylor, another "professional general," to be elected without a Congress of his choosing. Further, Taylor ". . .was elected with Millard Fillmore, who was the Know Nothing Candidate in 1856. Your V.P. is not that far advanced." There is much, much more.

Truman was kind and caring toward his family; and his memoranda about people, places, and nature were touching and perceptive. He was constantly amazed and flattered by the response of crowds but often bridled under the trappings of the Presidency. The last papers reflect his failing health; but he maintains his beliefs, and his resolve, and faith in his country. This book is disarming, surprising, revealing, and unique.

The Picnic and Other Inimitable Stories
By Gerald Durrell (Simon and Schuster)
Sensitive detail, humor, absurdity, and snap endings are among the things British author Gerald Durrell creates in his latest group of character-rich short stories. In the first, "The Picnic," Durrell's family prepares for the return of the eldest son (writer Lawrence Durrell) after a ten-year absence. With the exception of the mother, the conservative peace-keeper of the family, and the brother-in-law whose passion is his 1922 Rolls-Royce, the family members do not relish the return of their complaining hypochondriac of a brother. But the mother is determined to make his homecoming a celebration and schedules an elaborate picnic with the Rolls. Durrell's description of the picnic—a full-scale disaster—is achingly funny to read. Its ending stuns even the world-weary guest of honor.

The same family is present in the second story, now gathered in Venice to embark on what turns out to be the catastrophic maiden voyage of a Greek cruise ship.

In the later stories, the mood shifts from family conflict and comedy to unwitting shock

("What's News" continued on page 51)

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and foreboding mystery. The crescendo of emotion builds subtly but is raptly convincing. So gently telling is the ambience that the endings come as a slam. These six stories are remarkable, funny, engrossing, and startling.

Wayward Reporter: The Life of A.J. Liebling
By Raymond Sokolov (Harper & Row)
Fascinating, diverting, and informative, Raymond Sokolov, in this biography, evinces the power, energy, enthusiasm, and reportorial excellence of A.J. Liebling whose lifelong rebellion against his conservative upbringing took the form of a fascination with the "lowlife"—boxers, prostitutes, gamblers. A bright student, two years younger than his classmates and physically awkward, Liebling turned to reading—and particularly newspapers—for companionship. Later in life, he recounted, "It is impossible for me to estimate . . . how many of my early impressions of the world, correct and the opposite, came to me through newspapers."

His career at Dartmouth was erratic. He earned high marks though he was casual about attending class, caroused with those of dubious character, and was suspended for taking too many chapel cuts. He claimed that he just had not bothered to count.

After attending Columbia School of Journalism (which he described as worthless), he worked briefly for the sports department of *The New York Times,* where a joke he played on the *Times* boxing writer got him fired.

At the insistence of his father, Liebling spent a year at the Sorbonne, where he developed a dangerous passion for food and drink and began a love affair with Paris that was to last a lifetime. His presence at the liberation of Paris was one of the culminating events of his life.

Liebling's years at the *World-Telegram* were frustrating because he wanted to write, not report, to give free rein, says Sokolov, to his ". . .indefatigable verve, his humor. . . ." Liebling envisioned ". . .a literary standard that transcended the criteria of feature reportage . . ." and singlehandedly waged a ". . .tacit campaign against the supremacy of Objective Truth."

Finally, *The New Yorker* provided Liebling with the platform he had been looking for. He joined the magazine in 1935, and stayed with them for the next twenty-eight years, writing a column of press criticism called "The Wayward Press." He also served as war correspondent sending dispatches from England, France, and across Europe. His columns about boxing and the "lowlife" of Times Square were extraordinary. (Amazingly, Harold Ross, his *New Yorker* editor, rarely changed his copy.) A compassionate, generous, and troubled man, he supported his unstable first wife after their divorce until the end of his life even though he was chronically short of money.

Though he found stable tranquility with his third wife, the writer Jean Stafford, his frenetic gourmandizing and the intensity of his life began to slow him and finally killed him at the age of fifty-nine. The work he left, asserts Sokolov, is ". . .learned without heaviness, funny, stylish, verbose, rebellious and finally, heroic." Engaging, loaded with Liebling, this book is a straightforward adventure.

("What's News" continued on page 52)

WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

music

BY DAVID SARGENT

Talking Heads: rock-music wizards with brains—and heart

The Talking Heads are by far the most provocative rock band to emerge from the United States in recent years, and their fourth LP, *Remain in Light* (Sire), does nothing to disabuse one of that assertion. Indeed, it manages all at once to extend the band's art-rock reputation, make a bridge to Black funk, and thus, both to justify rock as art and to assert that art is something socially meaningful, not blissfully detached from everyday concerns.

The Talking Heads: art-rockers with a message—about brotherhood, and "great music"—in latest album, "Remain in Light"

All this for a pop record? Well, yes, although such grandiose critical claims have not helped the band in the past in an unequivocal way. Critics' darlings are not always beloved by the public, and there exists a vociferous school of thought (or school of feeling, perhaps) which argues that *any* intellection about rock subverts its supposed true purpose, which is to boogie.

One can only reply: nonsense. Thought properly applied doesn't block feelings, it refines and focuses them. What makes David Byrne and his fellow Talking Heads fascinating is the way they combine brains and the body and even heart. They've always done that, right from the beginning. But *Remain in Light* makes the links all the more overt.

The most obvious change from previous LPs is the expansion of personnel. The band started as a trio; but before its first LP, it had grown to become a quartet. On the previous two disks, Brian Eno, the producer, had played such an active role that on records the band was really a quintet. Now, more players have been added, live and in overdubs. And on tour this fall the band has been appearing as a ten-member ensemble.

Five of the ten are white, five Black. That in itself is significant for a previously lily-white bunch of art-rockers. But what is really impressive is how the ten fuse into one trans-racial unit. The music here derives not just from the sort of "funk" purveyed by Parliament-Funkadelic, the Commodores, and Earth, Wind and Fire. It goes back to the tightly interlocking polyrhythms of African music, with which both Mr. Byrne and Mr. Eno have become increasingly absorbed. But the music isn't just instrumental jamming. The concision of a song-form sensibility can still be felt, and is welcome. And especially on the second side, Mr. Byrne and his cohorts evolve lovely choral vocals that float over the instruments.

The result is a landmark in both American popular music and in the relationship between artists—a category that too often in the world today can seem limited by race, class, and nationality—and both the Black American underclass and third world. As such, it makes a meaningful statement about world brotherhood. Better yet, it makes great music.

MORE MUSIC:

Maurizio Pollini: "Piano Music of the Twentieth Century" (Deutsche Grammophon). This five-disk boxed set brings together the great Italian pianist's major recordings of a wide range of modern repertory. Mostly superb music, superbly performed.

The Roches: "Nurds" (Warner Bros.). Last year's avant-garde folkies return with a more rock-oriented disk. At its best, it's a charmer, but too often nervous gimmickry has replaced the first album's unprotected depths of feeling.

David Bowie: "Scary Monsters" (RCA). A fine march into the '80s by the dominant art-rocker of the '70s.

collecting

BY JUDITH GOLDMAN

Cherishing Windsors quintessential American chairs

Every American farmhouse and faculty lounge once held Windsor chairs—Thomas Jefferson supposedly sat in one to draft the Declaration of Independence. Comfortable, functional, sturdy, unadorned, but bluntly graceful, Windsors are the quintessential American chair. Yet, until ten years ago, they dangled from rafters of old barns; encrusted with coats of shiny, peeling paint, they were mainly ignored except by pioneer Americana collectors or those who needed a kitchen chair fast. Now a good Windsor has grown hard to find. Last year at a city sale, a continuous-arm comb-back Windsor brought $6000; now, a matching pair, if signed, brings more than double that price.

Date alone does not determine a prize Windsor. The earliest Windsors are the ugliest. Made in England, probably derived from the three-legged stool, they have clumsy, straight legs, squat, thick arms, are crudely carved and pale when compared to an American Windsor. In fact, the best thing about English Windsors is that they were assimilated, revised, and refined by the Americans.

The American Windsor is far more elegant than its English parents. Its legs are long, splayed and never stubby, unless they've been cut down; arms are clearly delineated; seats have deep, scooped saddles (though they have a dour, Calvinist look, Windsors were made for comfort). Spindled backs vary, depending on kind, but the relation of spindle to arms, legs and splay reflects a Windsor's quality.

Above all, a Windsor is a chair about angles—a linear composition—like a drawing in wood. A good Windsor is a matter of proportions. Its lower tapered leg should be half the leg's length; its seat should be seventeen and one-half inches from the floor; and the space between front legs can vary from half the length to the full length of the leg.

Classified by the shape of its back (low-back, comb-back, bow-back, etc.), made by craftsmen (cabinetmakers scorned them as common), as far west as Kentucky, Windsors vary greatly. As pragmatic in execution as in design, the chairs have legs, arms, and stretchers turned on a lathe; seats and spindles were handmade. Most Windsors were built of local woods—legs from beech, birch, or fruitwood; seats from elm, ash, or easy-to-care-for pine; spindles from soft, pliable hickory. Newly finished, a Windsor was a hodge-podge of woods and almost always was painted a dark green or Indian red, occasionally yellow or blue, but never white. An unfinished plain wood Windsor is very rare. A shiny black Windsor is unattractive.

The Windsor remains America's chair for all seasons, as well-conceived as a Shaker rocker, as brilliantly designed as a Corbusier cube, and well worth its going price. Look for Windsors in good condition from their peak production period 1725-1825 (after 1870, factory-made Windsors squeezed out craftsmen). Find rare early Windsors at blue-chip American furniture dealers, at auctions, and in rural barns. Find medium-range Windsors in stores specializing in country American, like those lining New York's Bleecker Street; read the first, still-best tome on Windsors: Wallace Nutting's *A Windsor Handbook*. And take Thomas M. Voss's *Antique American Furniture, A Field Guide* (Lippincott) with you wherever you go. It includes a remarkable checklist of what to look for in Windsors.

"Bluntly graceful": this classic Windsor rocker sold for $750.

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PARIS

Between Us

Barbie, dream doll?...
two-career weddings
...quick health help

By Lorraine Davis

WILL BARBIE GROW UP?

Barbie Doll is twenty-one this Christmas and a well-qualified subject of serious academic study. Created in 1958-9 through the inspiration of Mattel Inc.'s Ruth Handler for the Baby Boom population surge after World War II, Barbie reversed the early twentieth-century trend to baby dolls (most Victorian dolls had been tiny adults) with her busty, long-legged teenage figure and a face that looked a sophisticated twenty to thirty in the early 'sixties, reverted to a sixteen-year-old's youth-culture ideal in 1967, according to her historian, Ella King Torrey.

One of a dozen seniors in the University's Scholars of the House program, Ms. Torrey returned to Yale to complete a B.A. degree in art and art history that had been interrupted by a year in London, "cataloging dog portraiture" at the Paul Mellon Center for Studies in British Art, and began thinking about art from a socio-historical view while working on the "Murals of the Thirties" section of a William Carlos Williams exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. Then came work as educational coordinator for *Three Centuries of Connecticut Folk Art* and her Barbie study.

Ella King Torrey said of her subject: "Barbie is the emblem of something much larger; I see her as dream person. She's a telling artifact, exemplary of the growing acceptance of women and of the ability in our country now to see a woman as a symbol of our culture.

"The maintenance and preservation of cultural values and standards is the preserve of high art; but, since Abstract Expressionism, high art has become a purely personal esthetic, and popular art—the creation of objects with universal appeal—has inherited this traditional function of maintaining the myths that unite a society. In the 1960s, Barbie was a big girl in a small town—dates, proms, Barbie-cues. She was a nurse, a stewardess; in 1964, she was a doctor. Of twenty-two costumes in 1963, eight were for her careers. But the fluff, the pretty party clothes, have always been the best sellers. In 1980, Barbie has only one work outfit. Now, she is a superstar. The culture wants a dream that's unattainable.

"Barbie's emphasis on looks, her constant grooming—this is not a uniquely feminine obsession—continue to sell well [Barbie plus her clothes and accessories are an over-one-billion-dollar business annually.] She reminds the educated stratum of women in the upper echelons of the work force that things have not gotten so far. Sex still sells." Does the disappearance of Barbie's early careers indicate their transfer from dream states to attainable realities? Ella King Torrey's studies and the Barbie show she is planning for next year should tell. And future Barbie faces—the doll's face has changed at least forty times—should show us what our dreams for the American Woman really are.

HERE COMES THE (EMPLOYED) BRIDE

A decade ago, a newspaper wedding story, especially in a good grey paper such as *The New York Times,* told little about the bride other than her genealogy, schools, and her *father's* occupation. Today, we can read of the woman's own accomplishments. Here, some casual statistics from just one copy of the Sunday *NYT:* Among 51 brides, 18 had jobs comparable to their husbands'; 22 were in traditional female occupations; 12 stories did not indicate a job for the bride (some of these were very brief notices). Sample bridal careers: doctor, lawyer, bank treasurer, auditor, textile converter, dress buyer, market researcher, physical therapist, TV reporter, city planner, medical writer, art historian, newspaper bureau chief, advertising saleswoman. Nor was job-related romance missing: two doctors married, as did two lawyers, two bank officers, two members of an accounting firm, two employees of an art-auction house, two photographers, two nurses. Two female writers even married two male editors—love conquers all.

MORE SKI TRAILS. . .

Expanding this year into virgin snow (so to speak) in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, and Indianhead, Michigan, Women's Way Ski Seminars—classes for all abilities that create a supportive environment for women's learning—are scheduled this month in Kirkwood and Squaw Valley, California; Steamboat Springs, Colorado; and Waterville Valley, New Hampshire. The following three months will find the five-day program on those slopes and also in Indianhead, Michigan; Stratton Mountain and Stowe, Vermont; and Northstar-at-Tahoe, California. In January and February, two-day seminars in Squaw Valley. Information: Women's Way Ski Seminar, Box 1182, Tahoe City CA 95730; (916) 583-2904.

TO YOUR HEALTH!

Seventeen women doctors are contributors to *Everywoman's Health: The Complete Guide to Body and Mind* (Doubleday), a comprehensive compendium that covers more ills than you've ever thought of and includes a glossary and a directory of health services. This is health information from a woman's point of view.

PLAYWOMEN'S PRIZES

A San Francisco repertory ensemble will reward and showcase five best one-act plays by women next June. Contest submissions are due January 31, 1981. For rules, details, write: Michael Lynch, One Act Theatre Company, 430 Mason Street, San Francisco CA 94102.

LOVE YOUR WORK!

Love is the key ingredient in an art career; gallery owner Nancy Hoffman said of her work: "Some people have choices in life about what they will do. An artist has no choice, driven by a passion that is single-minded and undeniable. In many ways I feel that spirit and focus and dedication to the gallery."

If you feel the same love and dedication but are not a working artist, possibilities in art-related careers—besides the obvious gallery and museum jobs—include art auctioneering, manufacturing art supplies, lining up corporate sponsors for art projects, and handling public relations for major corporate art sponsors. Even proposal writing can be a career, as the competition for grants heats up.

At a "Women in the Business of Art" program sponsored by The New York Association of Women Business Owners, panelists agreed that sex discrimination was rare in art-business jobs (not so for women artists), emphasized the necessity of learning business—the better to talk to corporate clients or to keep your own concern afloat. Don't be afraid, they said, to take an entry-level job for which you are overqualified or to volunteer. And *everyone* on the panel agreed that—as in publishing—in an art job you *must* be able to type . . . and that included the M.A.s and Ph.D.s. In hot competition for jobs in this field, a B.A. or M.A. in art history or fine arts seems basic, foreign languages help. But it also takes passion!

Phyllis Linn, curator of the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Fine Arts Collection, put it this way: "Art is the soul food of my existence. . . . I have known many 'old people,' but there are no 'old' artists."

INSTANT NETWORK

Just add yourself and then profit from the useful networking of women created by Women's Career Conventions, two- or three-day workshops and exhibits that bring together women and representatives of businesses in their hometowns in informal and educational settings. Now scheduled: Houston, January 30-31; Atlanta, March 27-28; Chicago, April 24-26; Cleveland, June 5-6; Pittsburgh, July 17-18. Minneapolis and St. Louis are coming up. Information: Lehigh Communications, Inc., 676 St. Clair, Suite 1800, Chicago IL 60611; or telephone agency president Sherren Leigh, who sparked the whole program, at (312) 951-7600.

Since ancient times, men and women have treasured jewelry made of glass. It is in this tradition that Steuben continues to develop its collections of crystal jewelry. Shown here: the Fire Engraving Necklace. From a collection that features each of the four elements basic to nature and associated with the zodiac: fire, water, air, and earth. Designed by Eric Hilton. Each limited to an edition of 25. Width: crystal, 2″; necklace, 5″. Gold, 18 karat. Steuben Glass, 56th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. (212) 752-1441. Except New York State (800) 223-1234.

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Burgundy dyed fox jacket with matching fling, Norway. About $3,500.

The Evans Collection

Gold frost dyed mink with brightener-added white mink, U.S.A. About $2,500.

The Evans Collection

Natural cherry red fox, Canada. About $6,500.

Photos: Murray Laden

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Christmas 1980

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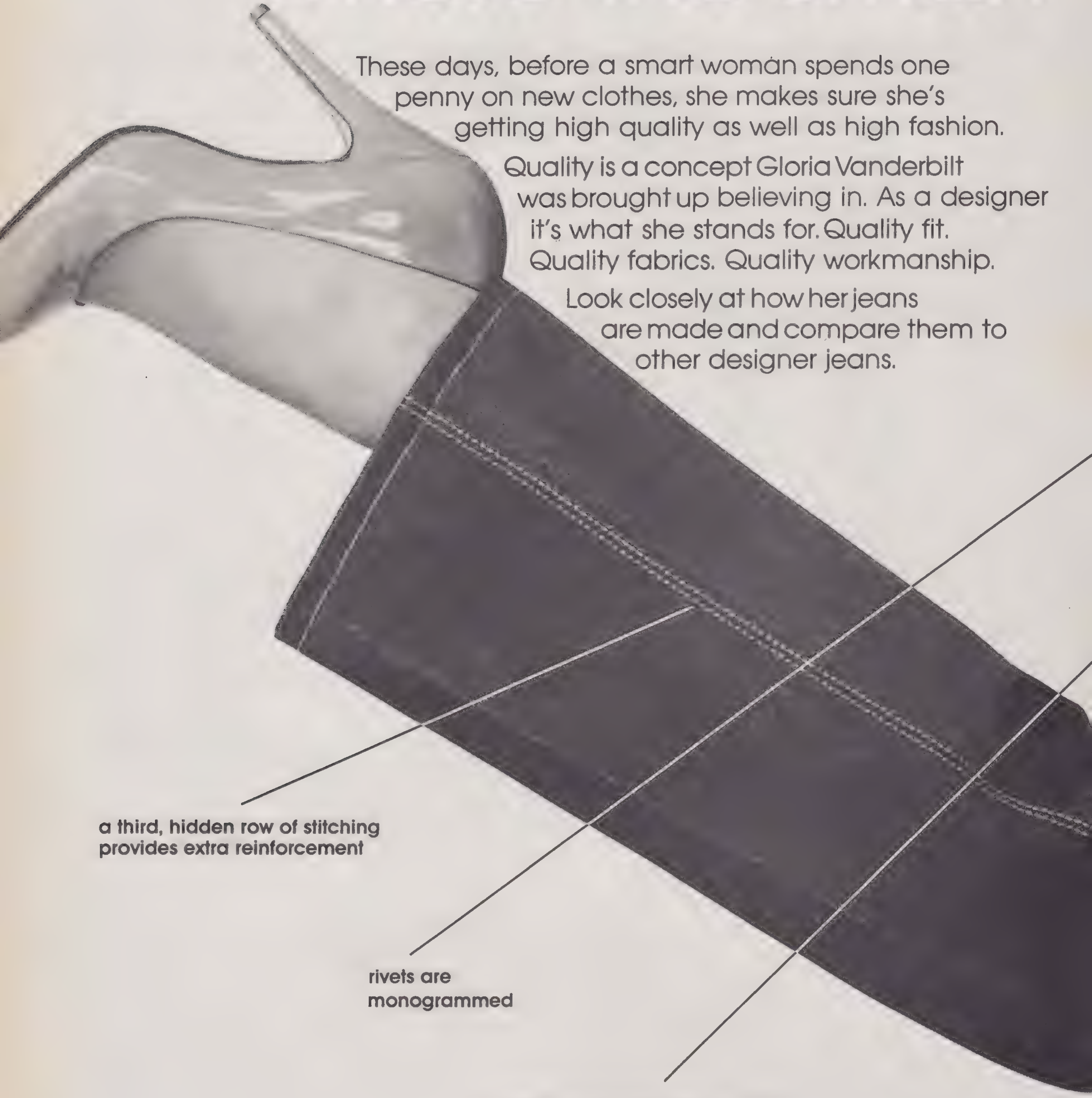

a third, hidden row of stitching provides extra reinforcement

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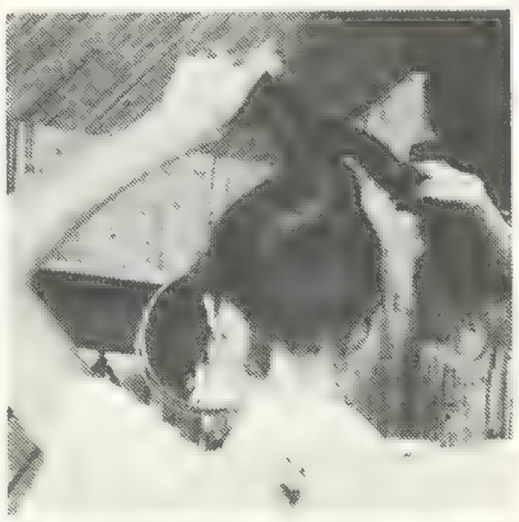
Hair Now

Shape—the key to hair's behavior. Once that's right, there are many "ways" to go, as the self-innovators here prove...

DAILY "WASH AND WEAR" . . . essential for get-up-and-go girls like Catherine Oxenberg (*above*), not so much because of nonstop modeling assignments but because of an important priority in her life. Catherine is a daily swimmer year-round, fitting in a few laps whenever and wherever she can. "It's a must for me to feel myself," Catherine says, and knows she has to get the chlorine and/or salt water out of her baby-fine hair to keep it from looking limp. One must: keeping her (graduated) cut and bangs trimmed—in the photo here, by stylist Clive Summers—if it's to fall into shape when dried (sometimes by toweling it, sometimes by using an infrared lamp). One reason for the length of her not-too-long hair is to avoid the necessity of daily blow drying—too harsh for her kind of hair.



KNOTS are one of Kitty Hawks' favorite hairstyles, for evenings out with husband, Ned Tanen, president of Universal Pictures. "Because my hair's so long now, this convenient style doesn't need pins, only takes a minute to brush up from the nape, twist around in a coil on my crown, then secure with one or two hair ornaments . . . which I collect from all over the world."

(More about Kitty's personal style on pages 207-208.)

New help from nature... and science

● Just here from Europe, four treatment shampoos, each with its own natural plant base, each meticulously labeled, explained, and directed toward specific problems. These include: White Nettle (with sulphur to normalize oily hair); Oil of Mink for damaged; Quinine-based for weak, splitting hair; Shampoo with Egg for helping to build body . . . all by Klorane.

● Quick change/easy style (*above*) by Bob Fink of the Pipino-Buccheri salon, perfect for naturally curly or lightly permed hair. The shorter sides easily brush forward or back, the gentle bangs either brush over the forehead, as here, or build height on the crown when combed back . . . pretty, neat, easy to do yourself.

● Good thinking from Gillette: The Supermax Curlytop hair dryer diffuses its 1200 watts of heat and a gentle quieter airflow over a larger area of hair—so it doesn't flatten or straighten out waves and curls, as many dryers do. It's fast, light (weighs only 14 ounces), works well on straight hair, too; dries hair very fast.

One of the quickest ways for curly hair to look different is with a bit of back-brushing used, near right, by Rick Gillette on model Janice Dickinson, for slightly wavy lines. Center, Michael Mazzei, of Nubest and Co., lets Janice's hair dry naturally (for the most curl). Far right, for another look, he brushes hair back to one side with a styling gel, then "crowds" curls on the crown.

Large photo *above:* Jacket by Bill Tice for Swirl

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Beauty Now

MAKEUP

Makeup in a season of delights—new colors, new effects, new ideas to try

DAZZLE

Perfect timing: makeup that lives up to the demands—the dressing—of the season: a variety of options from special "holiday" collections designed with evening, with all-out ornamentation in mind. In wonderful new colors: lavenders (including pinks, fuchsia), corals (pale apricot to full-bodied orange), with shades of gold, silver, bronze, and copper used for their true color value. In the thinnest, sheerest textures—that almost goes without saying. The added difference—light-catching, light-reflecting finishes: opalescent, iridescent, pure shimmer . . . pure delight!. . . **On the mouth**—the point of focus in holiday makeup—intense color (fuchsia, vivid rose, orange) is changed, "lifted" with the addition of Barone's opalescent "white" Moon Dust lip gloss or a wash of gold with Borghese's Ice Gold Glaze lipstick. . . . **There's smokier color on eyes**—rimmed in pencil that matches shadow and mascara. There are new false lashes applied individually (never overwhelming). And a whole new interest in brows: with shadow color extended up and over the entire area . . . with new feathering—an easy effect to achieve with Stagelight's Hi Brow. And you can instantly change brow color—going lighter or darker—with the new Essenjé Color Quick (in six shades). . . . **Cheek colors have a high degree of intensity**—coral, fuchsia—but in the wearing (in the blending) there's nothing but softness. Now, heightened by an overlayer of opalescence or a dusting of gold highlighter. **Another skin-lighting option**: new colored iridescent powder in shades such as lavender or apricot to use on cheeks, circling eyes, brushed on temples, or even brushed right into hair. **Color, in fact, is the newest hair ornament**: real-color colors, added with powder (any of the Charles of the Ritz Eyelights works perfectly) . . . with spray (Nestle's Streaks 'n' Tips) or with thin, thin colored "switches" (available in all lengths from Robert Pearson at Bloomingdale's Beauty Concept). Any way you do it, the idea is to do it the most understated way. . . . **On nails**: vibrant color shot with luminescence (one of the best examples: Dior's Raging Red) or polish with actual bits of glitter whipped through—L'Oréal's Sterling Silver Nail Accents. The message is clear: makeup is the season's most dazzling ornamental accessory—and the most fun. Some of the more spectacular effects—sketched in color—on pages 248-9.

Photo, *above*: Earrings by Ken Begun

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ON THE COVER

ORNAMENTAL PLEASURES

On our cover and above, Brooke Shields, in fashion at its most ornamental—Yves Saint Laurent's velvet jacket with lamé collar, gold frog closing, and brilliant satin ruffled-and-bowed blouse, from his couture collection . . . and in makeup at its most dazzling—with the surprise of a bright mouth, dramatic smoky eyes: Tartan Red Polished Performance lipstick, Antique Grey Automatic Creme eyeshadow, and, on cheeks, Pageant Red Automatic Soufflé blusher. All, Estée Lauder. The dazzle continues . . . with Yves Saint Laurent's rhinestone-studded necklace . . . and gold-leafed brass earrings, by Tess Sholom for Tess Designs, about $35. Saks Fifth Avenue; The Gazebo, Dallas. Details, last pages. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Way Bandy. Photographer, Avedon.

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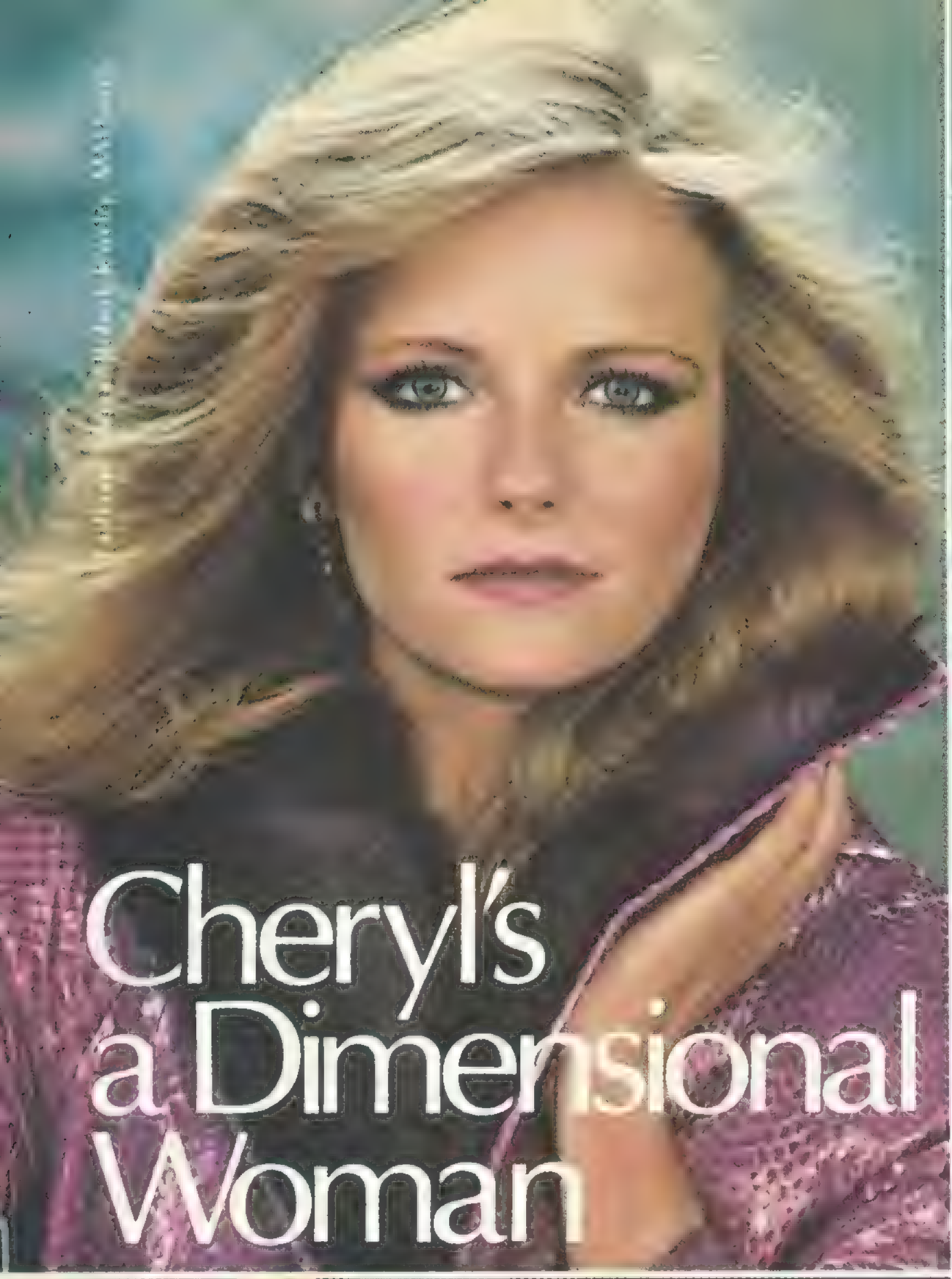

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Cheryl Tiegs wears Clairesse Medium Ash Blonde shade #108
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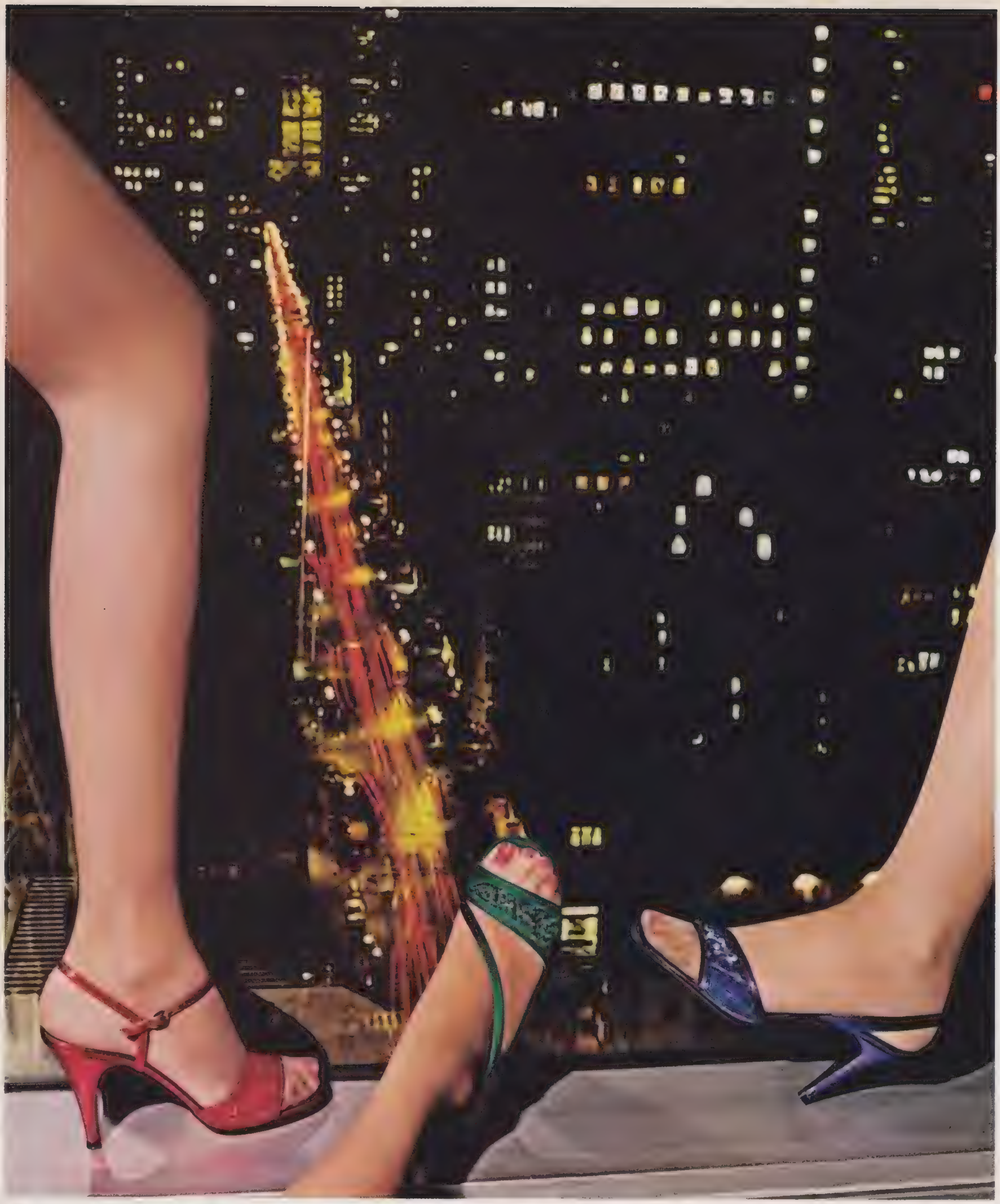

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HALSTON *for Garolini*

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Photography

Penn's Flowers

A retrospect of flowers from Irving Penn—his special vision of fleeting lives. On this page, photographs from Penn's radiant new book, "Flowers" (Harmony Books), a poignant sampling. And from May Sarton, written especially for Vogue, reflections on flowers' lives, and the exotic rapture of their deaths

DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION

BY MAY SARTON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *May Sarton, who lives in York, Maine, is the author of numerous novels, journals, and books of poetry. Her newest journal, "Recovering," was published by Norton Books this fall.*

Cut flowers in a glass—they come as gifts from a garden or from a friend, as peculiar blessings always, for where else in life can we witness the whole cycle of birth to death in a brief span? And is this partly the reason for the passionate love they arouse, that we look at them each time freshly amazed by their beauty and their fragility, and know that they will not stay with us for long? From the moment a bud opens, we become witnesses to an inexorable and poignant dance, a slow-motion pavane from flowering to seed in at most a few days, and, in the case of the exquisite Shirley poppies, in a few hours.

When the florist delivers a box of yellow roses, their buds are furled as tightly as furled flags and they are still promises only. It is for us to take them out of their prison, cut the stems, and place them one by one in a jar of tepid water. After an hour or two, one or another of the narrow pointed buds opens itself, and becomes an expanding round of interleaved golden petals; and, at that moment, their scent fills the air. In another day, the inner circlet of stamens, a golden ruff, can be seen and the fully opened rose stands before us:

> The rose has opened and is all accomplished,
> The inner violence of its growing done;
> The petals, fashioned as the center wished,
> Rest on the air in silent consummation,
> Still held, but all unfolded and resolved,
> And still contained but with its falling near.
> It is immense and quiet. It is solved.

What we see is beauty, but what we do not see is the force of this growth, the power it has in it, as I suggest in the word "violence" above. The other day, I took salt hay off the flower beds and saw shoots of daffodils pushed up through a solid plate *(Continued on page 203)*

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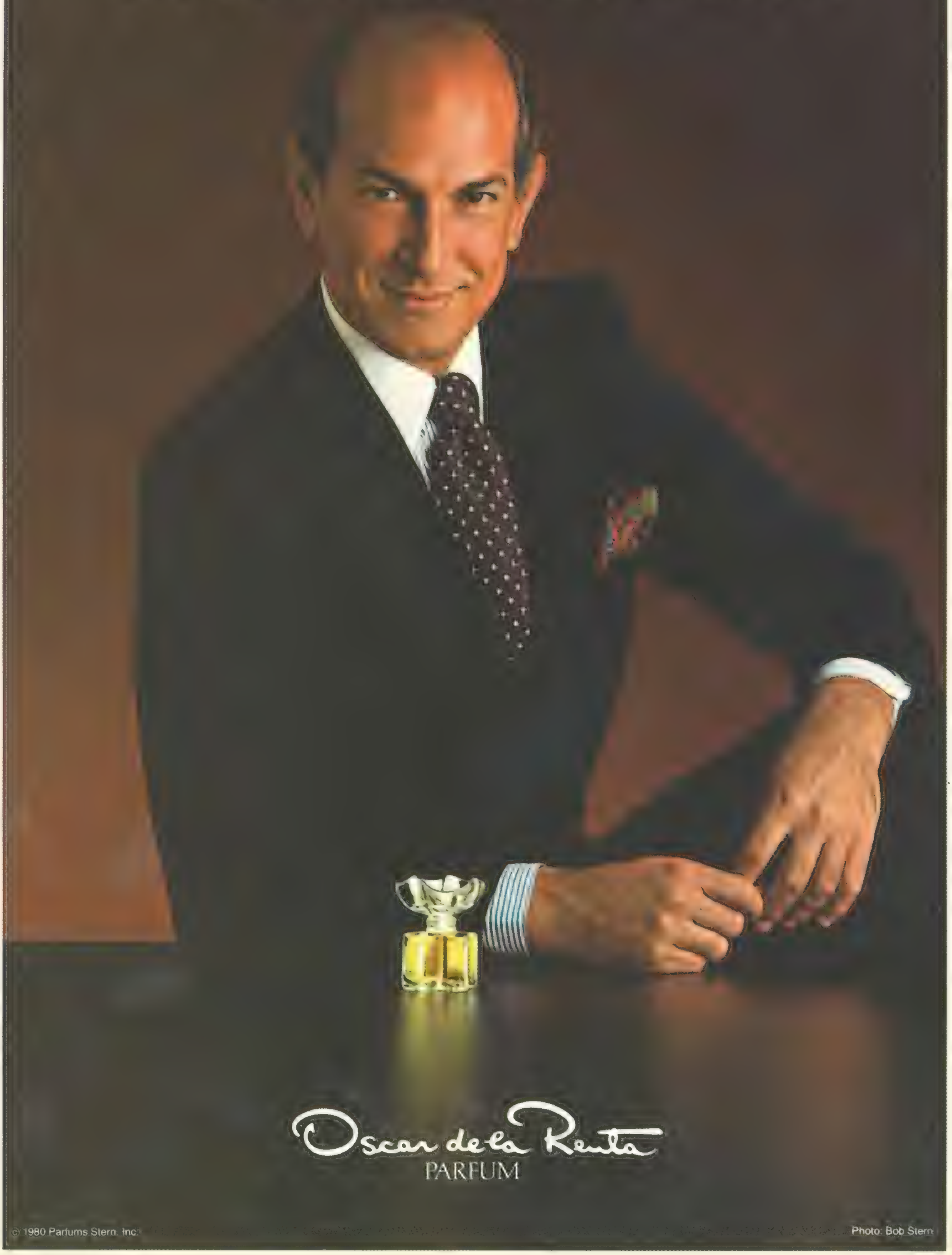

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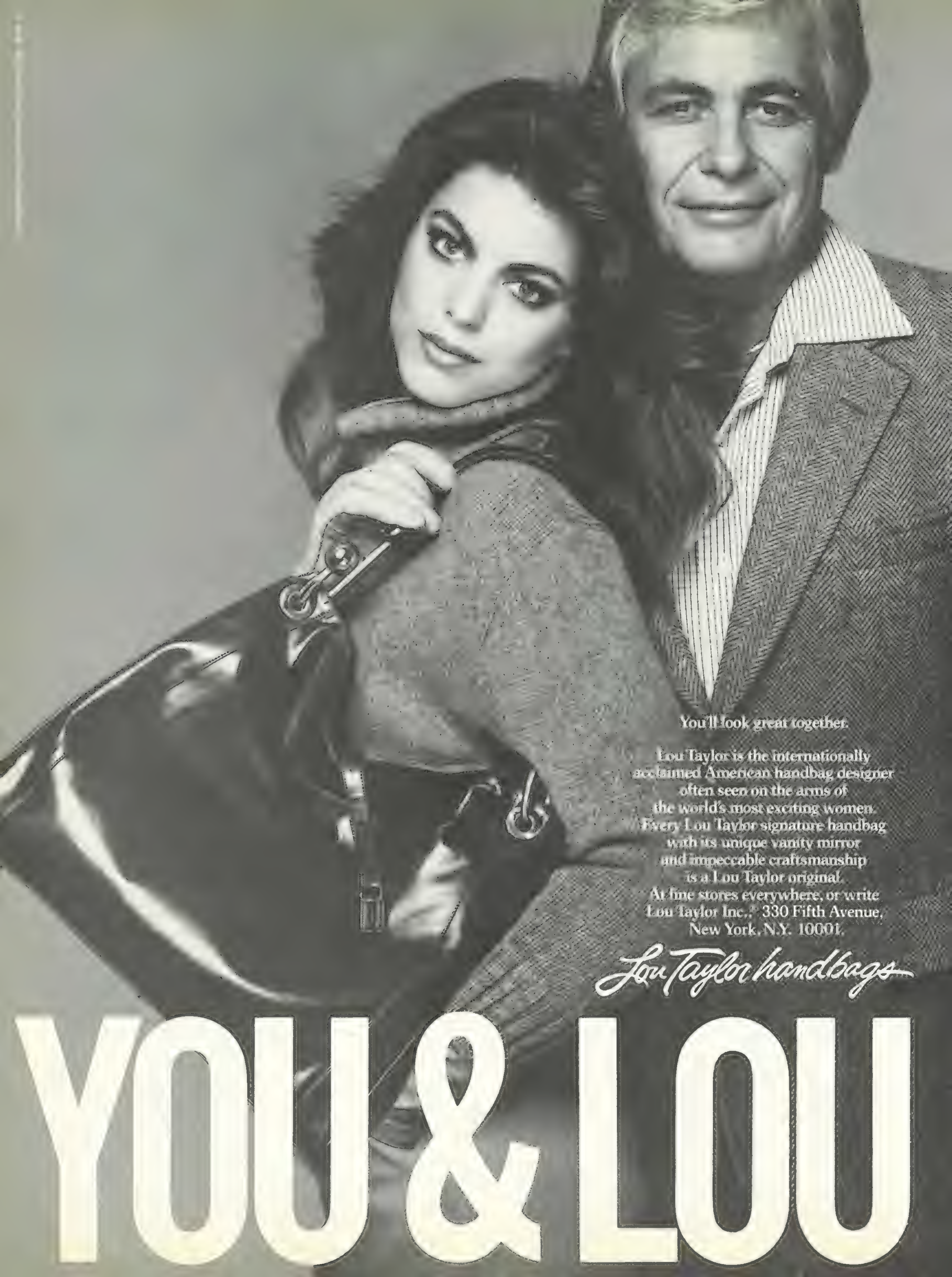
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WOMEN AND CARS

Driving rain or snow: five weatherproof tricks to know

How not to hydroplane, ways to forbid a skid, plus a winter-safety stocklist

BY LILLIAN BORGESON

Winter is supposed to be the time that's devoted to home, hearth, and hot toddies—but most women don't live that way anymore. Instead, there's work, meetings, or commitments (or all of the above), and neither rain nor sleet nor snow is supposed to stay you from your appointed rounds. And they won't, if you're tuned in on these techniques of safe, efficient driving in winter weather.

● **Be prepared.** For starters, keep a close winter watch on your windshield wipers. The blades should be replaced at least once a year, and if you haven't done it for a while, do it now. If you have the disappearing-type wipers, make periodic checks to remove leaves, twigs, snow, or ice from the wiper recesses, and from around the wiper motor shaft and arms. If left there, such obstructions put a strain on the wiper motor and can wipe out your wipers just when you need them most.

In addition, your car should be stocked with these first-aid items through the winter: An ice scraper; tire chains (if you don't have snow tires); a small bag of sand, to throw under the wheels for better traction if you get stuck in ice or snow. (Note: to keep the trunk tidy, store the sand in a plastic bag, then put that bag into a bigger bag or sack.)

● **Drive to avoid skidding.** In heavy rain or slush, a weird thing happens to your car, and you may not even be aware of it. At about thirty miles an hour, the front tires start climbing onto the the thin but tough film of water between car and road. At around fifty-five miles per hour, tires lose *all* contact with the road and your car begins to hydroplane—like a motorboat whose front end rises up with increased speed. With front tires riding off the road, you're teetering on the edge of a skid.

Skidding is one of the scarier things that can happen on a winter road, but when you understand the mechanics of hydroplaning, it's not hard to avoid.

First, ease off on the gas pedal. It doesn't take much water—about one-fifth of an inch will do it—on the road to make a film strong enough to lift the front tires. When you can see clear reflections of other cars in the water, and when raindrops make "dimples" in the road, *slow down* and stay under the speeds that will make your car hydroplane.

Second, keep plenty of air in your tires: high-pressure tires have more resistance to hydroplaning. And in rain or snow, don't drive on tires whose treads are worn. Smooth tires give you practically no traction and make your car very skid-prone.

Third, in traffic, try to drive in the tire-wipe tracks laid down by the cars or trucks ahead of you. There's less water and slush in these tracks, usually not enough to produce hydroplaning. But don't tailgate; even in heavy rain tire tracks last long enough to let you stay a safe distance behind the vehicle that's making them. Lastly, don't hit the brakes in a puddle, and avoid steering into puddles on a curve: that's when hydroplaning hits hardest.

Your auto: safe port in a storm?

● **Avoid engine "drown-out."** Slow down *before* you get to puddles. When you drive through them too fast, water gets thrown up into your engine compartment and onto spark plug wires, coil, and distributor—engine parts that can't do their business when they're wet. The result: your car stalls. If that happens, try to coast to the side of the road and wait for the engine to dry. When you're familiar with the view under the hood, you can help things along by using a dry cloth to wipe plugs, wires, coil, and the inside of the distributor cap.

● **Keep the brakes working.** Like electrical parts, the brakes won't work efficiently when they're wet—another reason to take it easy through puddles. If the brakes get wet anyhow, it's not hard to restore them. Once you're through the puddle, dry them out by applying them *lightly* as you're driving.

● **In a thunderstorm, don't panic.** If lightning makes you nervous, it's perfectly okay to pull over and wait until the worst of the storm is over. But *don't* get out of the car. An all-metal automobile—that is, a car without a convertible top—is one of the safest of all ports in an electrical storm, safer than many houses. Even if lightning hits the car, it will travel along the metal skin and then to the ground, leaving you and your passengers unstruck and intact.

Any time you're stalled in a storm, be alert for the possibility of a flash flood. If you're near a stream that's flowing onto the highway, you may have to break the never-get-out-of-the-auto rule: leave the car where it is and get to high ground until the water recedes. ▽

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LORD & TAYLOR

YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 18)

objection, however, to the apparent suggestion that Tsvetaeva wrote in English. That's the only conclusion a reader can draw from the fact that the poem you included is in English and no translator's name is given.

Literary translation is an arduous pursuit, a perilous balance of creative writing and scholarship that was all but uncredited for centuries. Major national and international "writers' " societies have worked over the past decades to educate publishers and the public to the fact that a translator is co-creator of a translated work, and that both professionalism and good grace call for his or her name to accompany the translated work.

Miller Williams, President
American Literary Translators Association
Austin TX

Editor's reply: *Our omission was indeed unintended. J. Marin King is responsible for the translation of Marina Tsvetaeva's poems into English, as they appeared in Vogue.*

Slim overeaters, here's help

The piece printed on page 204 ("Health" by Melva Weber) of your October issue stopped me cold. I too am a victim of slim overeater's disease. I also know friends who practice the gorge and purge syndrome. I fit the bill to a tee. Slim, attractive, well-groomed, etc. I also secretly eat astonishing amounts of high calorie foods and force myself to vomit. This has been going on for seven years. . . .

I began seeing a psychiatrist three years ago in hopes of ridding myself of this illness. I've resolved many other conflicts but this specific activity continues to plague me. Please print the full address of the Michael Reese Psychosomatic and Psychiatric Institute and any further information you may have on this problem. Please, my only relief is to find I am not a freak.

Name withheld
Oakland CA

Editor's reply: *The gorge-and-purge syndrome—also called bulimia—is a disease that afflicts millions of people in America today. For help and advice, write or call the Anorexia Nervosa and Associated Disorders organization (ANAD), a national non-profit group devoted to aiding victims of anorexia and bulimia and their families. For a list of therapists in your area who can recognize and help treat these disorders, and other information, send a stamped, self-addressed business-size envelope to: ANAD, Suite 2020, 550 Frontage Road, Northfield IL 60093. Or call their hotline: 312-831-3438. For details on the Michael Reese project mentioned in Vogue, write to: Dr. Craig Johnson, Director, Anorexia Nervosa Project, Michael Reese Medical Center, Psychosomatic and Psychiatric Institute, 2959 South Cottage Grove, Chicago IL 60616.*

Salute to Sills

Thank you, thank you, thank you for the beautiful, touching, heartbreaking article on Beverly Sills that appeared in your October issue. I cried when I read it. It was someone saying the things I feel but could never say for myself. It was a mini masterpiece. Thanks again and again.

Janice Mills
New York NY

The hardest part of picking one out is turning down the other nine.

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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere **December**

Aries: A change for the best. **Taurus:** A crossroads—in love. **Gemini:** Versatile you! **Cancer:** Be wary of a "flash in the pan." **Leo:** A low-key approach works wonders. **Virgo:** You have the inside track. **Libra:** Open your eyes! **Scorpio:** It's *your* mind over matter. **Sagittarius:** You carry the day. **Capricorn:** It's all up to you. **Aquarius:** Surprises galore! **Pisces:** Practicality pays off

MONICA INCISA

Aries

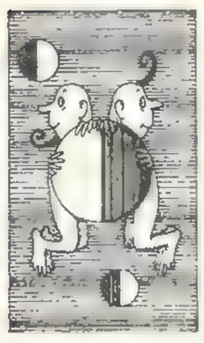
MARCH 20–APRIL 19

The agenda for this month? *Change.* You begin to sense a subtle shift in your perspective, a need to try out new approaches. This may mean closing the door—once and for all—on some other parts of your life. However, the promise of fresh beginnings helps to make the transition easier. You may feel the urge to travel, to jump into a new relationship, to campaign actively to make your ideas known. But, for the time being, the best way to make progress is to avoid controversial subjects.

Taurus

APRIL 20–MAY 20

This month, you feel as if you could conquer the world—especially in terms of your career. But hold off on any major decisions until after the 18th. At that time, you may find that business partners or groups make up your mind for you! For the time being, stay with the accounts you have, but try to develop fresh approaches. You may also be reaching a crossroads in your love life. Try to cut through the tangle of emotions to make the most rational decision possible.



Gemini

MAY 21–JUNE 20

This month you *more* than live up to your reputation for versatility! For starters, you come up with several surprising new sources of income. At the same time, you start to make quiet but significant inquiries into a new line of work. You also use this time to reassess what qualities are best for you in terms of a mate, realizing that maybe your dreams about the "ideal partner" may have been illusory.

Cancer

JUNE 21–JULY 22

Sensitive you are, but that doesn't mean you can't be strong—and tough—when the need arises! And this month, you will have to muster some of that strength in order to prevent misunderstandings with business associates. Meanwhile, creative ideas seem to pop into your head faster than you can write them down; put them to work for you. Be wary of a seductive novelty that may catch your eye and then vanish just as quickly as it came. At mid-month, shift your sights to home and love life for a long overdue "housecleaning."

Leo

JULY 23–AUGUST 22

You may be about to take a long-shot career-wise, and its success will depend upon how you handle the power of wily and persuasive Mars. Just remember that kind, reasonable words often will accomplish more than a direct order. You may want to apply this lesson to your home life as well: *listen* to your family for a change. Then, make plans to launch the idea that has been on your mind for the past two years.

Virgo

AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

The balancing act you have to carry off this month will consume your time—and your emotional energy. Just handling all those diverse groups is a career in itself! Stay on your toes and weigh every word you say while you are deciding when—and if—to activate your plan. The inside track you have on what is happening will come in handy this month, and, bolstered by the loving support of your family, you'll be the winner!

Libra

SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 22

The first half of the month, demands of business groups diffuse your attention and keep you from making the vital decisions you should. Best to let matters ride for now and to wait for the fresh impetus and energy that will be sure to come with the new year. Community affairs may attract you; but, if you want to avoid problems now, you must open your eyes to what is happening at home. Wait until the second half of the month to travel and to catch up with your busy social calendar. *(Continued on page 118)*

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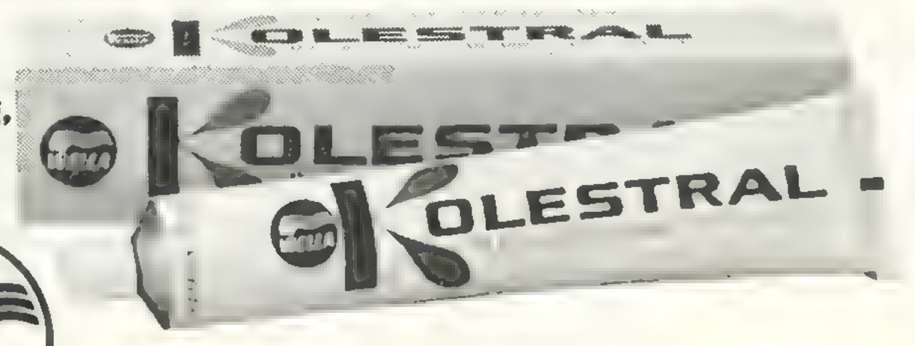

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 117)

Scorpio

OCTOBER 23–NOVEMBER 21

Uranus is in your corner all month and rallies to your side with much-needed guidance—especially when it comes to money. You have the choice of asserting your power by means of contracts, by choosing to work with reliable partners, or by launching a totally new program. But with your nimble mind you may manage all three and still come out ahead! Towards the end of the month, reassure those at home that they still come first in spite of all your success.

Sagittarius

NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21

With your sign on the rise, you feel powerful, expansive—confident that your way with words, your aura will carry the day. But friends may be of a different mind. As a matter of fact, you might be amazed to know what a loved one has in store for you. However, by the second half of the month, it all comes together for you: old friends seek you out for the holidays, and a new friend brings you great happiness.

Capricorn

DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 20

The promise of the new year is like a fresh breeze that sweeps away old worries and energizes you so that you can forge a new life for yourself. Your instincts tell you that time is running out—that you and you alone must take your life into your own hands. No one can do it for you! Make your big play while Saturn is still on hand to enhance your reputation, Jupiter to provide you with the luck that may make all the difference!

Aquarius

JANUARY 21–FEBRUARY 19

The dynamic presence of your own ruler, Uranus, makes the most unpredictable things happen! But you have to hold up your end of the bargain, too. Do some serious thinking about what you really want, and then make some decisions before the end of the year. Meanwhile, even *you* may be surprised by the way you decide to drop everything and take a sudden trip—or jump into a passionate study of the occult!

Pisces

FEBRUARY 20–MARCH 19

Early in the month, under the influence of dreamy Neptune, you may feel a compelling urge to write about a poetic vision you have. But, from the 19th to the end of the month, realistic Mars keeps your feet planted firmly to the ground by providing you with an energetic new friend who encourages you to be practical and to tackle your goals from a whole new point of view. By the end of the month, the returns will amaze you!

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Holiday sparkle that doesn't cost a fortune

Some happy bubbly alternatives to the 1980 champagne dilemma

BY FRANK J. PRIAL

The French champagne industry is expected to produce around eighty million bottles from the disastrous 1980 crop—less than half of what it needs to replace what was sold last year—about 184 million bottles. This means, according to the savants of Reims, that a bottle of decent non-vintage champagne, which cost $12 a year or so ago, will cost $18 or $20 very soon. Bad weather last spring is the villain.

Will lawn parties cease, ships and debutantes no longer be launched? Somewhere an outraged father, his finger stabbing the air, may be proclaiming: "No Taittinger—no wedding!" But, in most instances, cooler heads will prevail; everyone will turn to sparkling wine.

Simply stated, sparkling wine is champagne made outside the legally defined Champagne region of France. Or champagne is sparkling wine made only in the Champagne region. It's all quite confusing because a lot of people cheat, including the Argentines, the Russians, and us. We call stuff made in a vat in Brooklyn "New York State Champagne," and don't even blush. But then what can one expect from a nation that calls sugary California jug wine "chablis"?

Mind you, sparkling wine need not be a comedown. Some of it is pretty poor stuff, but a lot of it is excellent. And of course it is invariably cheaper than French champagne.

Not unexpectedly, the French are the biggest producers of sparkling wine. They make it in every corner of their country—except in Champagne of course—and they make it in an infinite variety of styles. The French term for sparkling wine is *vin mousseux*, and there are probably a hundred of them. The best are made exactly the same way as champagne. That is, fermented in the bottle in which they eventually are sold. This is called, for obvious reasons, the *méthode champenoise.* If you want the best sparkling wines, look for the ones made by the *méthode champenoise.*

Lesser sparkling wines are made by something called the transfer process. This means that the wine is fermented in one bottle and then, when the sediment from the yeast that caused the fermentation is to be removed, the wine is transferred to a second bottle, in which it is sold. The least expensive sparkling wines are made by the bulk process. This means that they are made in pressure-sealed vats and bottled under pressure, too.

The Loire Valley, with its endless rows of vines that produce acidic white wines, is a logical source for sparkling wine and, in fact, Anjou and Saumur are two major sources for these wines. One of the best, in the sense that it most closely resembles true champagne, is called Kriter, $8 a bottle, and it is produced, not in the Loire but in the mountains behind Burgundy, the Jura. It is drier and nuttier in flavor than most sparkling wines.

The biggest single producer of any sparkling wine, including champagne, is the Cordorniu firm, in Spain, whose vast plant, located on a beautifully landscaped and maintained estate not far from Barcelona, dwarfs even Moët et Chandon, the biggest producer in France. Cordorniu's sixty or so million bottles a year are, astonishingly, consumed almost entirely by the Spaniards themselves although some of it has always made its way to the U.S. It is relatively inexpensive and, at $6.50 a bottle, is most pleasant to drink.

"If you want the best sparkling wines, look for the ones that are made by the 'méthode champenoise'"

The Germans produce vast quantities of sparkling wine, which they call Sekt. Hardly any of it is made from the great German Riesling grapes. In fact, much of the wine used comes from France and Italy. Sekt is relatively sweet and is—well—an acquired taste. The best known label is Henkel, $8 a bottle, although there has been at one time or another a sparkling wine made under the very popular Blue Nun label.

Asti Spumante, the Italian specialty, is much favored by entry-level topers who want none of your subtlety and dryness in a wine, bubbly or otherwise. Sparkling spumante, with some exceptions, is very sweet and very fruity in taste.

Some of the finest of all sparkling wines come from California where, Californians being what they are, it may or may not be called "champagne." The French champagne makers are not happy about this usurpation; but they discovered long ago, by way of our Federal courts, that there is very little they can do about it. What they have done is to subscribe to the old axiom that says if you can't fight 'em, join 'em. One of the very best California sparkling wines is made by the great French champagne house of Moët et Chandon. Called Domaine Chandon, it has become one of the most famous of all sparkling wines in the space of only a very few years, and, at $11.50 a bottle, is an excellent buy, indeed.

There even are some wine experts who actually prefer the California Moët to the French one. Edmond Maudiere, the French vintner who makes both of them, shrugs this off. "We try to make two very fine wines, both good and very different. We try not to compare them."

The success of the Domaine Chandon—some three million bottles will be made this year—has promoted another famous champagne house to take a flier in California. Piper Heidsieck recently announced a joint venture with Sonoma Vineyard, a medium-sized winery in Windsor, California, to produce a sparkling wine called Piper Sonoma. The first *cuvée,* as batches of sparkling wine are called, was made this past fall and will be available in about three years. Needless to say, the word champagne never appears on the labels of either of these American cousins of the famous French firms.

Perhaps the most prestigious of all the California sparkling wines is Schramsberg, elegant wine easily the equal of many French champagnes. Like Domaine Chandon it is produced in the Napa Valley and, also like Domaine Chandon, is one of the most expensive of the California sparkling wines at $12 a bottle. Schramsberg is often used at the White House and is famous for having accompanied President Nixon on his historic trip to mainland China.

These top-of-the-line wines are all made by the *méthode champenoise.* So are other prominent sparkling wines such as Hanns Kornell ($9.50 a bottle) and Korbel ($7.50 a bottle).

One of the most popular of all bubbly wines, at $3 a bottle, is really not a sparkling wine at all. While some sweet red Italian Lambrusco is naturally fermented, much of it gets its fizz from carbon dioxide. Its fizziness is very slight. The producers keep it that way to avoid the stiff United States taxes slapped on sparkling wine and champagne—which are a great deal higher than those which are imposed on still wines. Inspectors keep a close watch on this wine and are ready to pounce if it gets too bubbly.

A curious newcomer in this market is a sparkling wine made from pears and known as Perry. In England, where Perry has been popular for generations, one of the best known brands is Babycham, which, as its name implies, comes in what looks like a tiny champagne bottle and sells for a tiny price—$2.99 a bottle. It is said to be very popular with young girls at dances. And that sounds like something right out of Jane Austen. ▽

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Beauty Q & A

Increased stamina for cold-weather sports—how to get it, maintain it... what to eat, what to wear...

Q **I plan on playing a lot of outdoor sports this winter—including downhill and cross-country skiing. I know that exercising in cold weather while wearing heavy clothes puts extra demands on energy resources. Is there anything—any way—I can eat to increase my stamina? And are there any special warm-up exercises I should do to prepare myself for being active outdoors, especially when the temperature is dropping?**

A To answer your first question, we went to Deborah Szekely, who runs The Golden Door spa in Escondido, CA. "Cold weather definitely speeds up metabolism," says Ms. Szekely. "Your body has to burn more calories to maintain its internal temperature of 98.6° F. Wearing heavy clothes also makes your body work harder. (Ask an actor which is more tiring—performing in street clothes or in full Elizabethan costume, and he'll quickly tell you: 'the costume.')"

Eating for sports, in cold weather. . .
"To prepare yourself for cold-weather sports, you should start the day with a good-sized breakfast, high in calories. A breakfast of hot oatmeal with milk and honey, or a bowl of corn-meal mush (both high in carbohydrates, with some protein) might be a good idea for you on a cold day.

"Cross-country skiing—an aerobic sport because it burns energy continually over a long period of time—can use as many as 1200 calories per hour. Downhill skiing doesn't require quite as much energy (you use around 800 calories an hour, maximum), because it's done in short, high-energy spurts. Whichever kind of skiing—or whatever sport—you're doing, you'll want to replenish your energy reserves throughout the day. Best way, for most energy: by eating a number of small snacks rather than a large mid-day meal (which could leave you stuffed). Carry a mixture of dried fruits, nuts, and sunflower seeds with you on the trail. A small box of raisins mixed with almonds is ideal. So are apples or carrots spread with peanut butter.

"Don't wait until you're really tired to eat, however. It takes thirty or forty minutes for you to feel the effects—the energy boost—of a snack. Try to anticipate fatigue and eat one-half hour before you hit your low spot."

"When you exercise in cold weather, especially at high altitudes, your body loses a lot of fluids and internal heat, which leads to dehydration and can cause hypothermia," adds Larry Gettman, Ph.D., executive director of the Institute for Aerobic Research in Dallas. "Hypothermia is therefore a much more real danger when you're skiing in the mountains than frostbite (the freezing of external tissue).

"Some fluids evaporate when you perspire, others are lost through your breath. (In cold weather, at high altitudes, your lungs have to work harder to obtain the same amount of oxygen; therefore you expend more energy and lose more fluids through the breath.) The only way to compensate for this loss of fluids is to drink plenty of water—slowly—before and after exercising.

"What you should *not* drink in the cold—or immediately after coming in from the cold—anything with alcohol. A glass of brandy will make you feel deceptively warm because alcohol dilates peripheral blood vessels (those near the skin) and warms the extremities—hands, ears, nose—that get so cold outdoors. In doing so, however, it takes blood away from the internal body, slows down the passage of nutrients to your muscles, and may lower your body-core temperature if consumed in large amounts."

Warm-up exercises. . .
To warm up before you go downhill skiing, Willibald Nagler, M.D., chairman of the department of physical medicine and rehabilitation, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, recommends, "either frequent uphill walking or climbing stairs, two steps at a time, for three or four flights—trying not to use the railing to 'lift' you up, but for support only. This exercise helps condition knee muscles (which also makes it good to do before any sport that requires leg power).

"Also helpful as a pre-ski warmup: jumping over a wooden block 4 to 5 inches high. This prepares you for the sudden bending of hips and knees that is required to go over moguls. Jump backward and forward over the block, sideways from right to left, left to right.

"The best preparations for cross-country skiing—any aerobic sport—are fast walking, exercises that help strengthen hip muscles (such as leg lifts done with weights tied at ankles) and anything that helps strengthen shoulder muscles (tennis is good, as are arm rotations done with weights). Roller skating and rope jumping can also help condition you for cross-country skiing."

What to wear. . .
Both Dr. Gettman and Dr. Nagler stress the importance of wearing proper clothing for cold-weather sports, starting with the proper sports bra. They advise you to wear layers of lightweight clothing that can be removed piece by piece as you warm up through exercise. Wear natural fibers—cottons and wools—next to the skin to absorb perspiration and nylon on the outside. "Don't allow yourself to cool off too rapidly," warns Dr. Gettman. "And remember, if you perspire so much that your inner clothes get soaked through, change into something dry at once." ▽

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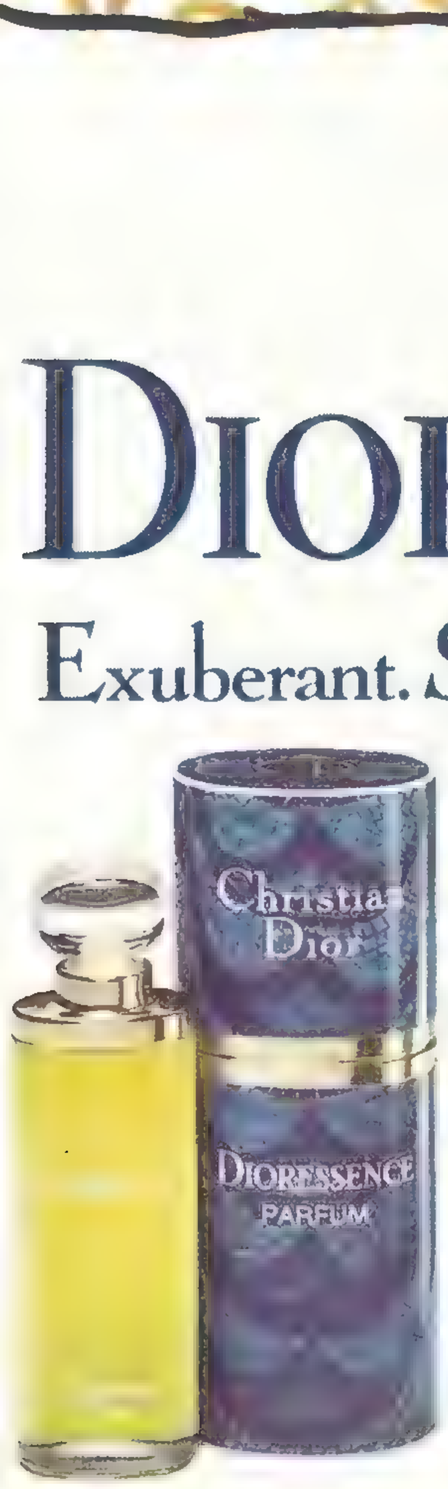

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Entertaining: Tips and Treats

By Sandi Cushman

Three unique table settings, two fabulous original menus to help you greet the holidays

DREAM SETTING

Françoise de la Renta's dream of a Christmas Eve supper for two: a lavishly Victorian setting created in the upstairs sitting room of her country house. Individual trees, growing in cachepots (later to be returned to the garden), are dressed up with Victorian glass ornaments (from the collection of the Gotham Book Mart Gallery, Inc.): Santas for the table's tree, plus birds, drums, fishes for the second tree. The presents, in ivory-colored boxes, have no wrappings other than satin ribbons in deep, rich colors. Table enrichments: individual porcelain menus that imitate paper ones, can be written on, washed off after each use (La Cuisinière in New York carries a version that would make an unusual Christmas present); nineteenth-century brass candlesticks and crystal wine goblets; a Battersea pillbox, 1890 paperweight, Georgian crystal wine pitchers.

DCOCKTAIL BUFFET

During this whirl-of-parties season, your celebration can stand out from the rest. The trick: keep the food delicious, easy to eat with one's fingers, beautiful looking. Here, top New York caterer David McCorkle's ideas for an informal cocktail buffet that's easy to do. The drink: cranberry juice and champagne served in the prettiest "flutes" you can find. On the porcelain platter, left, blinis (a cinch to make with his recipe, page 172), topped with sour cream and red or black domestic caviar. In the wicker platter: stuffed vegetables hors d'oeuvres: cherry tomatoes with hard-cooked eggs, anchovies, capers; snow peas with cream cheese and chives; cucumbers with smoked-chicken salad (recipes, page 172), all served on a bed of alfalfa sprouts. The dessert: pears poached in red wine and—surprise—maple syrup (not finger food, but who cares), marvelous warm or chilled (recipe, page 176). The little mushrooms "growing" in the silver basket are very special cookies. Ronaldo Maia, one of New York's most creative florists, decked the tree with red roses, a cluster of white ones at the top in place of a star, velvet bows, unlit votive candles wrapped in silver ribbons. He banked the top of the mantel with a border of ribbon-tied greens. The table cloth: a Victorian cashmere shawl, from Cherchez.

FANTASY DINNER

For a very romantic Christmas (or New Year's Eve) dinner for two, Ronaldo Maia created an exotic garden of orchids in front of the New York skyline, made a small fir tree "flower" with several kinds of orchids, on top of the seventeenth-century Chinese Export game table. David McCorkle's dinner for two: total luxe. The individual quails in puff pastry are surrounded by a fantasy Oriental salad (recipes, pages 176, 178). The dessert: fresh strawberries (a special mid-winter treat), served on a platter with chocolate timbales—mousse-like, extra rich (recipe, page 178). Two golden ideas: tiny seckel pears, walnuts gilded with paper-thin sheets of edible gold, available at Indian food stores. You just smooth them over the walnut shells for a look that is, literally, good enough to eat. Gold-rimmed serving plates, golden fruit bowl, from Carole Stupell, Ltd.

KAREN RADKAI

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Vogue's view on beauty books

The best beauty books make feeling good part of looking good, offer advice that you'll want to follow . . .

HAIR

● *The creator of many widely copied hair styles including the Dorothy Hamill wedge cut, hairdresser Suga should win fans with his theory that small imperfections "make you look more interesting." His book, "Beautiful Hair" (Random House), avoids strict rules but shows you how to control your hair.*

FITNESS

● *Jim Fixx's "Second Book of Running" (Random House) —not for runners only—tackles the biggest problem of all in exercise: motivation. Just reading this book is enough to help you overcome inertia and want to lace on your track shoes. His advice is solid . . . inspiring.*

● *The exercises in Barbara Pearlman's "Slendercises" (Doubleday & Company, Inc.) are good for stretching and limbering. You can't "spot reduce" with exercise, but you can tone up specific muscles so that your body is firmer, looks less flabby. The book works best as a guide to warming up for a more vigorous exercise program—like Fixx's.*

PREGNANCY

● *"Newborn Beauty" (The Viking Press) is such a well-written book about pregnancy and early motherhood that it's worth reading —even if you've never had a baby. Authors Wende Devlin Gates and Gail McFarland Meckel don't try to give medical advice, but they do give important information on breasts, skin, and sex that doctors, too, would find useful to read.*

NUTRITION

● *"Craig Claiborne's Gourmet Diet" (Times Books) is haute cuisine with a healthful twist. Struggling with a diet himself, connoisseur Claiborne was determined not to starve his palate. So instead of relying on artificial substitutes for forbidden items like salt, sugar, and oil, Claiborne uses different spices and flavorings. The result is nutritious eating masquerading as a gourmet cookbook.*

● *Hamburgers and fast-food shakes may lack the gourmet touch, but they don't have to be the downfall of a diet. "The Fast Food Diet" by Judith Stern, Sc.D., and R. V. Denenberg (Prentice-Hall Inc.) is a realistic and nonfaddish approach to handling temptation. For example: the authors manage to turn a stop at Dunkin' Donuts into a nutritionally balanced 1188 calorie day! Practical eating.*

NAIL CARE

● *If your nails are always ragged, you may not believe manicurist Moi's claim that there are no hopeless cases. But her short book, "Beautiful Nails" (Lippincott & Crowell), could be enough to convince you. A thorough look at nail care, the book even includes recipes for homemade treatments for weak or brittle nails.*

—JANICE KAPLAN

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Health

Stress-stopping/binge-blocking drug... vitamin E's breast benefit..."ears" to long life...Legionnaire's lookout

By Melva Weber

CLUES TO BINGE EATING/DRINKER'S HIGH

In Minneapolis, animal tests suggest that endorphins—the body's own opiates, cousins to morphine, that can be measured in the blood—may be behind stress-related overeating. To simulate human stress, the kind that sends you to the refrigerator late at night, researchers John E. Morley, M.D., and Allen S. Levine, Ph.D., of Minneapolis' Veterans Administration Medical Center, expertly pinched rats' tails—enough to make the animals uncomfortable and to induce endorphin release. In their discomfort, the rats would consume the nearest food, even when not hungry. When given naloxone—a drug that blocks the action of endorphin—though the rats gnawed and licked, they didn't eat. At the same time, the naloxone blockage of endorphin sent the test animals into opiate-withdrawal symptoms. The rat tests, reported in *Science* magazine, may lead to better ways to identify and treat stress-related obesity in people.

Another study links endorphins to the "high" we experience when drinking alcohol. In the blood, endorphins seem to be higher or on the rise during the "happy" phase of intoxication, lower when the drinker overdoes it, gets sick or inebriated.

At Virginia Mason Research Center in Seattle, Washington, a small group of physicians found that the use of naloxone had a prompt sobering effect on subjects after alcohol use. Because endorphin disappears rapidly from the circulation, this may explain the fleeting nature of the alcoholic "high."

OUT OF PAIN'S JAWS

A range of human miseries can arise from the jawbone, or temporomandibular joint (TMJ), including headaches, earaches and hearing problems, neck and shoulder pains, and loosened teeth caused by involuntary clenching or grinding. Barry C. Cooper, D.D.S., a Lawrence, NY, dentist, says that while stress can trigger the symptoms, an underlying jaw occlusion problem is usually the source of the pain. Dr. Cooper is one of about a hundred dentists in the U.S. using biomechanical techniques to relieve muscle spasms that keep the joint out of its proper position. First, electronic instruments track and measure the jaw's position and movements. Then nerve-relaxing treatments called TENS (for transcutaneous electrical neural stimulation by small electrodes at the temples) is used. The treatment feels, say patients, like a gentle tapping on the skin. Once tightened muscles relax, a temporary plastic splint like an orthodontic bite plate is worn to establish and correct joint position. With jawbone and cranium in harmony, facial pains may disappear.

"E" EASES BREAST DISEASE

The painful, lumpy, but noncancerous condition called fibrocystic breast disease afflicts as many as one woman in five. Even though the condition is benign, the risk of later cancer is believed higher in cystic breasts. A newly reported study led by Robert S. London, M.D., of Baltimore's Sinai Hospital found that high doses of vitamin E brought relief to twenty-two of twenty-six women with cystic breast disease. Dr. London and his associates carefully measured other pronounced effects of vitamin E dosage on the body—calling for caution and medical supervision. "It may change your lipids (fats)," Dr. London said in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*."It may, and probably will, alter some of your steroid hormones." In the study, vitamin E lowered levels of the adrenal androgen DHEA, or dehydroepiandrosterone. While Dr. London believes vitamin E can relieve some benign breast disease, he emphasized that it should not be taken freely.

DRUG TO BEAT THE BLUES

First of a whole new class of drugs for treating depressive disorders is trazodone, promising earlier action and fewer side effects than antidepressant drugs available up to now, according to scientists who conducted extensive human trials.

John P. Feighner, M.D., associate clinical professor at the University of California-San Diego Medical School, tested trazodone in patients hospitalized for depression. The research showed that trazodone takes effect within seven days; tricyclics, such as imipramine, usually have ten to fourteen-day lag periods before improvement starts. Moreover, trazodone does not interact with some other drugs as do tricyclics, and doesn't produce the common side effects of dry mouth, constipation, and visual disturbance. It may, however, produce drowsiness. Dr. Feighner's study indicates trazodone may also help the intense anxiety that accompanies depression in some patients. The new drug works by maintaining concentrations of the hormone serotonin at central receptor sites on the brain. Clinical depression is now widely recognized as a biological disorder in which levels of serotonin and another brain chemical, norepinephrine, are inadequate.

Approval by the Food and Drug Administration, making the drug available by prescription, is expected early next year.

LEGION FEVER WATCH

Legionnaire's disease, a threatening mystery when it erupted in Philadelphia in 1976, now has been unmasked, and effective antibiotic treatment has been established. But the disease is still very much with us, calling for extra alertness during respiratory-illness seasons. Pamela Devereux, R.N., M.S., and Ellie J.C. Goldstein, M.D., pointed out in the American Journal of Nursing that the organism Legionella pneumophila causes two forms of illness: the pulmonary form that incubates in two to ten days after exposure and may be severe or life-threatening, and a mild, flu-like form also called Pontiac fever, which incubates in hours, develops rapidly, and lasts only two to five days. In either form, the disease may come in epidemics or in sporadic, single cases. The severe form is most often successfully treated with erythromycin and rifampin; mild forms recover well with no treatment. Ms. Devereux and Dr. Goldstein believe that L. pneumophila should be suspected in cases of pneumonia that aren't responding to treatment. The important message: the infection is not new, exotic, or mysterious. It can be identified and treated effectively.

FOR LONG LIFE: THE EARS HAVE IT

It's traditional knowledge in China that the black tree fungus Mo-er ("cloud ears" or "tree ears") is good for health and leads to long life. Dale E. Hammerschmidt, M.D., assistant professor at the University of Minnesota Medical School in Minneapolis, found why—and possibly why coronary artery disease rates are low throughout China.

A voluntary subject acting as a normal control in a medical experiment on blood platelet activity ruined the study one day when his blood failed to show any platelet aggregation, or clotting, and he had a substantial nosebleed. The man denied using any drugs or medications. But the night before, he had eaten a favorite Szechwan dish, Ma-po dou-fu—spicy tofu with radish, fungus, and other ingredients. The ingredient that caused blood platelets to refuse to clump (hence the mild bleeding tendency) was the delicate, crunchy fungus.

Tree fungus is appreciated by Chinese people for treating headaches and preventing leg vein clots following childbirth. The Minnesota research team believes its anti-platelet action would not cause serious bleeding but might raise risks in persons with existing coagulation disorders. Meanwhile, investigators are trying to isolate the substance responsible for the anticlotting effect.

MONEY

Your dollars: are you in charge?

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BY GRETCHEN MORGENSON

Do your eyes glaze over when the subject is finance? Are you blind and indifferent to graphs and charts? Have you begun to leave even the simplest daily mathematical problems to your crackerjack pocket calculator?

If you answered yes to any of the above questions, you are probably like most women: "numerophobic." Yet, we women are a major force in the economy today, as consumers, earners, and investors. According to the U.S. Labor Department, women—almost half of the work force—collect paychecks totaling $250 billion or more a year. Why shouldn't we know what we're doing with all that money?

At a Women's Forum meeting in New York City, women discussing personal finance acknowledged that many actually flaunted their lack of money savvy. And, yes, people who begin sentences with the words, "I'm no good at math . . ." are women rather than men ninety-eight times out of one hundred. I understand all of that. Before I tricked myself into pursuing a basic working intelligence in personal finance, I was one of the worst "dumb-about-numbers" offenders. It was difficult at first, but I finally learned to train my eyes to magazine pages lined with graphs, and to drag through prospectuses from mutual-fund managers bucking for my investment dollars. "Fear not numbers!" I lectured myself. "Numbers are your friends."

Great enemies, for twenty-odd years, numbers and I. At age eight, prolonged sessions with flash cards couldn't improve my stubborn inability. In high school, the "new" math was the same old thing to me—unintelligible—but I learned to discern the tough from the "toddler" math classes. And in college, some dear dean or professor decently thought up "Physics for Philosophers," and "Calculus for Creative Writers." And so I emerged, B.A. in hand—as did so many others, women mostly—convincing myself that percentages would never rear their ugly points in my life.

My growing-up world prepared women for the men in their futures, not for money management. Other women grew up in this world too, I think, judging by how few women engineers, investment bankers, and tax lawyers there are. Only when I began to think of numbers as a kind of language—words being something I adore—did I begin to overcome my phobia. The point is, nowadays it is no longer fashionable or cutely feminine to advertise ignorance in money matters. Shrugging and smiling and not knowing your net worth are unacceptable practices, flagrant foolishness. Still, many women continue to have their money matters "taken care of," and skip the financial section of the newspaper every morning.

Today, more than ever, women need to understand basic economics, personal finance, and fundamental financial "talk." If you don't pay attention to numbers, then you don't know the difference between a savings account that pays 5¼ percent yearly interest on your $10,000, and a banker's certificate of deposit paying 11 percent. (The difference to you? In a savings account, you earn $525 of interest a year; with the CD: $1100.) If you refuse to understand simple mathematics, then you'll never know the real value of your 7 percent raise during times of 12 percent annual inflation. (In effect, you're losing money.) And if you don't read the financial section of your daily newspaper, then how could you know that the Oriental rug you bought years ago for its good looks is now your most valuable real asset?

Knowing what your assets and liabilities are—your "net worth"—is a necessary first step toward financial self-confidence. After figuring out your net worth, you'll probably be surprised at how much you are worth and how easy it is to calculate.

Net worth is the difference between your assets—what you own—and your liabilities—what you owe. On a sheet of paper, list your assets (directions *below*), then your liabilities.

How do you determine your assets? Put the value in dollars next to each item below:

- Cash and funds in bank accounts.
- Market value of any securities you hold (stocks, bonds, Treasury bills, etc).
- Value of your home, if you own it, accurately determined by a local real estate agent.
- Money owed to you.
- Personal belongings (antiques, jewelry, art, collectibles), appraised by a professional.
- Cash value of any life insurance policies.
- Employee benefits and business interests.
- Value of cars, boats, motorcycles, and other vehicles. Consult a dealer's Blue Book.

Now, place a dollar figure next to your liabilities or debts (excluding operating costs):

- Taxes.
- Mortgages.
- Personal debts.
- Installment loans.
- Insurance policy loans.
- Department-store and credit-card debts.
- Charitable pledges.

By subtracting your liabilities from your assets, you determine your net worth. (Establishing your net worth will also help you to write a will—something every woman over twenty-one should do without fail.)

Assessing your net worth is just one of many ways to begin your new, orderly approach to financial matters. But first, self-reliance must replace a natural timidity in personal finance. The best clout that you can carry is your own monetary self-confidence. As one savvy businesswoman said: "I knew I was on my way when, on a business trip, I forgot my makeup case but remembered my calculator." ▽

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YOUR WELL-BEING

You and your man: talk and fight your way to happiness

Know when to speak, be silent, reach out

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

Do you sometimes realize that you're just not "getting through" to someone you really want to communicate with? You may start feeling frustrated and angry ("Dammit, why won't he *listen*?"), anxious ("Why can't I make her understand?"), or deeply hurt ("They don't care what I want or feel.").

Most of us run into such situations from time to time, and it's small wonder when you consider what astonishingly little training or practice we're given in the art and skills of communication.

In order to communicate effectively and meaningfully, you need to be able to recognize and express what you're feeling and to listen to and empathize with what the other person is feeling. At the same time, the other individual has to be willing and able to participate in the same way. If either one of you is so threatened or distressed by the subject that you really *can't* examine your own attitude or empathize with the other person's, then real communication at this time on this subject with this individual probably can't take place.

Usually, however, there are specific steps you can take to improve your chances of reaching someone else.

● **Using the "I-message" is almost always the most effective way to say things.**
The "I-message" is a nonblaming way of saying how you feel. For instance, instead of saying, "You're always criticizing me," an "I-message" might be, "I feel as though I never please you."

"You're always criticizing me" is an accusation that's apt to provoke a defensive response such as, "What do you mean? I am not." Furthermore, it's a step away from letting the other person in on your deeper feelings. But once you say, "I feel as though I never please you," you've shared your emotion. The other person can imagine how that feels, can empathize, may ask, "Why do you feel that way?" Now you may want to answer, "Well, today you criticized me for. . . ."

In order to use the "I-message," you need to know how you feel and you need to share your feelings. That can be a risk because it might make you vulnerable. For example, if instead of attacking with the accusation, "You're never around," you say, "I'd like to be with you more," you have revealed something about you. The same thing is true when the accusation "You're not interested in what I'm saying" becomes "I'm afraid that I'm boring you." Communicating on this level requires some courage. It's a risk taken and a trust given, and it deserves a caring response.

● **No matter how honest your feelings may be, try not to blurt them out without regard for how they'll affect someone else.**
Communication can be used negatively as a way of hurting or even destroying another person. For someone to tell you that he or she thinks you look terrible just as you're about to give an important speech can be devastating. An individual may be very proud of being absolutely open and honest at all times, but one has to ask, is it appropriate all the time? What's the effect of and the real motive behind this honesty? What we say may be honest and true yet at the same time it may mask a great deal of hostility and aggression. An important part of communicating is having enough judgment to know what impact our comments will have on another human being, and to recognize that we have the choice of what to say, when to say it, and when to withhold it.

● **Fights can lead to self-understanding and deeper communication.**
The temptation for most of us in a fight is to hurl accusations and turn a deaf ear to what's being said. As a result, we may have the fleeting satisfaction of hurting somebody we're angry at, but the attack simply aggravates the situation, and we usually end up feeling just as distressed or even worse than we felt before.

Suppose you want to yell, "You're a real louse, keeping me waiting for an hour without even bothering to call. How can you be so damned inconsiderate?" An "I-message" also can express your anger: "I *hate* it when I'm expecting you and I have to wait for a whole damned hour without a word," you may yell. "It makes me feel as though my time is worthless in your opinion." Or, "It makes me feel like your servant." Or, "It makes me worry needlessly that something terrible might have happened to you." Any of these messages enables the other person to experience and respond to what's going on inside you.

Maybe you can't quite define *how* the waiting makes you feel. In such a case, you can admit your bewilderment: "I don't know *why* it makes me so mad!" If you can now accept your anger as a useful signal that there's probably some significant issue which is causing you to react so strongly, you and your partner may be able to explore what that issue is. You may be able to share your deeper feelings, and the fight can be turned in a direction that's positive and helpful for you both. ▽

The above ideas are based on material from the new book, "Stages: The Crises That Shape Your Marriage" by Dr. Laura J. Singer, with Barbara Lang Stern (Grosset & Dunlap).

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JEAN PATOU
PARIS

Beauty Now

Tips for surviving the holiday season...beautifully

How to eat well—and stay slim

Come holiday parties, temptations abound. Here, ten ideas from New York's Anushka salon, a fitness/beauty "spa" that works out individual programs, on how to enjoy eating—without going overboard . . .

- Instead of pre-dinner patés, try crudités with low-fat cottage cheese dip.
- Skip fruit juices; eat the whole fruit instead—fewer calories, a good source of fiber.
- Drink alcohol in moderation, and especially avoid drinking alcohol on an empty stomach. Reason: alcohol is quickly absorbed into your blood system, slowing down mental faculties, physical coordination.
- Pass up pies, puddings for four tablespoons natural yogurt with your favorite flavor extract—like rum or banana—added.
- Instead of creamy sauces, add herbs and spices or mustard to fish, meat.
- Steam, don't fry vegetables. Season with lemon, fresh-ground pepper. Instead of sour cream, use yogurt in sauces, dressings—to lower calorie and fat content; flavor with herbs.
- Another low-calorie sour cream substitute: blend low-fat cottage cheese in a blender, add to baked potatoes, dips, and cold sauces.
- If you need to cut back on salt, try nutmeg, curry, allspice, juniper berry in soups, sauces; horseradish, lemon, and dill in salads.
- Instead of white-flour breading, use a mix of bran, wheat germ, grated low-fat cheese—good sources of fiber, nutrients, protein.
- Don't swear off favorite holiday foods; learn to eat them in smaller amounts.

TIRED FEET?

What with seasonal shopping, entertaining, and parties, December can put a strain on your feet. The best way to cope: change shoes—and heel heights—throughout the day. NY sports podiatrist Murray F. Weisenfeld, D.P.M., suggests a comfortable office shoe (about 2-2½" heels); thick-soled ones (moccasins or tennis shoes) for shopping and walking; higher heels (for a few hours only) for evenings, parties. His quick reviver for tired feet: run them under cold water for two minutes, then hot water, then cold again. Repeat three times—and end with a spritz of cooling cologne.

HOW TO . . . dazzle!

How to look—and feel—as festive as the season: beauty pointers from makeup artist Ariella (who did the makeup below and left), and from New York nail expert Roseann Singleton.

DELIGHTS . . . Add a gleam to eyelids, upper cheekbone, even earlobes with an iridescent highlighter. *Note*: When you're going for shine like this, keep lip color matte.

EYES . . . Rim eyes with color instead of shadowing lids; it's fresher looking—and takes less time. If lashes are pale: blue, evergreen, or plum mascara is an easy after-five pickup—looks glamorous when it catches the light.

NAILS . . . For a quick office-to-evening switch, try a special nail color—plum, silver, gold, rose, brushed right over your regular shade. Quick repair trick for small chips, cracks: Mend with "5 Second Glue," let dry. Buff excess, then add a layer of fresh polish over the old.

SKIN . . . For more makeup "staying power," try an oil-based foundation; it moisturizes, "holds" longer. . . . If you've overdone cheek color, don't start from scratch. Just tone color down with a little loose powder. More delights and tips, see pages 84, 248-9.

Photo, *above*. Necklace by Van Cleef & Arpels. Photo *right*: Necklace and bracelet by Yves Saint Laurent

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TAXES

Saving energy and dollars

New money motive: fuel-smart homes

BY JULIAN BLOCK

The IRS will pick up some of the tab for the cost of making your home more energy efficient. This break takes the form of a tax credit for part of what you spend on insulating your home, as well as other outlays that qualify as "energy conservation expenditures."

The credit amounts to 15 percent of the first $2000 spent—up to a maximum credit of $300. It is allowable for payments made to buy or install items such as insulation for ceilings, walls, and so on, storm windows or doors and weatherstripping for windows or doors.

The credit is a cumulative one on the same house that cannot exceed $300, not a yearly credit of $300. Suppose you spend $1500 on insulation items during 1980 and expect to spend another $1000 during 1981—$500 above the $2000 ceiling. For 1980, your allowable credit is $225—15 percent of $1500. For 1981, your credit will be limited to $75 ($300 maximum minus $225 claimed for 1980). You get no write-off for any part of the excess $500.

The $300 cap on the credit applies only to work done on the same home. You are eligible for another credit of up to $300 when you move to another residence. The credit is renewed even though the previous owner of your new dwelling claimed a credit for energy-saving improvements to it.

To qualify for the credit, you must be the first person to use the item (second-hand property doesn't count towards the credit), and it must be expected to last for at least three years. You are ineligible for the credit if your home was built after April 19, 1977—a stipulation that many advertisements for insulation and the like neglect to mention.

Besides the $300 credit, the law provides another incentive for homeowners who install equipment that produces renewable energy from such sources as the sun, the wind, or underground geothermal wells. This credit is 40 percent of the first $10,000 spent on equipment—up to a maximum of $4000. (Before 1980, the old maximum credit was $2200 of the first $10,000.)

As with the insulation improvement, you must be the first one to use the energy-producing equipment to qualify for the credit. The item must be expected to remain in use for five years, as opposed to three for the $300 credit. Unlike the $300 credit, however, the $4000 credit applies to new homes now being built, as well as to those built before April 20, 1977. ▽

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If you were wearing that sexy white swimsuit, you could swim for hours! 'Cause Tampax takes care of you. The highly absorbent fibers absorb up to 50% more than the most popular Super tampon.

CLINICAL TESTS SHOW TAMPAX SUPERIOR!

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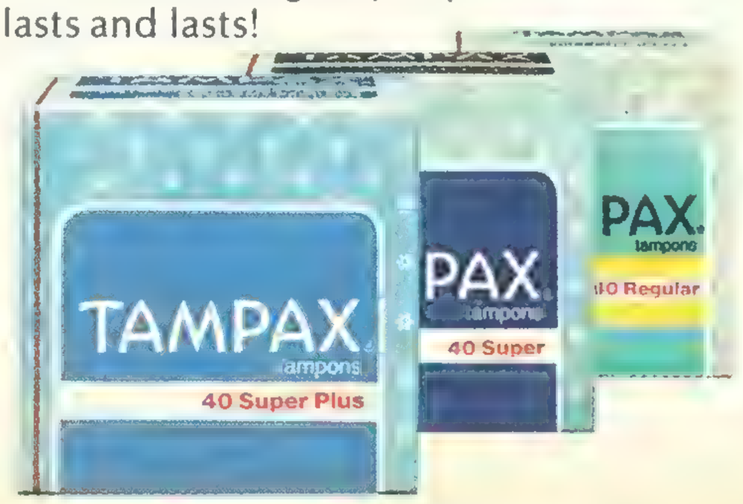

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Tampax Super Plus. It's got all the "pluses" you and your fashions need!

Also Super and Slender Regular absorbencies.

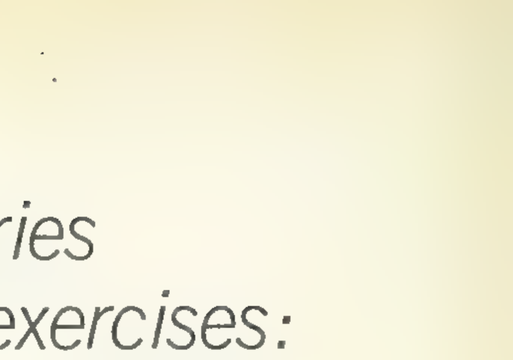
Shape-up Now

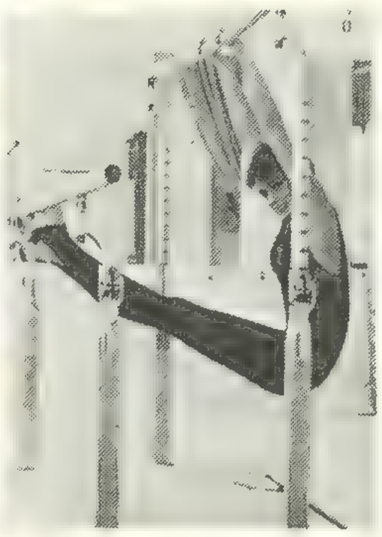
FLATTEN

Third in a series of spot-toning exercises: five different methods to strengthen and flatten the abdominal muscles

WEIGHT RESISTANCE

A basic sit-up, *right*—with a 2½-pound weight held against chest—helps abdominals tone faster. "Sit-ups are the most effective way to strengthen the abdomen, reduce tightness in your back," says Terry King, head trainer, NY Sports Training Institute. Lie on an abdominal board, knees bent, feet hooked under rollers or a bed (if exercising at home) to prevent back strain. Bring torso to knees; return to start. Work up to 25-30 times daily.





GYMNASTICS

For those who want a rigorous—yet fun—way to tone the entire body as well as the stomach, try working out on uneven and parallel bars. According to Alex Jaskewicz, of Alex and Walter's Physical Fitness Studio, NYC, "The exercises shown *(near left and right)*, strengthen abdominals and back muscles, while increasing total body flexibility. Start with a warm-up body stretch (*far left*)—essential before working out on gymnastic equipment—to prevent muscle injuries." *Note:* A good gym always has an instructor or "spotter" there to help you do each exercise properly. Who can do gymnastics? Gymnastics are for women in fairly good condition. Beginners: start with a moderate gymnastic program worked out with your instructor; progress slowly to a more strenuous workout. As with all fitness programs, check your M.D. before starting.

DANCE EXERCISE

"Dance exercises which strengthen *and* stretch are popular with even the least motivated individuals, because they can be done anywhere, anytime—and are relatively easy. One example *(left)* helps flatten the abdomen and tone back muscles," says NYC exercise pro Barbara Pearlman. Use abdominals (not arms and shoulders) when you raise up; keep one knee bent to prevent back strain. Lift up until you reach your maximum stress point. Hold for 2 counts; repeat 4 times; alternate legs.

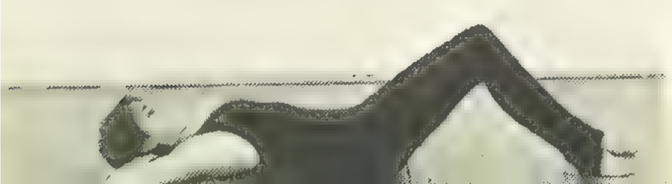
ANDREA ALBERTS

LOWER BACK CARING . . .

"These exercises, which do not require lying against a hard floor, are especially good for women who are prone to lower-back pain, because they alleviate any chance of back stress while exercising. They strengthen the abdomen and loosen hips and shoulders—both necessary for good posture," according to Willibald Nagler, M.D., chairman of rehabilitation medicine, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. *Left:* Hang from a trapeze or chinning bar; lift knees as high as possible. Repeat 6 times. . . . The exercise *(right)* works the abdominals, buttocks, and hips by having the pelvis "roll" back and forth without moving the upper body or legs. To do a pelvis "roll": Stand as shown. Slowly press abdomen in; tilt pelvis forward; then relax muscles, let abdomen come forward. Do "rolls" 10 times slowly, 10 times quickly, says Gilda Marx, of the new NY branch of Body Design by Gilda.

HOW TO DO A SIT-UP

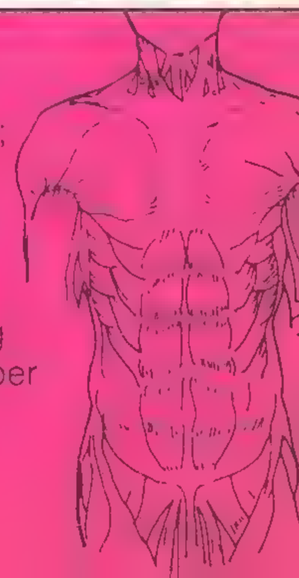
While the abdominals are the easiest muscles to strengthen, they are also the first to become weak and lose their tone. One of the fastest ways to flatten your stomach: by doing a diagonal sit-up *(below);* tones *all* three abdominals (see sketch, *right).* Lie flat on floor, knees bent. Raise and lower body straight up, then right elbow to left knee, left elbow to right knee. Work up to 25-30 a day.



The leotard, here: Flexatard Bodywear from Body Design by Gilda

ABDOMINALS

The abdominal area is composed of three sets of muscles. One runs vertically; the other two cross over diagonally. These muscles act as your body's "support system," holding up your lower back, keeping the rest of your body in proper alignment—good reasons to keep your stomach in shape.



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FOOD

Easy-to-make party treats for your holiday celebrations

Top caterer's special recipes for a great buffet, romantic supper for two

BY DAVID McCORKLE

Here, for your Christmas entertaining, are eight favorite party recipes from top New York caterer/food consultant, David McCorkle. The first five, for three kinds of wonderfully stuffed vegetable hors d'oeuvres, easy-to-make blinis, and pears poached, suprisingly, in maple syrup as well as red wine, are meant to spark the most original cocktail buffet you've ever given (photograph of our version, on page 134). The beauty of these vegetable treats is that they are a light, refreshing change from run-of-the-mill cocktail fare—your guests can eat them without too many calorie worries—and they can all be served on a bed of edible, attractive alfalfa sprouts.

The last three, for an elegant quail under crust, colorful Oriental Salad, and rich-beyond-belief chocolate timbales (a treasured recipe that David borrowed from Lydie Marshall, a friend who runs A La Bonne Cocotte, an excellent New York cooking school) are the basis of the most romantic holiday supper for two that you can imagine (photograph of our version, on page 134). David has given you proportions for six, but they can, of course, be reduced. Happy party-giving!

STUFFED VEGETABLE HORS D'OEUVRES

Stuffed Cherry Tomatoes
twenty servings

20 cherry tomatoes, with tops cut off, scooped out
6 hard-cooked egg yolks, mashed
12 flat anchovy fillets, chopped
1 tablespoon drained capers, chopped
¼ cup Dijon mustard
Fresh ground pepper
1 tablespoon minced parsley
Mix above ingredients; spoon into tomatoes.

Stuffed Snow Peas
any number you like

Snow peas
Cream cheese
Chives or chopped raw vegetables

Blanch peas in boiling salted water if they aren't a bright color. Drop them in, then take them right out and refresh them under cold water. Take off ends of peas, split side opposite from seam and fill using a pastry bag into which you have put fresh cream cheese with finely chopped raw vegetables, or cream cheese with chopped chives.

Stuffed Cucumbers with Smoked Chicken Salad
about twenty-five servings

3 large cucumbers
1 tablespoon salt
½ teaspoon vinegar
Pinch of sugar

Peel 3 large cucumbers and trim ends. Cut cucumbers crosswise into 3/4-inch widths and with a small melon scooper or small spoon, remove seeds, leaving thin layer intact at each end. Sprinkle cucumbers with salt, vinegar, sugar; let stand upside down in covered bowl for at least 1 hour to drain off excess water.

Chicken Salad Stuffing

2 cups smoked chicken, diced
½ cup very lemony homemade mayonnaise
½ cup sour cream
1 teaspoon Dijon-type mustard
Few drops Tabasco sauce
¼ cup finely chopped celery
¼ cup chopped almond slivers

Mix above ingredients and fill cucumber slices with mixture.

BLINIS

thirty one-and-one-half-inch blinis

1 package yeast
½ cup milk
½ cup buckwheat flour and ½ cup unbleached white flour
2 egg yolks
2 pinches salt
4 pinches sugar
2 ounces melted butter
2 egg whites beaten to soft peaks

Mix together 2 ounces water and yeast. When yeast begins to bubble, add remaining ingredients, except for egg whites.

Let mixture sit until it doubles (3/4–1 hour), then beat down and add egg whites. Pour into hot blini skillet or onto hot griddle until brown on each side.

Blinis for hors d'oeuvres should be made about 1- to 1½-inches wide. Serve warm, topped with sour cream and American black caviar or

(Continued on page 176)

Chantelle
PARIS

"Fete"
Calais Lace Underwired or Soft Cup.
32-40 B,C,D in White, Nude or Black.
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HOLIDAY TREATS

(Continued from page 172)

fresh salmon caviar. I like to use half black and half red caviar.

PEARS POACHED IN RED WINE AND MAPLE SYRUP

six servings

3 cups red wine
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup pure maple syrup
1 2-inch stick of cinnamon
6 small pears, not too ripe, with stems intact

In a large enamel saucepan, bring wine, lemon juice, maple syrup, and cinnamon to a boil over moderate heat, stirring until ingredients are well mixed. Peel and cut bottom core out of pears and cut bottoms so the pears will sit flat on plate. Cook pears at very slow simmer for 15 to 20 minutes until they are tender but not mushy. Remove pears and reduce liquid till syrupy consistency. Let pears sit in syrup. Delicious warm or chilled.

Here are recipes for the second party—a romantic Christmas eve supper.

QUAIL UNDER CRUST

six servings

Although this recipe is long, the dish may be prepared a day in advance, then refrigerated before baking.

2 pounds of puff pastry, made by your favorite recipe or according to Volume II of *Mastering the Art of French Cooking,* by Simone Beck and Julia Child (Knopf)
12 quails
1 cup chopped carrots
1 cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped onions
A bit of chopped Italian parsley
¾ cup apple cider
½ cup Calvados
3 apples, peeled, cored, sautéed lightly in butter but still crisp
1 pound chestnuts, roasted and peeled, to yield about 1½ cups
½ pound Japanese black mushrooms (*Shiitake,* dried or fresh), sliced, cooked lightly in 4 tablespoons butter
2 cups heavy cream
2-4 tablespoons beurre manié, made by blending equal parts of butter and flour, then cooking briefly to cook flour
1 lightly beaten egg white
2 egg yolks beaten with 2 tablespoons of milk

Roast quails, breast-side down, on a bed of carrots, celery, onions, parsley, in 450° oven for about 20 minutes, until juice runs clear from birds when pricked. Let birds cool, take meat off carcass.

Deglaze roasting pan and vegetables with cider and Calvados. Strain and reduce liquid to ½ cup, correct seasoning to taste with salt and pepper. Add apples, chestnuts, mushrooms.

In a saucepan, reduce cream to 1 cup, add 3/4 of the reduced gravy from roasting pan, thicken with beurre

(Continued on page 178)

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HOLIDAY TREATS

(Continued from page 176)

manié. Add this mixture to ingredients in roasting pan and let cool. Stir in the quail meat.

Place equal portions of quail mixture in 6 oven-proof terrines (each about a 2-cup capacity), coat the outsides with egg whites.

Roll puff pastry to 1/8-inch thickness, cut into circles 2 inches larger than tops of terrines. Place pastry circles across tops of terrines and press down over egg-white-coated sides. Don't crimp. Coat outside of pastry with egg-yolk wash. Refrigerate 1 hour, then bake at 400° about 20 to 30 minutes, until tops are puffed and brown. Serve immediately.

ORIENTAL SALAD

six servings

1 Chinese cabbage sliced into 1-inch diagonals
¾ pound bean sprouts
2 red peppers, seeded and cut in julienne strips
¼ pound sliced Japanese black mushrooms (*Shiitake*)
2 carrots, cut in fine julienne strips
½ can water chestnuts, sliced

Mix all vegetables together in a bowl. Then toss with:

Sesame vinaigrette

2 tablespoons sesame tahini
2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
⅓ cup lemon juice
¾ cup light sesame oil

Combine ingredients; slowly add sesame oil.

CHOCOLATE TIMBALES

twelve servings

8 ounces extra bittersweet chocolate—Lindt or Tobler, or a very special one obtained from Li-Lac Chocolate Shop, 120 Christopher Street, New York City
8 ounces sweet butter
4 large eggs
8 ounces (1 cup) superfine granulated sugar
6 tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons Grand Marnier

Butter 1 dozen 2-ounce timbale cups and cut buttered circles of wax paper to go on bottoms and tops.

Melt chocolate in top of double-boiler set over hot but not boiling water. Set aside to cool a little below skin temperature.

Cream and beat butter in mixing bowl until light and fluffy. Beat eggs until fluffy, then beat in sugar until mixture is pale yellow and forms ribbons. When chocolate has cooled, pour it on beaten butter and blend well.

Beat chocolate mixture into eggs and sugar; whisk until very fluffy. Gently fold cornstarch into mixture. Add Grand Marnier and mix well. Line cups with a buttered paper round. Pour in batter and top each timbale with another paper round so that top of mixture doesn't become crusty when baked.

Place timbales in baking dish, add hot water to come halfway up their sides. Bake in preheated 350° oven for 45 minutes or until toothpick inserted in mixture comes out clean. Let sit 15 minutes and unmold. Do not refrigerate. Let sit a couple of hours before serving. ▽

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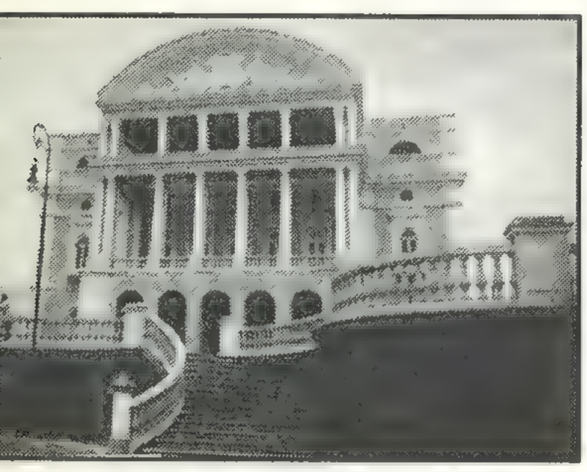
Travel Now

St. Moritz "in" season... Brazil news...ski Finland

By Richard Alleman

NOVEL TRAVELS

For fiction fans, two "best-seller" tours. From Japan Air Lines, a fifteen-day swing through Japan—with itinerary plotted to highlight the historical backgrounds of the novel/miniseries "Shōgun." Besides visiting Tokyo, Kyoto, Nara, these special trips also stop at rarely seen cities—important in the history of the Tokugawa clan—such as Shimoda, Nagoya, Shimabara. Price: from $2200-$2600—covers round-trip air fare from San Francisco, top hotels, most meals, guide. Twelve departures set between April and November, 1981. . . . Meanwhile, British Airways and super-selling romance novelist Barbara Cartland have put together a week of high living and traveling in England that includes visits to great country estates—plus tea with Miss Cartland at her own fantasy-filled Victorian home. $1399 provides hotels, sight-seeing, most meals. Air fare is extra. See page 198.



Northern Brazil: exciting, exotic, newly accessible

Brazil first: one-week jaunts exploring two unusual cities—Manaus and Salvador-Bahia. In Manaus, built on the Amazon basin: a mix of jungle and city pleasures. Among the latter: an 1896 Opera House (*above left*); Tropical Hotel Manaus (*above right*) with pool, tennis, bars, restaurants. In seaside Salvador: dazzling Colonial buildings, good shopping, Black magic! Price: from $847—includes round-trip Varig flights from Miami, hotels, sight-seeing; starts December 20. Details, page 198 more on Brazil, page 196.

SKI!

For cross-country skiers, Finland is paradise: unspoiled forests, frozen lakes, miles of flat trails—many illuminated for night skiing. This year, Finnair has super-bargain ski weeks for $849. This "guaranteed" price includes round-trip air fare between New York and Finland, a night in Helsinki at the InterContinental Hotel, five days at the Rukahovi Ski Resort, equipment rentals, saunas, most meals. Departures, January 31-April 30. See travel agent or page 198; for details.

The glamour goes on in St. Moritz—winter capital of the world. Among this season's star happenings: Europe's only winter golf tournament, January 16-18 . . . International Bridge Week, January 12-23 . . . World Cup ski jump competitions, January 21 . . . Championship backgammon, January 30-February 2. . . horse racing on the city's frozen lake (*pictured above*), February 1, 8, 15 . . . Sotheby's jewel auction, February 19-20.

A dream of skiing, St. Moritz offers 236 miles of downhill runs. Best on-the-slopes dining: Paradiso—a new terraced lunch spot atop Suvretta Hill . . . La Marmite—the big windowed restaurant at the Corviglia tram station . . . the terrace of the Chantarella Hotel where horse-drawn sleighs pass by in front . . . Zuberhütte—a multi-level chalet with lots of sunny deck space.

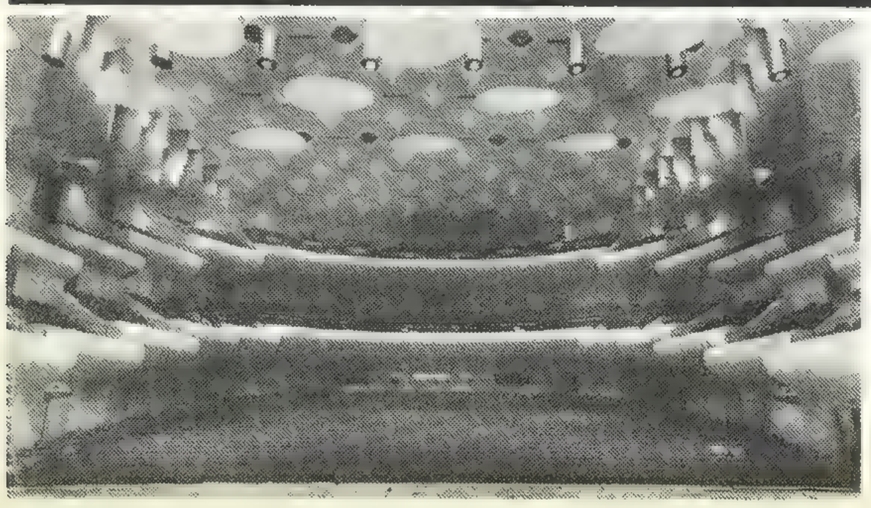
Back in town, the most animated après-ski haunts: Café Hauser's streetside terrace . . . Stubli—the cozy wood-paneled downstairs pub at the Hotel Schweizerhof . . . Cresta—the Hotel Steffani's tiny bar. For tea: the legendary konditorei Hanselmann has fabulous pastries, chocolates, mountain-lake views . . . and the grand Oriental-carpeted lobby of the Palace Hotel—set with pink-clothed tables—is made more romantic with piano music.

St. Moritz restaurants of the moment: Cascade—a year-old French bistro . . . Engadiner–Swiss fondues served in two simple rooms . . . Chesa Veglia—a seventeenth-century farmhouse with intimate dining rooms and bars upstairs, a basement pizzeria built around an old-fashioned bowling alley.

Dancing: King's Club in the Palace . . . Gunter Sachs's private Dracula Club. Most popular: Vivai in the Hotel Steffani.

Note: Getting to St. Moritz is extra easy this year with Swissair's $430 New York-Zurich midweek round-trip fare. See travel agent.

The sound of the future . . .



Igniting San Francisco's cultural life: Louise M. Davies Symphony Hall *(left)*—the new $27.6 million home of San Francisco's Symphony. With three thousand seats and "adjustable" acoustics, this futuristic sound-space not only means a greatly expanded music season, it has also revved up adjacent Hayes Street where cafés and galleries are taking over renovated Victorian buildings. Best dining bets now: The Hayes Street Grill (324 Hayes)—modeled on a traditional San Francisco Victorian grill—specializes in charcuterie and in fresh fish prepared with your choice of herb sauce. Excellent desserts. . . . Ivy's (398 Hayes)—just open—serves tortellini, Pacific oysters, Hen Wellington in two flower-filled rooms. *Note:* Both kitchens stay open until 11:00 P.M. on Fridays and Saturdays.

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TRAVEL

Las Hadas: the billion-dollar news at Mexico's dream resort

In the world's ultimate playland: solid comforts . . . bold new fantasies

BY KATHLEEN MADDEN

Each one of us, somewhere in our heads, has a fantasy of what a resort—resort vacation—should be: sun, surf, lazy-making heat, a well-constructed Sybaritism, a little sex. . . . Well, each of us has a fantasy. For Dudley Moore, in the movie *10,* it was Bo Derek on a beach. For architect José Luis Ezquerra, a dream of white-white Moorish towers and turrets over achingly blue sea. For Bolivian tin king Antenor Patiño, a man with some experience in these things, a playland built to the tastes of the world's most beautiful—and demanding—pals. For Alfa, a Mexican mega-corp., an established hotel to set the focus—and future style—for a new, billion-dollar community of houses, condos, elegant beach clubs . . . a sort of Cap d'Antibes West.

Hotel Las Hadas, above: "A vision of white-white Moorish towers and turrets over achingly blue sea"

There are other fantasies; but each of these has a name. The name is Las Hadas.

Las Hadas. Carved from foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains along Mexico's Pacific coast, Patiño's dream resort initially took ten years—and some $33 million—to build. Its opening, in 1974, brought three hundred of the world's exquisites—Hollywood stars, European royalty, the rich and richly known—in chartered jets to this small town of Manzanillo, Mexico, for a glittery Patiño ball. Today, Patiño has sold his interests; Las Hadas is owned and operated by Casolar, the tourist arm of the largest privately held conglomerate in Mexico: Grupo Industrial Alfa, S.A. The Americans, the Europeans, the South Americans still come. Californians fly down for long weekends. Private jets park at the Manzanillo airport.

Las Hadas. What pulls each of us here is the feeling of fantasyland, the lure of passively drifting through a delicious dream. There's an otherworldly quality that comes from a name (Las Hadas means "the fairies"), pops up on a wall-relief Pegasus, bounces back at you from a mica-flecked beach on a starry night. When the architect Ezquerra created Las Hadas, he took the stark beauty of whitewashed buildings and sea, then molded fantastical curves, arches, sloping banisters, rippled roofs of white to shimmer in the sun. Since this is a playland—and not to be serious—he added follies, something to make you smile: a silly rainspout, a gargoyle, a tower with perfectly made—and perfectly useless—stone griffins clinging to its side. Curving stairs, lookout pinnacles, mosque-like towers: Even the Las Hadas waste cans, nestled among hibiscus, are whimsically pompous white-domed bins.

The otherworldliness of Las Hadas starts at the shiny new Manzanillo airport: Its one runway sits parallel to—and almost on top of—the beach; landing, you feel as if you could reach out to the water . . . as if you'd skipped the intermediate steps—arrival, baggage, hotel trip—and gone straight to the heart of the matter—a deserted strip of sandy beach.

A quick drive and the luxuries of Las Hadas surround you: the sharp/fresh smell of limes at the hotel lobby bar . . . the sight of surrey-roofed golf carts scurrying arriving guests and luggage to rooms. Here, flowers take over: yellow hibiscus, red jasmine, bougainvillaea, copper plants, fan-like *(Continued on page 188)*

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The Silent Picture

Shot on location in Las Hadas land and
resort development in Manzanillo, Mexico.

Not pictured, Villas del Palmar, located in Las Hadas land and resort development priced from under $200,000. Featured are private beaches, tennis, golf, and marina. For more information call (713) 626-3904 or write 3/D International Tower, 1900 West Loop South, Houston, Texas 77027. Financing available.

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LAS HADAS

(Continued from page 184)

palm fronds. Thousands of coconut palms line Las Hadas courtyards, alleyways, grottoes. Under the ripe, hanging fruit, you walk warily; with a closer look, you see some occasional "coconuts" are, in fact, quite a trick of nature: hanging coconut-shaped lights.

In my room, grey marble floors beg for bare feet. There are white walls, arches everywhere—arched windows, arched hallways, lattice-work closet doors that look as though they should open to a seraglio behind. All furniture is covered in cool dark-green lacquer and glossy white: lamps, tables, chairs, couches, dresser . . . even the great-drawered desk that faces a window to the sea. The marbled bath shines with Moorish-shaped tiles; the yellow bedspread and drapes are a soft Porthault-like print. On my terrace, the sun glitters off white walls and cushioned chaises; below are the white roofs of Las Hadas, blue foothills, blue sea. In the distance, bobbing

Las Hadas: "the lure of drifting through a delicious dream"

flags circle the Las Hadas marina, breakwater, and ships; if I lean over the balcony, I can just glimpse the small, private, circle-shaped pool plunked in sun outside my door.

Esthetically—logistically—Las Hadas is a place made for sun: the reflecting white walls, open Jeeps, terraced rooms and restaurants, sunning chaises at pool and beach. To keep walls sufficiently sparkling, a team of painters each day attacks some spot of white somewhere on the place. *"Pintura fresca"* (wet paint) is a discreet small sign you come upon often, here.

The bright Mexican sun draws you to tennis and golf—anything that asks for real action—in cooler mornings or late afternoon. At the Las Hadas golf and tennis club, a thatched-roof clubhouse easily distracts you to drinks and comfortable shade; the eight hard-surface courts are surrounded by coconut-palm greenery and lit for night play. On the golf course, swans and ducks laze in water hazards, iguanas hide under stone bridges. The course—nine holes designed by golf architects Pete and Roy Dye—is in the process of being extended, now, to eighteen. A tie-breaking—killer—nineteenth hole is on the drawing board: tee on one rocky point of land, cup on another. In between, just ball-drawing bay.

The water along this stretch of Mexico's west coast has not only a clear charm but a history: Here, Cortez built warships; Sir Frances Drake set sail. Each February, the San Diego Yacht Club hosts a sailing regatta through eleven hundred miles of Pacific to Las Hadas' port. For those who come anytime by water, the marina offers slips for seventy private yachts. Boat owners who dock here have access to all Las Hadas facilities, can sign their slip number—like a room number—on bar bills, meal bills, all.

From the marina, a *(Continued on page 191)*

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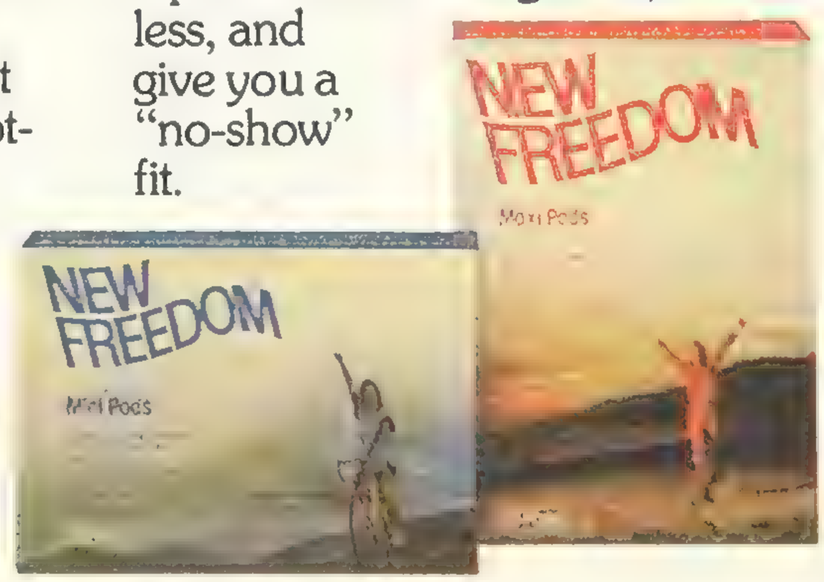

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LAS HADAS

(Continued from page 188)

hotel trimaran ferries guests across the bay for shopping in the port town of Manzanillo or sets off for a sundown cruise. Launches go out for deep-sea fishing; this part of the ocean is called the sailfish capital of the world. Looking back at Las Hadas from the water, you suddenly understand the sweep of the land: the spread—along fifteen acres—of Las Hadas, the new sprouts of growing development, the shape of the Santiago Peninsula—this finger of land that holds it all. Flying fish race you in the water; a family of pelicans sits on a nearby rock isle. When you're in luck, there's a great gift of marine-life: dolphins playing in the bay.

Between ocean and the strips of white hotel buildings that slice across the rising hills, the real life of Las Hadas takes place: days on the beach, at the pool. Americans, for the most part, like their swimming safely away from nature and cluster in large numbers around the pool; on the beach, you find more languages—and more countries represented—than at most meetings of the U.N.

The main pool—reportedly one of the largest in Mexico, certainly the most tropically dreamlike as mundanities of cement construction allow—is ringed with palms and flowering bushes, built with lagoons, charming islands, dripping waterfall. A swaying rope suspension bridge cuts across the pool's mid-section and gives a challenge to sun-dazed (or rum-dazed) adults; it acts like a magnet on every delighted, devilish child for miles.

Edging the Pacific at Las Hadas: bright-white cabana tents for beach-time privacy

Behind the bridge, the grass-roofed pool-edge Coco Loco bar can be attacked by bridge, steady cement terrace, or pool: You can swim up to the backside of the bar, never leave the water, belly up for one of the mandatory resort tropical/flower drinks. Warning: the "Coco Loco" cocktail, famous at Las Hadas, contains among other punches—gin, vodka, tequila, and rum.

The crowd at the beach gets no special applause for heartiness: The water at Las Hadas is always warm, the tan sand is stone-less . . . shell-less . . . and, except for sun-sizzle, remarkably easy on the feet. White cabana tents—lined up like outposts of some medieval water-edge jousting event—give privacy and shade. Bar waiters in Arab headgear scurry among them; between tents, short poles hold sky-blue flags. Small signs explain their function: "For bar service, please raise flags."

Burgos Audiencia, above: A new hillside condominium cluster on the rise at Las Hadas

For the more adventurous, there's waterskiing, sailing, snorkeling, and always swimming in the lamé sea; but true landlubbers head to the large new Al Sarab tent behind the beach. Nothing but grass-green terrace levels and floor-level cushions, this is a place to stretch out, watch the water, reach from a reclining position to an armside table for a drink. Quiet, shaded, totally effortless, delightfully decadent: this is a uniquely Las Hadas-style place.

Each week, on varying nights, this tent becomes what has to be one of the most charming movie theaters of the world. A small screen goes up in the sand . . . a deliberately romantic movie goes on; you lie back on the cushions, see the film and, behind it, nothing but sky and nighttime sea. At sundown, all of Las Hadas takes on a decidedly romantic feel: The details and delights come out at you—lights bouncing on the water . . . spot-lit flowers, arches, palm-covered streets—in a way they never could in noontime's obliterating sun.

At night there's music: thuds from La Palapa, a grass-hut disco . . . strings from a terrace restaurant . . . the gurgle of a fountain somewhere along the way. At sundown, in the central Doña Albina square, a mariachi band goes to it—to the delight of small, very brown children in bathing suits and shirts at the square's café. Watching them, you think of the remark of one—somewhat jaded—male: "Las Hadas is a place to make babies . . . not bring them." The kids, attacking mounds of ice cream, are, in fact, totally happy, charming, and oblivious to *(Continued on page 192)*

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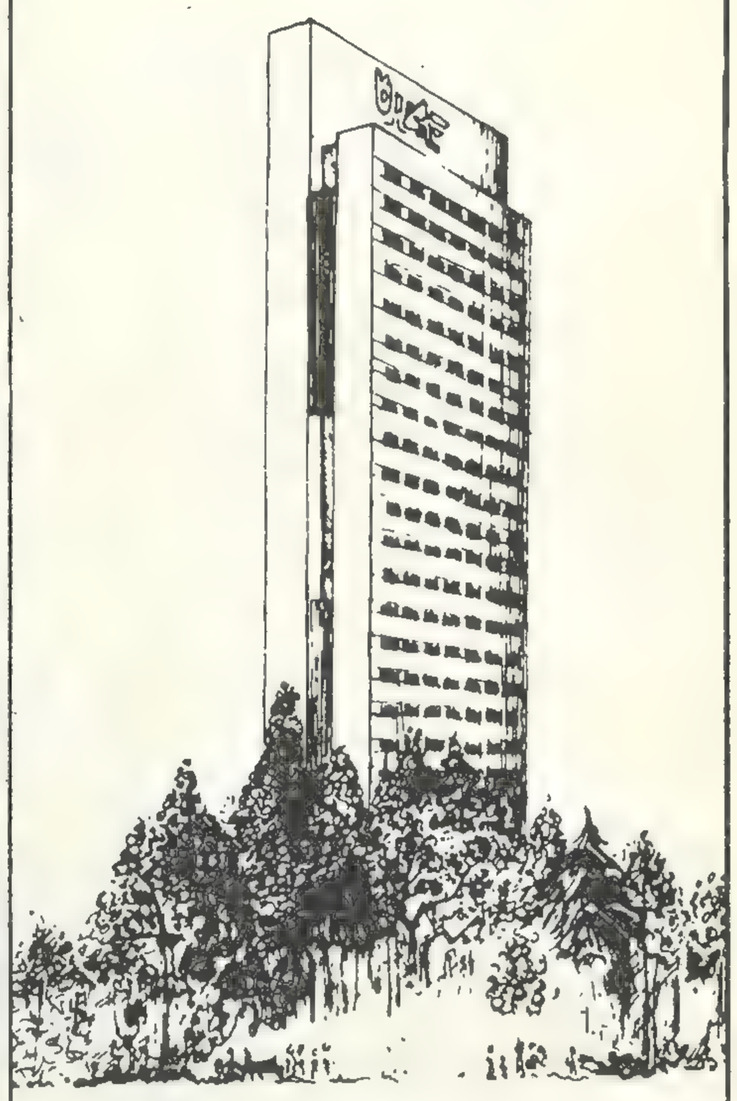

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LAS HADAS

(Continued from page 191)

everything but their last outing for the night.

At Las Hadas, there's a special pleasure, too, to early mornings: walks past empty beaches, the pools just for you. The perpetually hustling staff, seemingly, are the only ones here who come to life before ten: laundry-cart drivers, flower-waterers, boy who takes machete to coconut behind the Oasis beach bar.

Though there's a sprawl to Las Hadas, room-service breakfast comes in remarkably quick time: a man runs up the stone steps to my room door, rings the doorbell to announce breakfast, lays it out in terrace sun. "Continental" breakfast is both surprising and blissfully excessive: coffee, heavy cream, vats of jams, curled butter, breads baked in the Las Hadas kitchens—including a sugared pastry bread shaped with Ezquerra-style ripples and curves. Fresh-cut fruit stacks up on a china plate: pineapple, bananas, tomato-red grapefruit, oranges, melons. To squeeze over everything, there's a mound of fresh limes.

(Limes—a Northerner's notion of real luxury and a Las Hadas staple—arrive, in embarrassing abundance, with just about everything here: fruit, fish, drinks. A single Perrier and lime ordered at the lobby bar comes with exactly that: a bottle of water, an entire lime.)

If you rouse yourself enough to walk to Las Piñas, the terrace café perched above the main pool, there's the reward of a massive breakfast buffet, fresh juices in huge painted-jug vats, sun bouncing off the large open terrace, the chance to catch Taco in full form. Taco is the supreme Las Hadas celebrity and a constant focus of conversation, here: a large green parrot who lives on an island in the pool, he's been called Robinson Crusoe, Hemingway, and now Taco; he's also rumored to be, in fact, Taca in tropical drag.

Whatever his sex or true identity, Taco remembers, people tell you, and has been known to show his personal preferences in decided ways. He hops on the arms and air mattresses of those he's fond of, spills suntan oil on those he's not, flings coffee cups when there's no offered food or attention, cracks open beer cans with his beak. As with all good tropical drinkers, Taco occasionally gets carried away: wakes up in trees he can't remember climbing, needs help from the Las Hadas staff to stagger home.

Taco may not be in full flower by noontime, but his field of action, Las Piñas, still pulls people in as an eating place: It's only a few steps—still in swimsuit—from pool to open-air lunch.

Best—and most seductive—though, is lunch under the grass roof of the new Oasis restaurant that sits directly above the beach. Like all Las Hadas eating places, the Oasis comes with full view of sky and water and is open to the sun. You can climb its stone steps directly from the water, sit at raspberry-clothed tables on the white balcony, look down on the beach and white cabanas beneath you, watch the water-skiiers skimming by in full show. Menus are large boards stood on the floor by your table: Between grilled fresh fish and Las Hadas sunshine, there's little more you could want.

At night, just to stave off culinary boredom, Las Hadas has two other restaurants. El Terral, directly above the Oasis, offers up shellfish and steaks; curving *(Continued on page 194)*

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LAS HADAS

(Continued from page 192)

white stone banquettes and caramel leather cushions; a bar by rocks, waterfall, pools, and plants. All of Las Hadas spreads before you—with surf sounds and lantern lights. At Legazpi—the other, main-hotel restaurant—there's a piano bar, soft-sounding violin and bass, candle-lit wrought-iron tables, rack of lamb grilled at your place. At night, on its white-awning balcony: breezes, views of the marina and pool, the pin-dot lights of Manzanillo directly across the bay.

The luxury of Las Hadas? That all of this is here to serve, currently, about two-hundred rooms. And for those two-hundred guest rooms, six-hundred men and women are on staff.

Thousands of people are also at work at Las Hadas, now: working not on the hotel but the land that circles it. While Las Hadas sits quietly, tranquilly self-contained, there's a boom town bursting around it: a resort city—a destination—a Mexican Riviera being bulldozed from the five-hundred other acres of once Patiño-owned land.

Casolar, owner of Las Hadas, is acting as owner, operator, developer, builder, and broker of it all: everything from time-share condominiums at Maeva—on another seven hundred acres farther along the coast—to $6-million private palaces at Las Hadas' back door. They're investing in area airport, hospital, shopping center; working with airlines to beef up plane service to Manzanillo; talking with hotel-industry giants about other, future hotels. Laying out plot lines, bringing in architects, builders, batches of furniture. There's an excitement and energy here that's contagious, a sweep of plans that makes your head swirl. There's, also, what will eventually be $1 billion at work.

Las Hadas beachside retreat: Al Sarab, above—a vast Arabian pleasure tent

Today, 60 to 75 percent of the real estate—the condominiums, the houses—is being bought by North Americans, most often as a third, strictly vacation home. At blue and white Maeva, a condominium complex along the coast, families are buying ten-year memberships that give them use of a condo one week each year. Nearer to Las Hadas, on the Santiago Peninsula, investments get steeper, and the building more exclusive: everything from low-lying condominiums edging the golf course to Ezquerra-designed white Burgos Audiencia towers to $1 million La Punta lots.

From the hotel, you can see the white Burgos Audiencia rising above; a handful of fantasyland houses; the cliff-hanging Puerto Las Hadas that grows up from the marina. To see it all requires Jeep, suntan lotion, and a full afternoon: To see the Las Quintas compound on the heights, the mosaic roads of La Punta, the new beach club, the cliffs, cactus, trunks of palm trees cut like barrels to terrace the hill.

Most glittering is the just-beginning enclave of La Punta. At the farthest end of the peninsula, these plots for two hundred villas can sell for $250,000, $750,000, $1 million—and that's only for land. All are set behind a special guarded entrance, have views of Pacific bays, are reached by handlaid mosaic streets. With its own beach club, members-only tennis club, a wealth of jungle-y bushes and screening trees, La Punta is made for the rich and the private, a world solely to itself.

Puerto Las Hadas has more direct effect on what's here already, as it rises immediately next to the hotel. Built as twelve levels with over two hundred condominiums, Puerto Las Hadas grows up from the water like a wonderful white pueblo village carved into the cliff. Designed by Noldi Schreck—architect of Puerto Banus, elegant new port town on Spain's Costa del Sol—Puerto Las Hadas is laid out like a waterfront village, above streets of boutiques, shops, post office, a half-dozen restaurants, waterfront cafés. When it's finished, at the end of next year, it will make a natural new arm to Las Hadas: streets to walk, stores to browse, new eating spots to try. Evening coffee at a café, streets filled with people, the marina lights glancing off ships: Patiño's dream resort is growing, taking off, now, on other people's dreams.

Patiño still comes to Las Hadas. He's kept a plot of land—almost a million dollars' worth of land—on La Punta.

Great fantasies, it seems, wear well. ▽

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The change you notice in your mirror is apparent to other people too, though they may not be certain just how you look different. But don't be surprised if someone says, "You look wonderful . . . been on vacation?" or if your husband gives you an extra-warm hug when he leaves for work in the morning.

Millions of younger-looking women around the world wouldn't let a single day go by without making Oil of Olay the heart of their beauty ritual. Join them. Gentle on the beauty fluid each morning to help maintain your skin's reservoir of essential fluids. Again every evening at bedtime, to let your skin sleep for hours in its own comfortably moist climate. And remember, with Oil of Olay there's no greasy look or feel . . . just a fresh and flattering glow. Any other time your skin feels dry or uncomfortably tight . . . when you come in from wintry weather or after a bath or shower, for instance . . . lavish on extra Oil of Olay to help maintain your skin's delicate balance of fluids.

You'll find Oil of Olay marvelous under makeup, too. Cosmetics glide on over your newly smoothed face with ease, and remain fresher-looking longer. Like to give your skin a breather from makeup now and then? The beauty fluid all by itself imparts an appealing natural radiance, a healthy-looking lustre you may come to like even better than a made-up look.

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TRAVEL

Brazil: the magic never stops —in Rio and Salvador-Bahia

The Latin lure: a potent spell of sun, smiles, beauty

BY RICHARD ALLEMAN

The magic begins weeks before I take off. I remember all the movies: *Flying Down to Rio . . . Black Orpheus . . . Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.* I start humming sambas. I daydream about Copacabana Beach. I go a little crazy.

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Varig Flight 863: New York-Rio. On the plane, I drink my first *batida*—a dacquiri-like concoction made from lemon, coconut, or passion fruit juice—and *cachaça,* the potent Brazil version of rum. Stretched out in my seat at forty thousand feet, with samba music on my headset, I am totally content. It's really happening: I'm flying down to Rio!

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Copacabana. Despite my flight fatigue, the view from my room in the Othon Palace Hotel keeps me from the nap my body craves. There, spanning several kilometers in both directions, is perhaps the most beautiful—definitely the most dramatic—beach in the world: vast, broad, bright-beige. Edged by the six-lane Avenida Atlântica and those legendary black-and-white mosaic sidewalks, Copacabana Beach—with its lineup of luxurious white high-rises—looks like Park Avenue By The Sea. It's also Southern California in South America: sculpted bodies, perfect tans, an obsession with keeping fit. On the beach, a bronzed Carioca beauty does sit-ups from her straw mat. Nearby, two gymnasts flip and cartwheel, soccer players shout, windsurfers rough the waves offshore. Latin twists: a white-turbaned woman selling gooey coconut candies . . . a man hawking quiches made on a portable brazier . . . and the fact that almost no one on this beach is soaking sun the way we do in North America. Copacabana is not taken lying down; it is a nonstop cocktail party: people meet, talk exuberantly, hop easily from one group to another. And everywhere: constant eye contact . . . constant cruising . . . a constant awareness of body, beauty, possibilities.

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Ipanema. Ipanema is more than a song, more than a beach; it's the chic, glamorous, glossy quarter next to Copacabana. Ipanema is designer shops, neon-lit nightclubs, "Western Jeans" boutiques, ice-cream/tropical-fruit-drink stands, tree-filled side streets of balconied European-*moderne* apartments.

Sandwiched on one of these streets is Antiquarius, a trendy restaurant decorated with Oriental vases, gold religious statues, brass candlesticks. Antiquarius is also an antiques shop: Its main gallery—a glass-walled, orange-beamed loft—is suspended above the dining room. At Antiquarius, good browsing and good food: tiny hard-boiled quail eggs, pâté, fish mousse hors d'oeuvres; main course—*cavaquinha,* a small lobster served with garlic butter and raisin rice. Price—including a *batida* before dinner, wine, chocolate mousse, espresso: under $20 per person. (Because of a 40 percent devaluation of the Brazilian *cruzeiro*, Brazil's low prices are a pleasant surprise.)

After dinner, it's sequins, feathers and samba at Oba-Oba, a tiny Ipanema boîte; an aging chanteuse headlines a mini-spectacular of gorgeous Black showgirls, muscled men, and more costume changes than the Folies Bergères. Watching this elegant/innocent business, I think about the 1930s movie that could be made here now: a film about a beautiful Black woman's climb from *favela*—to fame. A new Carmen Miranda.

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Carmen Miranda. One of Rio's most ingenuous tourist attractions is a museum dedicated to the late "Brazilian *(Continued on page 198)*

In Salvador-Bahia: steep cobbled street edged with pastel Colonial buildings

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BRAZIL

(Continued from page 196)

Bombshell." This little, round, concrete bunker of a building sits at the edge of Flamengo Park, a sprawling playground built in the 1960s on reclaimed land along Guanabara Bay. In Flamengo Park: joggers, roller skaters, cyclists, soccer games, picnic people, high-flying kites; in the Carmen Miranda Museum: blown-up photos, glitzy costumes, platform shoes . . . and the massive tropical-fruit headdresses that were La Miranda's trademark.

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Sugar Loaf Mountain. Samba Muzak plays inside the bug-shaped, glass-bubbled cable car that services Rio's 1325-foot lump of Sugar Loaf Mountain, jutting up in Guanabara Bay. Sugar Loaf is the classic tourist attraction: spectacular natural beauty merchandised for the masses. Getting off the cable car, we are met by an orchestra playing samba; they're dressed in animal suits—maroon monkey, purple bear, golden pig. A short walk past souvenir stalls takes us to a second cable car that heads to the top of the mountain. Ride and views are spectacular: Botafogo and Guanabara Bays to the left . . . Copacabana Beach on the right . . . and Niteroi, a separate city of white skyscrapers and beaches, across the water and looking like a mirror image of Rio. At the end of the ride, more views, more souvenir stands and snack bars—and a tropical aviary. As I head toward the aviary, someone snaps my picture. Returning later from the parrots, toucans, and parakeets, I am presented with several souvenir plates bearing my photograph. The plates cost $3 . . . and who can resist this ultimate "I was there" souvenir?

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Paquetá Island. Suddenly, I feel as though I'm in the Greek Islands. Reason: I'm on board a double-decked excursion boat cruising breezy-cool Guanabara Bay. Destination: Paquetá, the "island of lovers," called that, our captain/guide informs us over a PA system, because a nineteenth-century Brazilian emperor kept his mistresses here. After passing under the pencil-thin bridge that links Rio with the suburb-city of Niteroi, it's blue water and green islands all the way to Paquetá. On Paquetá: a cobbled plaza with church, cafés, no cars (private autos are banned here), horse-drawn carriages and bikes for hire. I choose a bike ($1) and make a quick circuit on the dusty road that ribbons the island. Bike sights: fishermen/women/children . . . small villas with gardens of wisteria, palms, bougainvillaea . . . romantic beaches and coves . . . the ubiquitous soccer game. High-sight of the day: seeing, on our return sail, the lights of Rio turn on while the sun sets on the Bay. More magic: spotting small campfires along the shore that have been set as part of a *macumba* rite.

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Tijuca Forest. In the Tijuca rain forest, a National Park on the edge of Rio, it's—appropriately—raining, misty, and tropical-world dark. I've been told I can't go to Brazil without trying the national dish *feijoada;* and I pick at mine in a pink-stucco restaurant next to a Tijuca waterfall. The *feijoada* (a thick stew of black beans and strange meats whose identities I prefer not knowing) comes with rice, ground manioc root (to be sprinkled on top), and corvil—a stringy green vegetable spiced with lots of garlic. After lunch, the owner of the restaurant *(Continued on page 200)*

The Silent Picture

Shot on location in Las Hadas land and resort development in Manzanillo, Mexico.

Not pictured, Villas del Palmar, located in Las Hadas land and resort development priced from under $200,000. Featured are private beaches, tennis, golf, and marina. For more information call (713) 626-3904 or write 3/D International Tower, 1900 West Loop South, Houston, Texas 77027. Financing available.

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BRAZIL

(Continued from page 198)

gives each of us a colored ribbon with something printed in Portuguese on it. A pretty waitress ties the ribbons around our wrists and we are told that the ribbons—not to be removed until they fall off—will protect us from the evil eye. Later, I notice that young people all over Rio have colorful woven versions of these *braceros* around their wrists. *Macumba* chic?

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Bahia. "Smile, you're in Bahia," a sign at the Salvador Airport greets us; beyond the tarmac are white sand dunes and intense-green scrub. It is very hot—much hotter than Rio because we are now 1700 kilometers nearer the equator.

Salvador—often called Bahia—is actually the capital city of the Province of Bahia. It was here, in Salvador—known for its cuisine, strong African roots, pastel-Colonial architecture—that the hit Brazilian film *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* was filmed. From here, I catch a ferryboat bound for Itaparica—an island just off the coast—and its new Club Mediterranee.

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Club Med Itaparica. Club Med's first village in South America is the best of two worlds: paradise—and Salvador, Bahia. First of all, paradise: eighty-six acres of landscaped palm forest crisscrossed by lagoons and canals . . . ochre-colored bungalows—some suspended over

Bahian dazzler: pool/patio at Club Med's Itaparica Village

canals, others grouped around shady brick patios . . . twelve tennis courts . . . a stable of Arabian horses and Argentinian polo ponies . . . a beach for windsurfing, sailing, sunning . . . one of the dazzler pools of the world—L-shaped, enormous, with views of sea and the white city of Salvador across the Bay of All Saints . . . a spirited young staff from France, Brazil, Morocco, Senegal, Portugal, Turkey, Italy . . . the world.

Dining in paradise: mammoth breakfast buffets of fresh fruits, croissants, yogurt, jellies, jams—plus ham, bacon, eggs, if you want them. Lunch: an even more mammoth buffet of cold salads, charcuterie, hot lasagnes, casseroles, ratatouilles—and a section of Bahian (Bahia is the cuisine capital of Brazil) specialties: spicy crabs, creole-sauced fish, *vatapá*—a pasty concoction of fish, shrimp, nuts, coconut milk. Dinner: sit-down, still casual—usually followed by a surprisingly professional nightclub-style *spectacle* performed, danced, lip-synched by the energetic young Club Med crew.

Best memories of paradise: after many falls, finally standing up on a wind-surfboard and soaring, for a few beautiful moments, across the sea . . . a horseback ride—backlit by an orange-gold sunset—through palm forest and along the beach . . . coming in "second" in a noontime swim race at the pool (an Argentine woman gym teacher places first) . . night swimming with Southern Hemisphere constellations—a whole new sky—blazing overhead . . . seeing one of Salvador's best folkloric troupes—Bahia Totale—perform the *capoeira,* a stylized series of handstands and judo kicks. (The dance was originally the way slaves sharpened fighting skills without their masters' knowing what they were up to.)

(Continued on page 203)

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PENN'S FLOWERS

(Continued from page 96)

of ice an inch thick!

The rose, like everything else in life, has come into its flowering for an instant only, because that force within it is now moving into a different phase as the stamens turn bronze, the petals brown at their edges. Once in a while, such a rose lets go all at once and the whole complex structure of petals falls together, still silken to the touch, to be added to a bowl of potpourri, the death and transfiguration of a rose into scent.

Not all flowers die as beautifully, but tulips, stiff and unyielding when first picked, have a way of bending this way and that on their long stems when fully open, baroque shapes flung out in splendid disarray as if they had been literally arrested in the midst of a dance. Finally, one petal falls, to lie, a glossy wonder, on the table, while the others stay attached round the dark velvet center. Hyacinths also spill themselves around, the stiff blue spikes bending low on their fleshy stems, as each tiny floweret on the massive cluster darkens and withers, turning from light to dark blue as they fill the room with their intoxicating perfume we all know must be an aphrodisiac.

How different the sovereign peony! I dream of the classic white with a scarlet thread crossing its swirl of petals, as soft and firm as the feathers of a swan's breast. The peony bud is fat, a hard case that falls away as the flower bursts open to a splendor of interwoven white on white, tossed together like a celestial salad. Peonies are there all at once, not slow openers like the roses—and all at once they are gone, so suddenly and unexpectedly the fall is a whole gesture completed in a second. More often than not, I hear the soft plop and know I have again missed the sight . . . only a mound of feathery white shining on the table.

The death of some flowers is not as much a change of shape as a slow change of color. When put in water, anemones burst out of their fuzzy buds so fast I have never actually witnessed the opening. I turn and see that a silent explosion has taken place. A fully open deep-purple face is looking at me, for anemones appear to have eyes. The dark velvet center in a crown of stamens surrounded by large single petals, opaque at first, then, little by little, becoming transparent, astonishes: the red is so red, the purple so purple. In a day or so, the vivid color pales in a wonderful sequence, from purple to lavender and then almost white. They become the ghosts of themselves, lovely ghosts, as the aura fades.

But in the end, I come back to the Shirley poppies because in them the whole process, the dance—death and transfiguration—takes place in a brief time. I can witness it in an hour or two: the crinkled case out from which the damp pleated flower escapes, and, incredibly diaphanous, is at once shot through with light; the fall of those petals, unchanged, leaving behind the small, intricately structured turret where the seeds will ripen. So, at the instant of the flower's death, I am told of its rebirth. In a few weeks, I can shake the dry pod and watch a hundred infinitesimal black seeds scatter themselves and begin the cycle again.

Not keep
A moment longer,
The flower, the fulfillment?
No, creation says,
Not a moment longer. ▽

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BRAZIL

(Continued from page 200)

Salvador. The two-story Mercado Modêlo (market house) of downtown Salvador is right next to the port where our launch from Itaparica lands. Outside the Market, young boys are doing their own version of the *capoeira* fight dance . . . and older men play dominoes under the trees.

Across from the Market, an elevator starts its steep cliff-climb from lower Bahia to the main part of the city above. In the upper city, Colonial architecture is the attraction: Bahia claims to have over seventy Brazilian baroque churches that date back to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The standout is the Church of São Francisco Monastery—unprepossessing outside but a blinding explosion of gold ceilings, walls, statues, altarpieces inside.

A block away from São Francisco Church, on Jésus Square, local people hawk baskets, straw hats, macrame, junk jewelry; bands play music that is unmistakably African; youths tempt tourists to buy—or to photograph—miniature monkeys smaller than the palm of a hand.

The walk from Jésus Square down narrow, shaded, cobbled Alfredo Brito Street passes banana and orange sellers, sandal shops, record stores blaring disco music, men vending water from stainless-steel cans that are strapped on their shoulders. After a few blocks, Rua Alfredo Brito comes into Pelourinho Square: the wrought-iron-balconied Colonial buildings on the Square painted pink, purple, pale yellow, salmon, turquoise.

In the super-small Museum of the City on Pelourinho Square, mannequins—their faces and bodies in trance contortions—wear the brilliant costumes of *candomblé* (Bahia's version of *macumba*) rituals. A guide explains how, to avoid punishment, slaves in Colonial times gave African gods the names and identities of their masters' Christian saints. This way, the slaves managed to keep their own gods as well as many of their pagan rituals. The rituals still live in Bahia.

Salvador's grandest museum celebrates Brazil's Christian artistic heritage. The Museum of Sacred Art—at the end of a steep street of art galleries and picture-painted doorways—is housed in the seventeenth-century Church and Convent of Santa Teresa. The Church—entered via a cool, vine-hung courtyard—is surprisingly austere inside . . . a sharp contrast to the ornate gold and silver religious objects displayed here and on the upper floors of the adjacent convent. Also, on these upper floors: window-framed views of the blue-green Bahian Atlantic Ocean with Itaparica and Salvador's other offshore islands in the distance.

The sunny-seas view is just as beguiling at Solar do Unhão, a brick-vaulted seafood restaurant in what were once the slaves' quarters of an eighteenth-century mansion. (An art museum is now upstairs.) From our table by a narrow window overlooking the water, we watch two Bahian youngsters swim by in an inner tube. They see us, wave, smile huge smiles. I remember the airport sign: "Smile, you're in Bahia."

I smile back. I'm in Bahia . . . I'm in Brazil . . . I'm all smiles. ▽

Talking about... Art

Americans in Paris: new all-arts Center ...the 39 women who came to dinner

By Barbara Rose

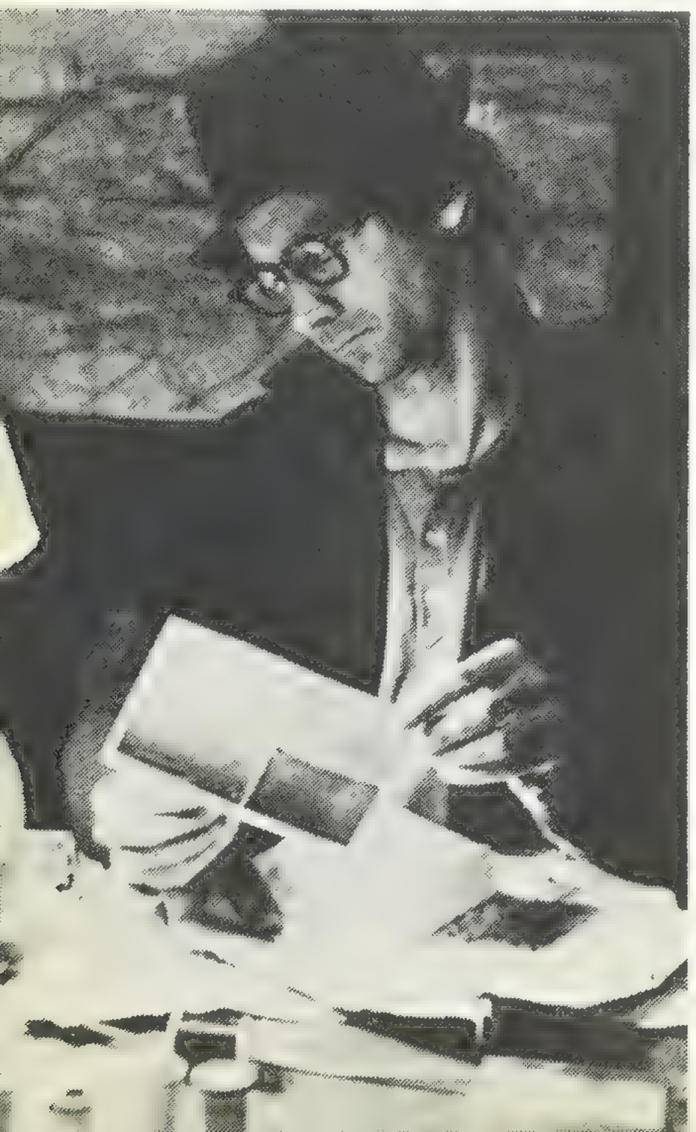
What's new in Paris art circles these days? Would you believe Americans? The dollar may be steadily dropping, but French interest in American art has never been stronger. This is noteworthy now that France is generally in the throes of a post-'sixties reaction against American pop culture. A major reason the American avant-garde has made such an impression in Paris is the newly refurbished American Center at 261 Boulevard Raspail. Known since the thirties as the American Center for Students and Artists, the place has been given new style and direction by two energetic Americans in Paris, Chairperson Judith Pisar and Executive/Artistic Director Henry Pillsbury.

The two, with the help of administrative director Alexander Mehdevi, have brought such Americans as Philip Glass, Merce Cunningham, Morton Feldman, Lukas Foss, the Mabou Mines, Joseph Chaikin, *et. al.,* to teach and/or perform at the Center, as well as organizing exhibitions of contemporary American art, photography, and video, setting all Paris talking about the continuing vitality of American music, dance, theater, and art. Veterans of avant-garde activity, Pisar organized road tours for Cunningham and John Cage, and Pillsbury directed theater projects at the American Center during the 'sixties, when its experimental phase tended toward the really far-out. Today the atmosphere is one of improvisation and good will toward art of all kinds, from Pattern painting to Performance.

The achievements of the Center seem even more remarkable when considered in the context of the representations of American art at the last Venice Biennale. This summer the U.S. was represented by no major works of art at all—just a group of rather pallid drawings. If the idea is that America is supposed to present a low profile culturally in Europe, the policy has been remarkably effective. European governments spend lavishly to export their art, but we are apparently keeping the best of what we have to ourselves. In this vacuum, the nonprofit American Center is keeping up the image of America as a vital, innovative culture.

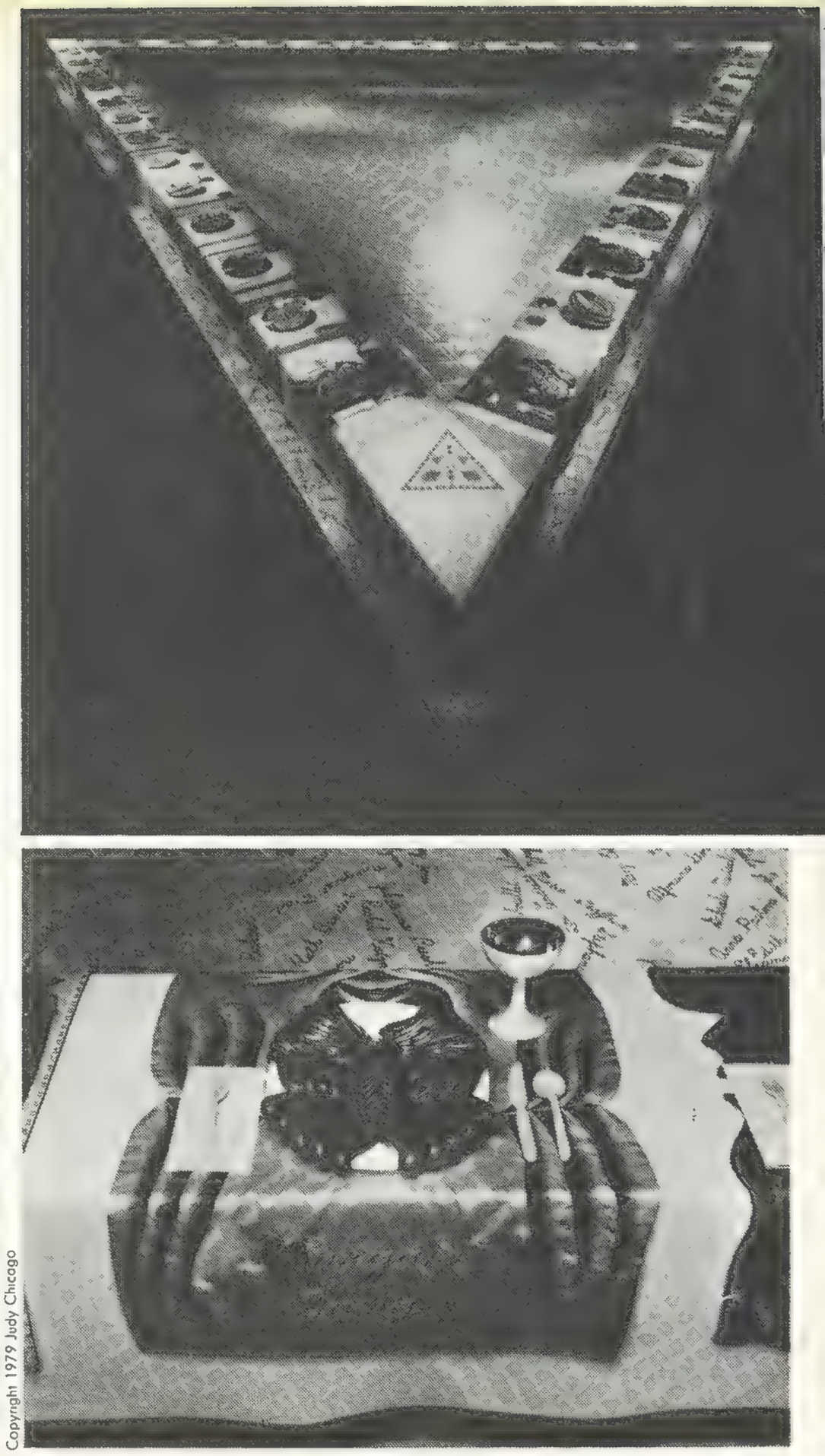
Ironically, France today is the country most profoundly aware of the New York School, as elsewhere in Europe anti-art and anti-painting styles and attitudes reign. There is some poetic justice here, since New York was the first place in which the School of Paris was given its proper acknowledgement.

Today, painting is flourishing in Paris as it has not for decades. Beaubourg certainly played a role in reactivating the avant-garde in France. One must also acknowledge the daring of Michel Guy, when he was Secretary of State for Cultural Affairs, for introducing new ideas, curators like Suzanne Pagès, who organized a Motherwell retrospective and recent show of sound art at the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, and Jean Clair, brain behind the massive Duchamp retrospective, who put together the current thought-provoking survey exhibition of *Realism between Revolution and Reaction, 1919-1939* at the Musée Nationale d'Art Moderne (Beaubourg). Stressing the post-W.W.I influence of abstraction on artists as diverse as the deadpan American Scene painter Edward Hopper and German satirical realists like Georg Scholz, Clair's juxtaposition gives a fresh view of what happened between the two Great Wars that illuminates some current developments in the return to representation.



American vitality: Joseph Raymond in Mines's "Cascando"

ROBIN THOMAS



Copyright 1979 Judy Chicago

JUDY CHICAGO'S TABLE

Today, the sense of shared experience is a rarity that Los Angeles-based artist Judy Chicago has tried to bring back with her giant collaborative project "The Dinner Party." Chicago worked alone the first year, then was joined by more than four hundred women and men working together to produce a triangular table (shown, top)—forty-six feet on each side—with thirty-nine place settings symbolizing the achievements of significant women (real and mythical) in history. Margaret Sanger's place setting is shown above. Fabric runners at each place were lovingly embellished with traditionally feminine embroidery, lace making, crochet, weaving, etc. In addition, there are glazed floor tiles with the names of 999 other women achievers, from Pope Joan to Madame Curie. All on view at the Brooklyn Museum until January 18, 1981. "Embroidering Our Heritage: The Dinner Party Needlework," chronicling the history of needle-work trades, and "The Dinner Party: A Symbol of our Heritage," a Who's Who of those in the exhibition, have been published by Anchor/Doubleday to commemorate the event. Some fascinating facts: Did you know that 85 percent of those executed for witchcraft were women? Or that, of the one hundred known minstrels between 1150 and 1250, twenty were females?

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View

What's up in down...watch for: gutsier accessories...incoming: the Chinese influence

Edited by June Weir

ANOTHER OF "VIEW"S PROFILES ON HOW AN ACTIVE WOMAN DRESSES FOR TODAY'S WAY OF LIVING:

KITTY HAWKS TANEN

Kitty Hawks Tanen's approach to dressing is not exactly everyone's accepted way of thinking about clothes. She collects caftans, robes, and kimonos to wear at-home or over pants for parties, mixing them with American Indian jewelry. Her trademark: a strong sense of style that's strictly personal.

Kitty Hawks was born in Los Angeles. Her father was movie director Howard Hawks; her mother, Nancy "Slim" Hawks, is now Lady Keith. Kitty was brought up in New York and graduated from Smith. For the last seven years she has lived in Los Angeles with her husband, Ned Tanen, president of Universal Pictures.

Vogue's west coast editor, Eleanore Phillips, interviewed Kitty in her home.

Do you find you dress differently now that you live on the West Coast, as opposed to the East Coast? "Yes, there is less variety in daily dressing, primarily because of the climate. Shopping is less geared to the season. In Los Angeles, I tend towards a uniform of blue jeans, especially when I go to school. They can be dressed up for warmth with boots and a sweater, or for evening with high heels and big shirts. I don't think I give clothes as much thought here, because one's visibility is so much lower. So much of your time in New York is spent walking—seeing and being seen. Here, it's spent driving around Los Angeles."

Are there any looks you feel you can't wear? "I wouldn't wear a big elaborate evening dress in California. I also wouldn't wear anything that had someone's name on it. I go out of my way to bypass what everyone else has."

Do you collect accessories? "I don't buy the accessory of the year. My buying has nothing to do with the vicissitudes of fashion. If I see things I like, I buy them. I treat them like a collection of beautiful art objects. My best accessories are American Indian. They're really treasures. Ned gave them to me, and he bought them as objects of art; that I can wear them is a bonus. Now that my hair is long I buy more hair ornaments."

Does your husband influence the way you dress? "I think he does very subtly. I would rather have him like the way I look than not. I dress the way our life is, so obviously he sets the pattern. If he were the head of Atlantic Richfield, maybe I wouldn't dress the way I do." *("View" continued on page 208)*

REAL-LIFE DRESSING

Kitty, *above left*, wears her Moroccan caftan to travel with her husband, Ned. For dinner at a friend's home, she puts on a white blouse, red tights, black boots, and hair ornaments from L.A.'s Craft and Folk Art Museum, *above right*. Her college uniform: jeans and a sweater, *right*. Her favorite at-home hostess caftan in apricot silk, *below*. At The Tiraz Collection, *below right*.

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VOGUE'S

View

Continued

KITTY HAWKS TANEN

Kitty wears an ancient Chinese kimono, *top left*, "I plan to hang it on a wall after I've worn it for years." . . . "My best accessories are American Indian," *top right*. After exercising at the Nautilus, Kitty lunches at the Rose Café in a plaid wool shirt over a black leotard and tights, *above*. She wears a striped silk kimono for dinner at home with Ned, *below*.

PAMELA BARKENTIN

How do you dress for your private life? "Totally casually. Five days a week I go to the UCLA School of Architecture and Urban Planning, where I wear sweaters and jeans. If we have friends over for dinner, I wear kimonos, robes, or caftans. I collect them. My favorite is an apricot silk one. The fabric is so thin I can blouse the caftan and tuck it into pants if I want to look less dressy. I like to wear it with an African crescent shell necklace that my mother gave me, and a wide gold tooled leather and brass belt by Marta Salvadori."

Has your mother influenced your way of dressing? "Of course. I dress more informally than she does, but my mother has had a tremendous influence on my eye. She has the most extraordinary taste and I appreciate it more the older I get. She reads more than anyone I know; her knowledge of art is remarkable. When she travels, she wants to go to every church, climb the Pyramids, go in every junk shop. She taught me to take advantage of everything with enthusiasm."

"I'D NEVER WEAR A BALL GOWN IN CALIFORNIA. YET, IN NEW YORK, I WOULDN'T WEAR ETHNIC ROBES."

What women do you admire? "My mother, Louise Nevelson, Georgia O'Keeffe."

Do you scout out new places to shop? "I like to shop in a place where you can get everything. I love Bullock's Westwood, also Neiman-Marcus in Beverly Hills. It's so much easier in New York as you may pass four stores on your way to lunch. Here, you don't window shop. I also like small stores, such as Maxfield Bleu, Jerry Magnin, and Camp Beverly Hills or small ethnic shops. I get my kimonos at The Tiraz Collection."

Do you have any special travel outfits? "My husband and I frequently go out of town for screenings on weekends. My striped Moroccan robe is indestructable. I wear Zuni bracelets, a Navajo conch belt, a bear claw Indian necklace, and my large carry-all shoulder bag."

("View" continued on page 211)

DRAMBUIE OVER ICE THE NIGHT BEFORE

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VOGUE'S

View

Continued

UPDATE

What to look for in 1981... and how to work it into your wardrobe: "View" talks with Vogue's fashion editor, Polly Mellen, about the ways she updates her look

"I find the best way to make a change is with accessories. I love the idea that accessories, today, are getting gutsier. Instead of wearing lots of little chains and ornaments, now, I'm going to stick with one bold piece—a big belt, necklace, bracelet. A single strong piece makes a statement.

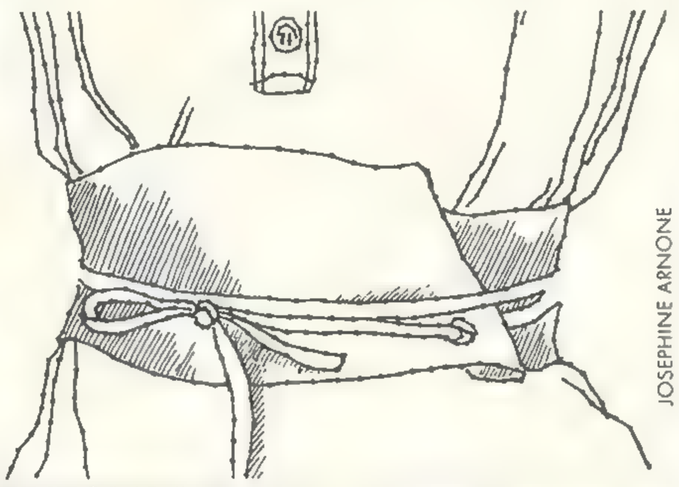
"The newest way to add glamour to a neckline is with a short necklace. Some of the best are handmade, made of fabric, and are works of art—but there's nothing folkloric about them. If I wear one knockout choker now, I'll wear no earrings or no bracelets. If you put on all of them, it's too much.

"Today, when I look at my wardrobe, I'm saying to myself, 'Get those skirts up.' I want them at my knees. Any shoe with a heel over two inches looks wrong with shorter skirts. I find the shorter my skirt, the more opaque my stockings should be. Some skirts—such as dirndls—just can't be shortened though. It doesn't work. I'm taking them to the country to wear with tights and mohair sweaters for at-home.

"I've just seen Geoffrey Beene's shorter, wider trousers. They look right to me. When I buy pants, this year, I'm going to look for softer details—small pleats over the stomach, fuller legs, no cuffs. To update pants from other seasons, I'll change tops—wear a sweater set, a blouse topped by a decorated sweater or a knitted jacket.

"My advice: Add details that say '1981.' "

("View" continued on page 212)



JOSEPHINE ARNONE

ACCESSORIES FOR '81: THEY ARE GETTING BOLDER ... BIGGER EARRINGS, GUTSIER BRACELETS, STATEMENT-MAKING SHORT NECKLACES

EDITOR'S TIP: The quickest change you can make? For a new year, new look, switch jewelry: There's a different scale and proportion, now: big, bold, solid. Pictured *left:* Strong, wide-striped hoop earrings (*top,* from Steve Vaubel for Artwear)...hand-formed hoops (Robert Lee Morris for Artwear)...a bangle bracelet, large-scale and lacquered (by Victor Carranza)... Bonwillum's statement-maker short necklace. *Above,* from Cara Croninger for Artwear: a belt that's big, wrapped, gutsy. A new focus...

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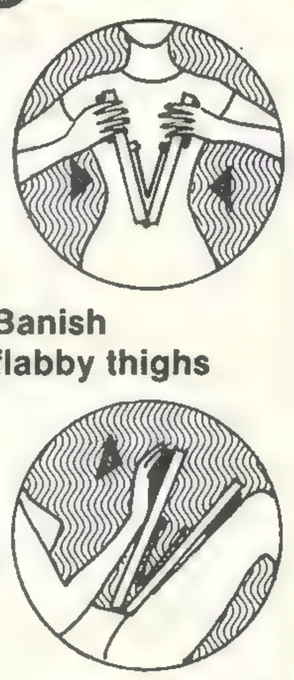

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VOGUE'S

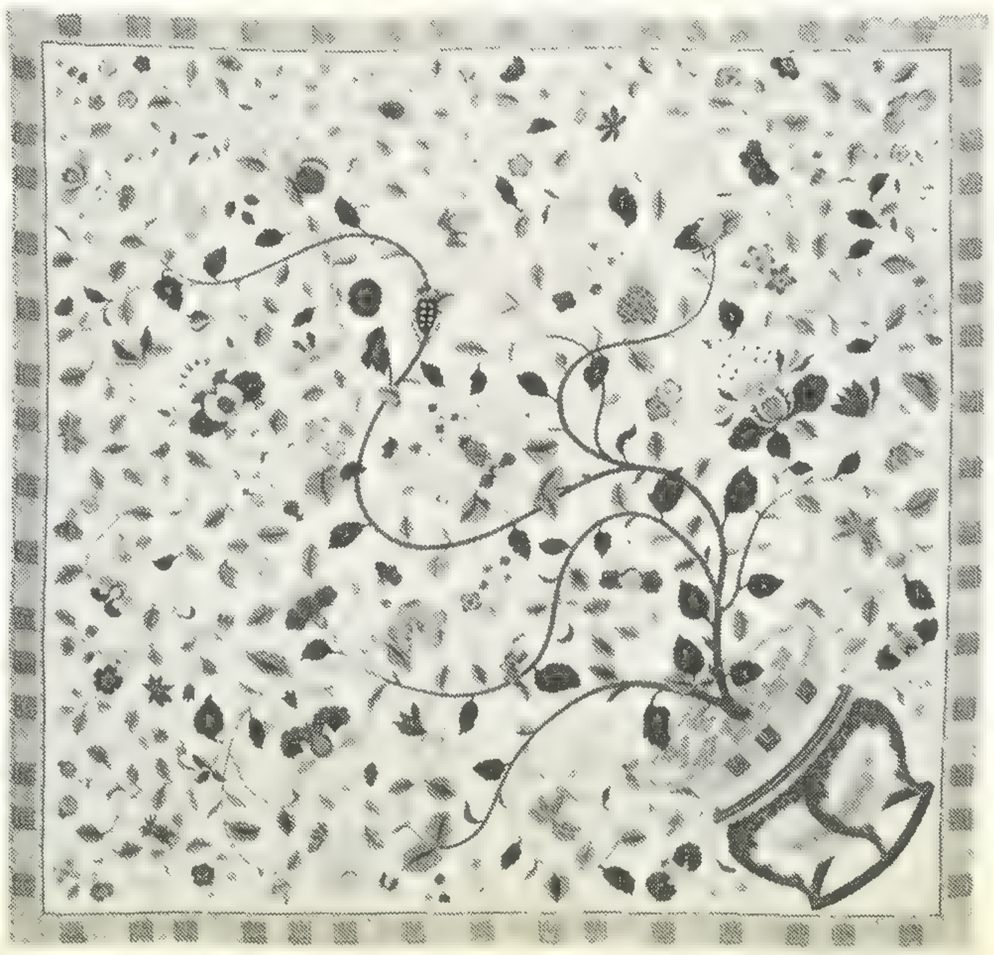
View

PAUL AMATO

What to wear over basics

One woman's idea:

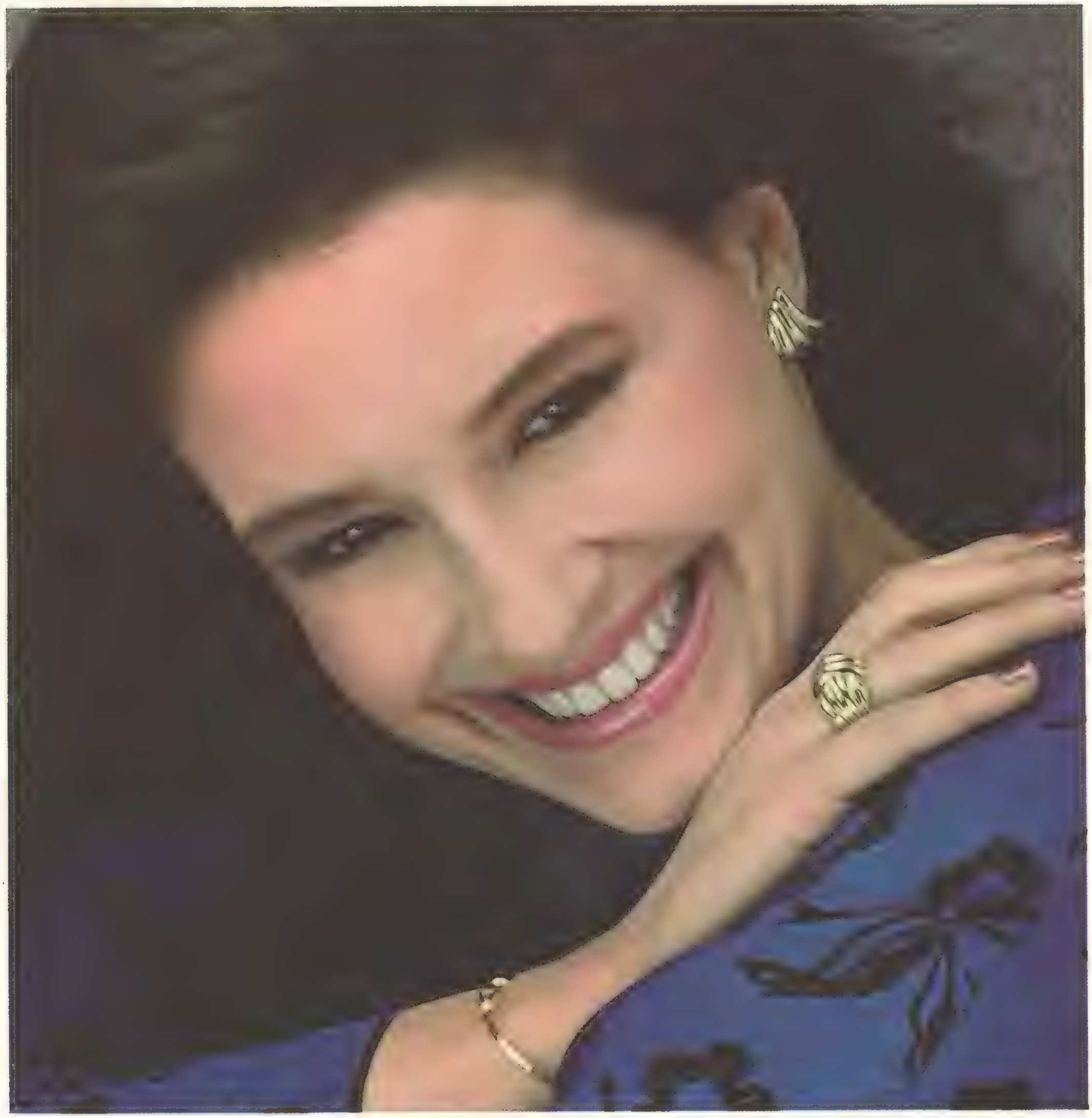
"There's no way to be timid in this brilliant hand-painted silk robe," says Wendy Carhart. "Whenever I wear this, people ask me who made it. It's by Sander Witlin, who owns a little boutique on East Fifty-seventh Street in New York. I enjoy wearing it at home over a sweater and wool pants. Or mixing it with a satin camisole and silk pants for dinner at a neighborhood restaurant like Uzie's." Wendy Carhart is typical of a growing number of women who want to own a dramatic cover-up, especially in a bold print. "I've never understood spending a fortune on something that can only be worn one way. I want my clothes to have versatility and excitement." *("View" continued on page 214)*



Watch for the growing Chinese influence in '81

In New York, Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute will open an exhibition on China's last Imperial dynasty, the Qing, in mid-December, followed in spring by a permanent Chinese garden court, funded by Mrs. W. Vincent Astor, and built by Chinese workers. The Museum Shop will sell three scarves, in limited editions, inspired by the China trade. Left: The China Tree, a silk-and-wool shawl, $185.

Splurge. You'll be surprised how good it makes you feel.



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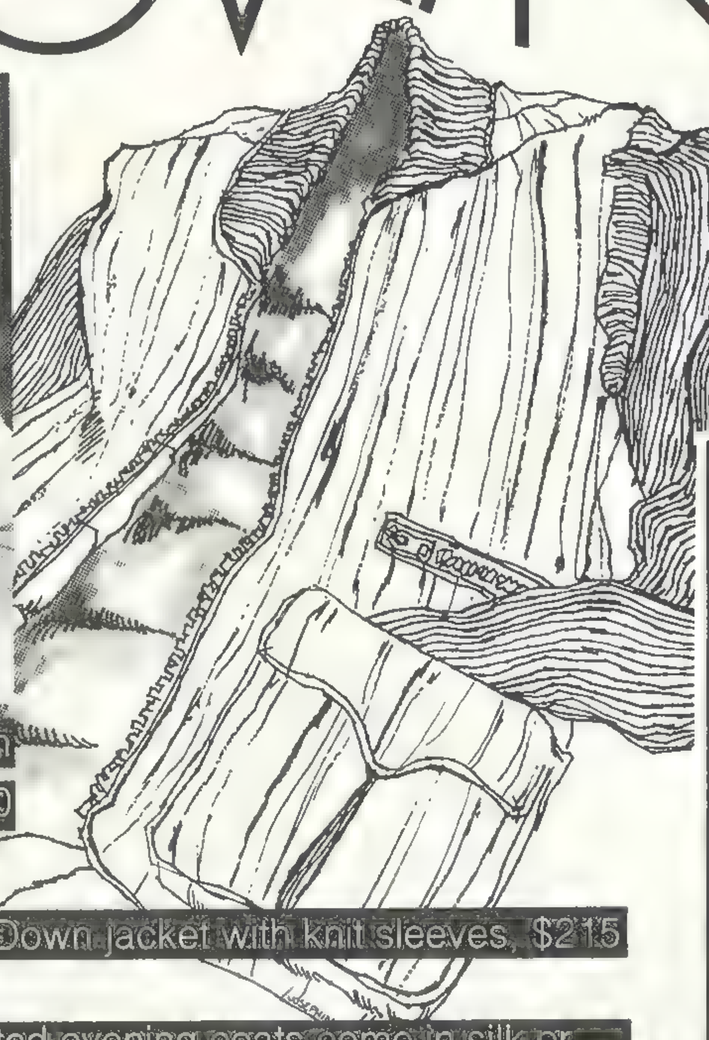
Continued

NEW WAYS WITH DOWN

New from Miya & Yoshi, the couple who launched DOWN into fashion: down sweaters, down paired with knits

Quilted sweater with checkerboard yoke, $170



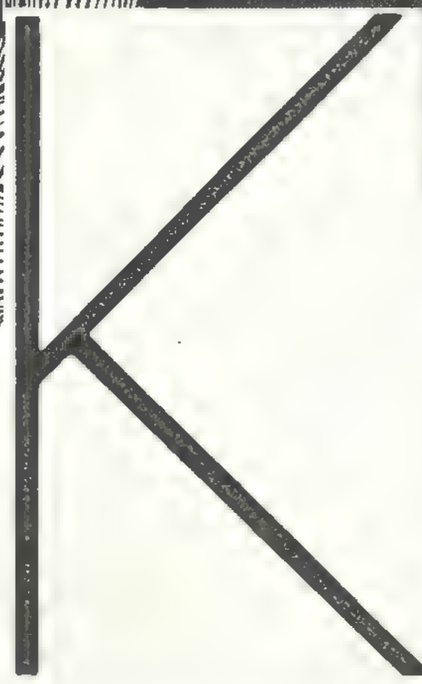
Down jacket with knit sleeves, $215

PAUL AMATO

Vertically quilted evening coats come in silk or cotton, solid or chevron striped, $980 to $1600

The latest down coat, a reversible trench style, $430 to $480

The original Miya & Yoshi coat, now $295



nowing New Yorkers trace the origins of the down-coat explosion to a tiny shop on the corner of Broome and West Broadway in SoHo. It's owned by a young Japanese husband and wife team named Miya and Yoshi, *above*. Their quilted down coat, with its big industrial zipper, first appeared in 1977 and quickly inspired a wave of down fashions from Seventh Avenue.

Today, Miya and Yoshi are moving in new directions. Two recent innovations: down sweaters—checkerboard, solid, or zigzagged—for men and women; and down combined with knits. Knitted sleeves are added to a quilted vest; raglan-sleeved sweaters have knit bands around the armholes so they aren't constricting.

What really sets Miya and Yoshi's designs apart, however, is fabrication. All of their outerwear is made of fine natural fibers and is dyed in the traditional Japanese manner to reflect patterns found in shells, wood, and water. Colors are muted, understated, earthy. (Yoshi studied textile dyeing at Tokyo University, has designed fabric for Jack Lenor Larsen.)

Since 1978, Miya and Yoshi's designs have been carried exclusively at Bergdorf Goodman. Last year the couple produced their first mail-order catalogue (write: Miya & Yoshi, 366 West Broadway, NY, NY 10013), and this past September they opened their first branch store—in Chicago. "In the future, we'd like to open a total environment store," explains Miya. "We'd carry everything from custom-made furniture to linens, fashion, maybe even food."

("View" continued on page 216)

JOSEPHINE ARNONE

tatiana ... created for a woman to love and a man to remember

tatiana

Diane Von Furstenberg

Makeup: Diane Von Furstenberg Cosmetics

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VOGUE'S

View

PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

"Designer" bargains... TV stars on Seventh Avenue...pants, dresses, around-the-world clothes: the new look of spring

The subject? Pants. That's what everyone's talking about, now: the incredible amount of pants dressing—pants thinking—that's going on for spring. In Paris, Milan, and New York, designers are showing pants of every length and shape: short harem pants, blouson-y jodhpurs, knickers, long pants, trousers that are cropped above or below the knee. Some of the new pants have great charm and wearable sense; some, you may want to think about twice. At their best, they have comfort, ease, and the good-looking legginess of a skirt; they're a charming change, and an attractive other-option to pick for a special kind of warm-weather dressing. They're also—as more and more designers are acknowledging—simply pieces, in a world where women pick, choose, and rearrange clothes in whatever way works right for them. The name of the game is pieces . . . and, with the pieces—the pants—we're seeing, are wonderful new tops, tops, tops. Blousons and beautiful blouses may be the best spring message; tops that can be taken by you—just about anywhere.

What's evolved out of our lives? Unnecessary clothes, for one thing; and one of those "unnecessaries," more and more, seems to be a spring coat. Women are tossing off traditional lightweight coats for more versatile—dashing—jackets and raincoats; this spring, designers are making raincoats the coats of the year. You see them everywhere. As full-grown coats or just coverings (jackets, blousons, ponchos), they've starred in the Paris ready-to-wear collections, been standouts at Geoffrey Beene, Halston, Madame Grès, Pauline Trigère. Thought-out pieces . . . in subtle workings and colorings . . . but each has something more: With new developments in sophisticated, nearly weightless rainproof fabrics (cirés, menswear shirtings), the coat you want for warmer weather, now, works too in the rain.

The American way: In Europe, now, you see more and more women—young girls, especially—focusing on U.S.-style clothes; dressing in bits and pieces that somehow say "American"—whether it's Calvin Klein clothes from his new London boutique . . . Levi's . . . "prep" clothes . . . or Indian moccasins. Girls seen on the beach at Ibiza, though, may have the most unusual interpretation: They were wearing string bikini bottoms . . . no tops (very European) . . . and, on their feet, cowboy boots. Strictly All-American. . . . With all the designers, now, appearing with their clothes in print advertisements or in ads on television, it's almost getting so you have to be an actor to be an effective American designer. The new sign of status on Seventh Avenue? Having a card from the Screen Actor's Guild, perhaps, in your pocket.

We're seeing pants, yes . . . but then there are dresses: Department stores, small specialty shops are scouting the market, now, for dresses; asking for dresses for all times of day, in every kind of fabric. Major designers—Bill Blass, Oscar de la Renta, Zandra Rhodes, Valentino, Mary McFadden—are creating new, less-expensive dress collections; even traditionally sportswear-oriented people—Anne Klein, Ron Leal, Ralph Lauren—are putting new thought to dresses for spring. There's a desire there, obviously . . . and it's a natural; for today's active woman, a dress is the quickest way to get pulled together. . . . What's come from these new lines? Some sure designer bargains: Instead of watching others do "knock-offs," smart designers are becoming pros at bringing their own special style to new lines, lower prices. Result: some very similar looks, at both "couture" level and less-expensive: similar short, pretty evening dresses on both Bill Blass and Blass III lines; special ruffled white blouses, navy skirts at both Miss O and Oscar de la Renta; signature pleated pieces from Mary McFadden and Mary McFadden Loungewear. Real look-alikes—and the one who's gaining is the consumer: some very good design, now, at some very good prices.

"For today's active woman, the quickest way to get 'pulled together' now..."

What's coming for spring? Geographically, there's a little of everything. Asian influences: Giorgio Sant' Angelo has fabrics done in Chinese prints; Bill Atkinson and Bill Haire are using Indonesian-style batiks; you find Japanese kimono shapes at Stephen Burrows and at Giorgio Sant' Angelo. From Africa: Stephen Burrows, Assemblage/Scott Barrie, and Ralph Lauren are all working with jungle prints; Adrienne Vittadini has knitting with African motifs. Then, there's Sal Caesarini's Guatemalan-inspired sweater weavings, Anne Klein's Deauville-by-the-sea navy and white pieces. . . . This spring, there's variety, certainly; as always, some wonderfully attractive clothes. All you need is an atlas.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

Mirror, mirror on the wall...

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PERFUME SPRAY PERFUME COLOGNE SPRAY COLOGNE

NEW THOUGHTS ON FASHION AND BEAUTY

THAT ADD A DIFFERENT DELIGHT TO THE SEASON

This is a month traditionally reserved for pleasures of every kind. And in the past—in an atmosphere of unique once-a-year delights and of celebration—thoughts on fashion tended to be afterthoughts.

All that has changed as our approach to fashion has changed. If you know how to read the signals properly, December now offers a variety of fashion thoughts from a variety of sources—thoughts worth pursuing not only because of what they tell you about "holiday" and "resort" dressing, but because of what they can tell you about dressing in months to come.

No question: in the collections you see now there's a strong emphasis on evening. And there's a good reason for it: this is the one time of year when most of us have the occasion to dress at night. The other focus of attention: on warm-weather dressing. In part, a recognition of the fact that in many areas of the country warm weather is a year-round constant. And, where it isn't, spring comes soon enough. The validity in choosing warm-weather clothes now: this is when you find the biggest—and best—selection. With that in mind, you can get a head start on shopping—and on a whole new season—by knowing what to buy in advance.

Wherever you are, if you're thinking about evening, a short dress is still the answer. The options continue at every level, every way—from actual dresses to short dinner suits to soft above-the-knee "pantaloons." All of them, much smaller, less pompous, more body-focused—and spare in shape for all the luxury and ornamentation of fabric. For warm-weather dressing, short dresses in silk or in crêpe that are a little easier, a little more revealing. Dresses perfect for restaurant/dinner evenings anywhere, any city, in spring and summer.

If you're thinking about fur—another unmistakable feature of the season—the most all-around furs are 3/4 or 7/8 length. A fur that's unpretentious, lightweight—one you can just pull on, wrap, and wear with the ease and dash of any cardigan. . . . If your idea of fur turns on all-out glamour, it's the moment for that, too—the most luxurious 3/4 and 7/8 furs in white, black, shades of silky grey. Along with the "smallest" of furs: waist-length jackets—often beaded, sequined, worked with satin, always with something extra. Perfect at night over narrow pants or a wider-legged pyjama, over a short dress or dinner suit—fur that's versatile, almost seasonless.

On the subject of versatility—a subject on everyone's mind every month—what follows: thoughts of accessories in general, and certain versatile pieces in particular. As versatility becomes even more of a demand in dressing, you're going to find the whole category of accessories expanding to meet that demand in different ways. Accessories now take you to makeup, clothes, pieces, especially, and they make for the most modern way of dressing. The theme of clothes-as-accessories is one that will be worked out in detail in the months—and issues—to come. It starts to enter a fashion discussion this month because some of the best accessories—the key pieces—start to be available.

The first—and most important—of these new accessories is a blouse. A blouse that can provide the kind of finish you once found only in a jacket or a suit, more recently, in a certain kind of sweater. Meaning: It's a blouse that's not a simple shirt, not a simple anything. Clothes that work as accessories share the inherent qualities of all accessories; they have a uniqueness, they give off something special . . . something *more* because of color, texture, design, added ornamentation, or any combination of the above. The blouses you're starting to see now have a lot more.

Another versatile element in dressing now: a softer jacket. Warm-weather clothes continue on the relaxed, unstructured course of recent fashion. Jackets are totally untailored—in suède or silk, linen or the thinnest wool. To wear tucked inside pants or a skirt, or to gently blouse or belt outside, jackets to maneuver any number of ways.

Where you find accessories of a more "classic" nature, you find more of a change: in scale as well as in level of ornamentation. In that changing scale, a whole new accessory proportion. In jewelry, a new bravado: wider-than-wide cuffs, gutsier chokers, oversized hoop earrings, all worked in real materials. In belts, you see the softest, supplest sashes that wrap and wrap and wrap, then fasten with a glorious hook-and-eye closing. Accessories designed to give you instant change . . . instant impact.

The most sophisticated ornamentation this season: in makeup. Since fall, we've been talking about new colors and effects. In the special holiday beauty collections and warm-weather previews, the evolution is complete: a total shift to colors that are softer, paler, lighter, prettier—pink, rose, mauve, lavender, coral, melon—in the sheerest textures. Added news: in the finishes available now—the shimmer of a gentle, pearlized opalescence, or metallic finishes—gold, silver, bronze, copper for a special luster everywhere.

That turn to prettiness is symbolic of the best warm-weather dressing. There's a very uncomplicated, uncluttered kind of attractiveness that runs through everything—not entirely unexpected, it's true, in a resort or casual warm-weather situation, but worked out in new ways.

The perfect example: in the new working out of bareness—with more thought, more subtlety—it isn't simply a question of a cut-out here and there. You see a different, a prettier kind of sleeveless-ness. You see necklines that wrap lower, ruffled at the edges. You see a new straplessness in sweaters and jumpsuits as well as in dresses. And you see—over and over—legs! Legs revealed by short dresses, by shorter, softer skirts, but more often—and more importantly—legs revealed by pants. There's a whole new variety of pants-dressing, a variety of both lengths and shapes a never-before variety: shorts that hit anywhere along the leg from the thigh to past the knee; updated versions of harem and Zouave pants; knee-length and calf-length culottes; above-the-ankle pants—and that's only the beginning!

The bareness continues in the shape of a new tank top. Simple, small-fitting, often in matte jersey—it's the top to watch. As a basic top on its own . . . as the top of a one-piece dress that moves under a jacket and moves into a city. . . . And the newest way—as the top of a two-piece bathing suit: paired with a bikini or the briefest of briefs.

Basic to the charm of warm-weather dressing: the coloring. The use of paler, soft colors—the biggest change. The use of clean stripes and small neat prints. The use of red as a neutral. The use of black-and-white. And the use of white, pure and simple. White used not only for its color value, but as a "base" for a casual, free-wheeling way of warm-weather dressing, with a charm—and a style—all its own.

December has become a month of different pleasures. You can sit back and review the year—in fashion as well as in anything else, it's a popular pastime at this moment. But—and it's built-in to the nature of fashion now—you can also preview the new year with a reasonable degree of certainty, you can look both ways. Having that option is having an added delight in a season of delights, having another reason to celebrate . . .

THE UNKNOWN MICHELANGELO

BY BARBARA ROSE

When an artist is as famous and as loved as Michelangelo, who was acclaimed as a "divine" genius even by his contemporaries, it is difficult to believe we have anything new to learn about his familiar art. Each age sees an artist differently, through the perspective of its own peculiar world-view, but what new interpretation can the late-twentieth century offer of this unique artist whose name has come to stand for the pinnacle of Western painting?

Our scientific age is not oriented toward a new religious or philosophical interpretation of the Old Masters. Those humanists who have made breakthroughs to fresh conceptions of art history are likely to have been influenced by other disciplines. In the case of Michelangelo, one thinks of Leo Steinberg's provocative psychoanalytic studies of the meaning of the master's imagery in terms of specific ex-

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The Flood, detail

Sonnet to John of Pistoia on the Sistine Ceiling

By Michelangelo, 1509–12

I've got myself a goiter from this strain,
As water gives the cats in Lombardy
Or maybe it is in some other country;
My belly's pushed by force beneath my chin.

My beard toward Heaven, I feel the back of my brain
Upon my neck, I grow the breast of a Harpy;
My brush, above my face continually,
Makes it a splendid floor by dripping down.

My loins have penetrated to my paunch,
My rump's a crupper, as a counterweight,
And pointless the unseeing steps I go.

In front of me my skin is being stretched
While it folds up behind and forms a knot,
And I am bending like a Syrian bow.

And judgment, hence, must grow,
Borne in the mind, peculiar and untrue;
You cannot shoot well when the gun's askew.

John, come to the rescue
Of my dead painting now, and of my honor;
I'm not in a good place, and I'm no painter.

Translated by Creighton Gilbert

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THE UNKNOWN MICHELANGELO

periences in Michelangelo's life. New focus on the inner life of the artist, fostered by psychoanalysis and reflected in such recent studies as Howard Hibbard's excellent book on Michelangelo, relates the artist's work to his biography in a way that not only makes the art of distant periods more human but also more understandable to us in the present.

As a result of the increasing interest among scholars in the life of the artist as a source of meaning and even of style in his or her work, our view of the masters is far more intimate than that of the nineteenth century, which tended to focus on historical generalities, rather than on internal struggles. Leo Steinberg, for example, has found significance in Michelangelo's grocery list in his book on Michelangelo's paintings in the Capella Paolina.

The letters and poetry of the artist—Michelangelo was an accomplished and talented writer, too—are being examined today by scholars for any clue they might give to his intentions and sources of imagery. Not surprisingly, much of Michelangelo's letter writing consisted of complaints—tirades against his patrons, relatives, lovers, or just the world in general. Modern translations give an accurate sense of the crude vernacular the great artist often employed in his curses and laments. The physical pain, wracking self-doubt, and moral questioning expressed in a poem like the "Sonnet to John of Pistoia" *(left)*, written while Michelangelo painted the Sistine ceiling, make him seem a more modern artist than the glorified pictures of the rich and feted master we have received from the past. As we discover more such intimate documents, we realize that Michelangelo may have been divine in his inspiration; but his feelings of inadequacy, guilt, and persecution were not only all too human

Creation of the Sun, Moon, and Plants, detail

THE UNKNOWN MICHELANGELO

These pages: Four details from Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel frescoes, taken from some of the 360 photographs by Takashi Okamura in a lavish, enormous (17 x 20½ inches), overwhelming book that includes a triple-page fold-out of the entire vault: "The Vatican Frescoes of Michelangelo," published by Abbeville Press. Using a Sinar view camera and working on a scaffold six feet below the ceiling (which is over sixty-five feet from the floor), the photographer saw, and caught, views of this supreme art that cannot be seen any other way. Details are reproduced the same size as the book's photographs, ninety-nine of which are life size. Price of the two volumes, plus eighteen prints for framing, edition of six hundred: $4500.

but all too familiar to a public acquainted with the ideas of Sigmund Freud.

Psychoanalytic and biographical interpretations of Michelangelo's achievement are providing new insights into his art at the same time that science is giving us a new way of seeing the work itself. Today, photographic technology has progressed to the point that we can now see the painted walls and ceiling of the Sistine Chapel as no one since the artist himself has been able to view the great fresco cycle commissioned by Julius II in 1508. The publication of photographs (ninety-nine of them actual size) taken with a special camera by Japanese photographer Takashi Okamura, like the psychoanalytic studies of Michelangelo's life, brings us into more intimate contact with the master than any past reproductions.

Indeed, these photographs, now published in two mammoth volumes by Abbeville Press, represent a strange new paradox: because of the extreme close range of the camera (the photographer shot from a scaffold like that Michelangelo employed while painting), the extraordinary detail provided by the view camera that uses 8x10 film, and the full illumination of the flood and strobe lights, which makes all parts of the frescoes equally visible, we can now see Michelangelo's paintings more accurately in reproduction than we can in reality. This is both disturbing and exhilarating. In these extraordinary photographs, brush strokes, facial expressions, life-size details, and small objects lost to ordinary sight in the tenebrous vastness of the Sistine Chapel can be studied and analyzed as never before. The result is that the achievement of Michelangelo not only seems greater than ever, it also looks more modern. When we compare, for example, a detail of the frescoes that the naked eye would not normally discern—such as a humble pitcher or bit of foliage—with modern landscape and still life, we are struck with the degree to which Michelangelo anticipated the simplified monumentality of Cézanne and Picasso. The close-up detail, reinforcing the sense of intimacy, reveals the profound humility of the genius of the Renaissance, who cared as much for the ordinary objects of this world as he did for the thundering visions of Heaven and Hell that brought him fame as the master of *terribilità*.

The Drunkenness of Noah, detail

True, the sublime and the terrible, which Michelangelo depicted in awesome grandeur, are no less sublime or terrifying for being made more visible through technology. But something new is emerging in our conception of the artist whose overwhelming talent virtually created the concept of genius: that is, his humanity. The unknown Michelangelo, whom we are beginning to see through our own eyes at the end of the twentieth century, is more remarkable to us because he was not a distant god, no matter how towering his genius, but an ordinary human being, who lived and suffered, loved and died. The miracle we focus on now is the humanity of a universal genius whose religious conviction was so profound that, although he dared to paint God's creation itself, he was humble enough to know that he himself would also be judged in the Last Judgment. How appropriate it would be if, as we see Michelangelo more intimately through the wonders of man's scientific insights and inventions, we came closer to the profound values of humility and conscience that permitted him to transcend the human condition in art.

© Photographs by Takashi Okamura.
From THE VATICAN FRESCOES OF MICHELANGELO,
published by Abbeville Press, 1980.

THE UNKNOWN MICHELANGELO

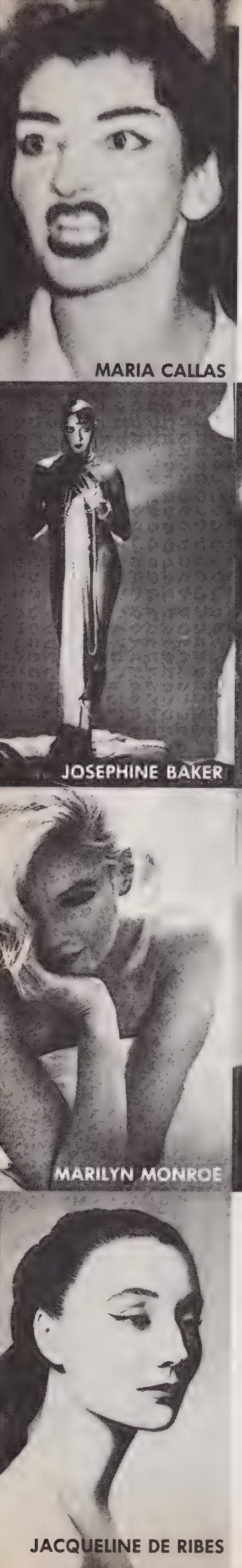
Naked Youth,
from the pair above the Libyan Sibyl, detail

Duane Michals

ETERNAL ALLURE

THE DIANA VREELAND YEAR ...ON FOUR PAGES, A BRACE OF HER ENCHANTMENTS, A SPLENDOR OF ROBES FROM ''THE MANCHU DRAGON: COSTUMES OF CHINA...'' —A METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART EXHIBIT—AND A SAMPLING OF ALLURES FROM HER SURPRISE-SPIKY BONANZA WORD-PICTURE-ALBUM BOOK, ''ALLURE''

UNFORGETTABLE ALLURE



CALLAS, ANON./A.P., 1954;
BAKER, GEORGE HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ, 1920s;
BARDOT, WILLIAM KLEIN, 1958;
MONROE, BERT STERN, 1962;
MAGNANI, CARONE/PARIS-MATCH, 1949;
De RIBES, RICHARD AVEDON, 1959

Diana Vreeland is an alluress. With a flourish of her airborne hands (they are vocal, her hands), she magics what she touches, she ignites a splendor. As in her years as Vogue's editor-in-chief, she evokes, enriches. This season, at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute, where she is special consultant, she's conjured "The Manchu Dragon: Costumes of China, The Qing Dynasty"...a rapture of ravishing robes, artifacts in galleries tintinnabulating with classic Chinese music, heavy with lulling perfumes. Then, there's Mrs. V's "Allure," a book like the bulletin boards with which she surrounds herself—jammed with the unexpected, spawning the fantastical...Callas screaming rage; Josephine Baker, the quintessential Art Deco icon—so sexy; Bardot, "she made the 'sixties alluring rather than just ugly..."; Monroe, "a geisha ....born to give pleasure..."; Magnani, "...there's the laughter that only the Italians know. This is what the Italians gave the world."; Jacqueline de Ribes, "Elegance! El-e-gance. She has it. Certain thoughts, certain animals have it," says Diana in her roller-coaster voice. "Allure," she finally sums up, "...I think it's something around you like a perfume or like a scent. It's like memory...it pervades." Or, as in the being of Diana Vreeland, it prevails. —L.L.

Deborah Turbeville

"elegance is refusal"

DIANA VREELAND

THE GLORY of CRAFT

THE ART OF RENZO MONGIARDINO

BY MARY-SARGENT D'ANGLEJAN

This unique Italian decorator works with his hands, his mind, his imagination, to create, for the world's grandest houses—using the most ordinary modern elements—a timeless kind of luxury. His "tools": the finest craftsmen, working in the greatest European tradition.

Truly fine craftsmanship is presumed—in this prepackaged, assembly-line world—to be a lost art. Old World craftsmen who labor for hours to perfect the most meticulous detail of a design are thought to be a vanishing breed—and of course they are. This makes the work of Italian designer Renzo Mongiardino all the more miraculous. For Mongiardino, considered among the finest and most original decorators of our times, has gathered around him a twentieth-century equivalent of a medieval guild, composed of craftsmen of the highest talents who work with him on an informal basis to execute his extraordinary designs, using ancient techniques and modern materials, for houses all over the world.

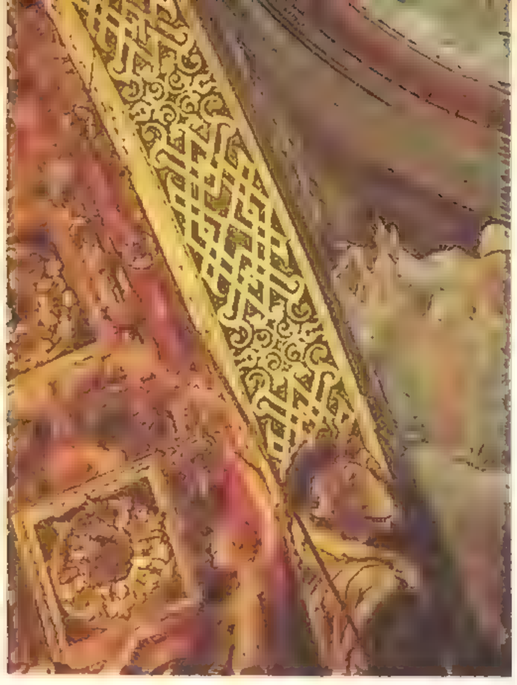
A tall man of medium build, with a beard, a twinkle in his sensitive blue eyes, Mongiardino lives and works in an apartment in Milan—the same city where he studied architecture for five years. The Oriental-Arabic *(Continued on page 325)*

Walter Russo

MONGIARDINO AND MASTER CRAFTSMAN ROMOLO PAGANELLI *(LEFT)*, WORKING ON DESIGNS FOR LIVING ROOM OF AN AMERICAN HOUSE

In America,
Mongiardino was asked
to design a room
that will hold important
German Renaissance
paintings. An example
of his creative process, left:
a gathering of the elements
that will later merge
into one perfect whole.
A magazine photograph
of a portrait of a lady
(British School, possibly
Arabella Stuart) dressed
in red velvet with a silver
filigree, inspired the fabric
for the walls, set
the tone for the entire room.
Other components:
a maquette of the completed
room, superb faux
marquetry.

OPPOSITE PAGE. TOP:
SILVIO ABBIATI COPYING DESIGN
FROM DRESS WORN BY A LADY
IN A BRITISH SCHOOL PAINTING
(PHOTOGRAPH IN HIS HAND)
FOR THE VELVET PANELS TO BE USED
ON THE WALLS OF THE GRAND
AMERICAN HOUSE



DETAIL OF ACTUAL FRIEZE
FROM SANTA MARIA DELLA STECCATA

MAQUETTE FROM WHICH EMILIO
CARCANO WORKED OUT
MONGIARDINO'S PLAN FOR THE ROOM

DETAIL OF *FAUX MARBRE* MADE
FOR THE "CABINET D'AMATEURS"

DETAIL OF DADO, AT BASE OF ROOM

MONGIARDINO'S REPRODUCTION MADE FROM PARMIGIANINO'S FRIEZE
IN SANTA MARIA DELLA STECCATA

STEVA DOUBUJINSKY, MASTER CRAFTSMAN

DETAIL OF FALSE LEATHER *(ABOVE)* CREATED BY DOUBUJINSKY FROM MODERN PLASTIC TO SURROUND RARE ANTIQUE CORDOBA LEATHER SCREENS *(RIGHT)* FOR ANOTHER ROOM IN THIS MAGNIFICENT FRENCH HOUSE.

In France, for a very great house, Mongiardino, the supreme illusionist, devised a "Cabinet d'amateurs" (left), a properly grand, jewel-like framework in which to display a priceless collection of sixteenth-century Limoges enamels, and a late seventeenth-century Florentine Medal's Cabinet. The walls were divided into four horizontal sections: just below the ceiling, Mongiardino's version of a frieze painted by Parmigianino in the sixteenth-century Parma church Santa Maria della Steccata. Next, the larger enamels were set in frames of fanciful medallions, like precious stones, and embedded in glass painted to resemble translucent porphyry. In the third section, for the smaller enamels, he created, by building up layers of plaster, glue, paint, a false marble background, rubbed to a high shine with an agate stone. At the base of the wall is a wooden dado copied from an antique source, embellished with paint and gold powder. This job took six people five months to complete.

Walter Russo

FOR AN ENGLISH LIBRARY: COZINESS AMID GRANDEUR—A MONGIARDINO SPECIALTY

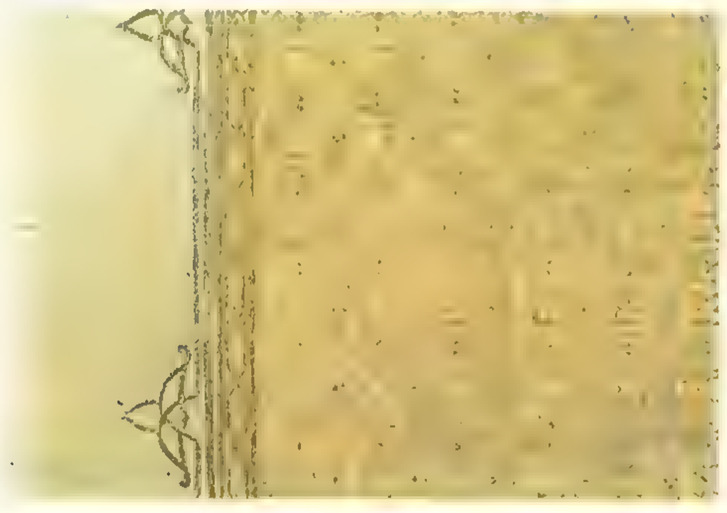
Walter Russo

IRENE CARCANO WORKING ON THE NEOCLASSIC FRIEZE, DETAIL. *RIGHT*

In England, for the library (left) of an exquisite eighteenth-century country house designed by Thomas Banks, Mongiardino decided to devise an amethyst-colored room as a rich, vibrant background for a great collection of modern paintings, such as the Picasso harlequin over the mantel. Creating comfort amid the grandeur (Mongiardino's special talent): plump sofas covered in rare nineteenth-century Syrian velvet embroidered in white silk that complements the room's white doors, fireplace, ceiling. For the walls, he had woven, in Florence, violet silk lavishly striped in blue and green. To give the effect of a lower ceiling, Irene Carcano designed a majestic frieze in the fanciful style of a Roman cameo depicting a Pompeian neoclassic scene. A splendor of shelves was designed by Mongiardino to hold treasured books, large art portfolios, recordings. For the drawing room (bottom, this page), he created false porphyry columns and an intricate, opulent texture for the walls with stucco and with stenciling.

CLAUDIO BRIGANTI AND ANCHISE RONCATO
—HIGHLY SKILLED PAINTERS, STENCILERS

DETAIL OF SPECTACULAR STENCILING
CREATED FOR DRAWING ROOM, *BELOW*



DRAWING ROOM OF THIS
GREAT ENGLISH HOUSE,
CLOSE-UP VIEW ON NEXT PAGE

IN A GRAND ENGLISH DRAWING ROOM: PERFECTION BASED ON IMAGINATION, INGENUITY, AND METICULOUS CRAFTSMANSHIP.
DETAIL OF LAVISH STUCCO WORK *(LEFT)* WITH "STARS" (A PROMINENT PART OF THE RELIEF)
THAT WERE WOUND WITH THREAD BEFORE MOLDS WERE MADE, THEN APPLIED TO THE WALLS AND PAINTED.

In England, for a great manor house, it took five people working for two months to create the elaborate stucco relief for the drawing room walls, a luxurious setting for a glorious Johann Zoffany portrait of an actress. To achieve the intricately embroidered effect, walls were glazed, then built up with stucco, layered with stenciling for a warm, detailed effect.

THE GLORY OF CRAFT

Walter Russo

MONGIARDINO WAS INSPIRED BY PIRANESI WHEN HE GAVE THIS LIBRARY THE LOOK OF A FANTASTIC STAGE SETTING, INCORPORATING NEOCLASSIC PILASTERS AND OVERSIZED MARBLE OR STONE FRAGMENTS, AND, *FAR RIGHT*, AN ANCIENT ROMAN COLUMN. DETAIL OF PAINTED GLASS *(RIGHT)*, WHOSE DESIGN BECAME THE THEME OF THIS ROOM.

In Italy, *for the library end of a living room in a neoclassic house on the Janiculum, Mongiardino found a few rare panels of Empire glass (around 1800), painted with a handsome blue frieze, and continued their design in panels around the room, also incorporating twelve blue Italian pilasters (1800 to 1820), with Pompeian-inspired designs. Giving the room a more human scale: a marble and stucco bas-relief added just below the noble cupola.*

ORNAMENTAL PLEASURES

The best of the season's special delights: jewels, fur, knockout new evening looks—22 pages in an all-out holiday mood

Christmas at Tiffany's

Nowhere is there more excitement, more crowds, more last-minute shopping, and more out-and-out pleasure than right now at Tiffany's—it's become the store of the season. The reason is simple: there isn't anyone anywhere who wouldn't love to find her name attached to one of those familiar Tiffany-blue packages come December 25th. To be found inside: everything from *Tiffany Table Manners for Teenagers*—a year-after-year best seller at $1.95—to a treasure of rare diamonds, emeralds, or sapphires.

On these six pages, a special look at what's happening this Christmas at Tiffany's, reflected in jewelry from three women who design primarily for women. Starting here with Paloma Picasso's (her first Tiffany collection debuted this fall), to the pioneering talents of Elsa Peretti and Angela Cummings. Each one, very different; each, with a wonderful presence (presents!) of her own. But they share: the unique ability to continually redefine "real" jewelry in a modern sense, along with the unique ability to continually astonish and delight . . . in this—in any—season.

FROM PALOMA PICASSO... PROVOCATIVE WIT

Positive. Daring in style. An unexpected bravado in jewels. Gold and diamonds used with confident abandon. Larger-than-life stones—beads the size of Ping-Pong balls. Flaming color. The start of something new, something big

Stan Malinowski

Stan Malinowski

Christmas at Tiffany's

FROM ANGELA CUMMINGS. . . A NATURAL CELEBRATION

Inspiration: in the shape of a flower petal or leaf;
the gentle curve of a shell, a feather;
the glide of birds in flight. All captured . .
transformed with her own delicacy of color and design.
In every karat of gold. In precious and semi-precious stones—
masses of beads, one-of-a-kind pearls.
Nature made more "real,"
even more glorious . . .

Details, last pages

Stan Malinowski

Christmas at Tiffany's

FROM ELSA PERETTI...A SENSUOUS SIMPLICITY

Revealed—in a unique way—the very elemental sensuality of precious stones and precious metals. Revealed in designs that have become instant trend-setting classics: her diamonds-by-the-yard have sold, quite literally, by the mile. And now beyond jewelry, the play of sculptural, free-form shapes to touch, to use, to live with...

Details, last pages

The new feeling for opalescence

It starts with a wonderful, a total difference in color: from the softness of lavender, apricot, rose-pink to the vibrant intensity of fuchsia and coral —the prettiest new range of shades in the thinnest, sheerest of new textures. To mix. To blend. To play against more of the same kind of color. With the option to go even farther: to add the shimmer of opalescence or a touch of pure metallic shine everywhere —to skin, hair, nails—there's never been anything like it before! In a season of ornamentation, makeup becomes the newest ornamental accessory— the most accessible, the most effective.
More of the news—in detail—on page 84.

MAKEUP AS AN ORNAMENTAL

Behind the dazzling looks, sketched here . . . *opposite*, shimmering color from Fabriella's Luminous glossy lip accents. . . . *Above:* Symbol of the color difference—beautiful pale lavender in a sheer opalescent powder to use on cheeks, temples, around eyes, anywhere you want to create a special effect—Estée Lauder's Moisture-Balanced Face Powder in Shimmered Amethyst.

Color all the way—sheer, shimmered

PLEASURE...

ORNAMENTAL PLEASURES

When it comes to glamour, there's nothing quite like fur. Here, the coats with the most: long-haired, luxurious, in white, black, and shades of grey. And to heighten the effect—the glamour—worn over daring, skin-revealing clothes . . . with dazzling, special-effect accessories

The essence of "glamour," a glorious white fur . . . nothing else comes close! *Above,* in a white Saga fox fingertip jacket with Emba mink collar and cuffs. By Fernando Sanchez for Louis Milona, about $6500. I. Magnin, Chicago; I. Magnin, San Francisco. With makeup just as glamorous: Carmine Violet blush Mauve lipstick; both Estée Lauder Prescriptives. Makeup by Alberto Fava. . . . *Right,* from Christie Bros., a vertically worked natural pearl fox. The "extra": a boa in white Saga fox. Coat, about $8000. Boa by Ben Kahn, about $1000. Coat at Godchaux; Swanson's on the Plaza; Neusteters. Boa, Ben Kahn at Halston, NYC; Ben Kahn at Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach; Woolf Brothers. Makeup by Ariella. Details, see last pages. Hair these eight pages, by John Sahag.

Penn

F UR...
THE GLAMOROUS ELEMENT

FUR... THE GLAMOROUS ELEMENT

Penn

Beyond classic—the unexpected contrast of black, white, and grey . . . *Left*, in Maximilian's sensuous shorter 7/8 coat, in natural pearl silver fox sections. About $4000. Maximilian, NYC; Bonwit Teller, Manhasset, Short Hills, Boston, Chicago, Beverly Hills. The same mood—same spirit—in makeup: L'Oréal's Kohl-Kajal Accents Crayon in Le Smoke and Pink Mystique eye shadow . . . . *Above*, from Geoffrey Beene for HBA Furs, a coat in natural black-and-white Sexxi-Kid Ethiopian kidskin, with curly black Chinese lamb insets. About $3000. Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; N.H. Rosenthal Furs, Chicago. Makeup by Ariella. Details, last pages.

FUR... THE GLAMOROUS ELEMENT

The unmistakable Fendi way with fur . . . *Above,* their 3/4-length jacket in black rabbit, with ruffles of thin black silk taffeta. About $5500. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Also at I. Magnin, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin, San Francisco. . . . *Right*: A fur that's cut like a wonderful, loose-falling overcoat, from Grosvenor of Canada, in Russian silver fox. About $19,500. Bloomingdale's, NYC; Saks-Jandel; I. Magnin, Chicago; Eaton's of Canada. To order at Cikra Furs, Cleveland; Frost Bros. Piaget watch. Details, last pages. . . . The contrast of evening makeup in the new softer rose to mauves. Here, all colors from La Vie en Rose collection from Elizabeth Arden. Makeup by Ariella.

Penn

FUR... THE GLAMOROUS ELEMENT

Penn

Fur . . . worn with an awareness of the body underneath. . . . *Left,* the leanest fitted fur wrap, in black-and-white Swakara lamb, by Greta Bast for Goldin-Feldman, about $4000. Henri Bendel; Swanson's on the Plaza; Sakowitz; Robinson's, California. The makeup: dramatic . . . the color-heightened palette by Stendahl—eyes shadowed in Lavande, Mauve, and Indian Rose. . . . *Above:* from Yves Saint Laurent, a 7/8-length Blackglama ranch mink, trimmed in Saga Norwegian dyed black fox. For Goldin-Feldman, about $7500. Diutsh Furs, Boston; Saks-Jandel; Montaldo's; N.H. Rosenthal Furs, Chicago; Dayton's, Minneapolis; I. Magnin, San Francisco. All fashion details, last pages.

Dressing with Drama

...IN EXTRAORDINARY FUR

Now—when you want them most—new approaches to evening dressing: sensational, unexpected furs — luxurious fabrics worked in the simplest shapes . . . or dresses with the all-out femininity of lace and ruffles. What they share: a definite change in shape—now smaller, closer-to-the body — a new emphasis on bareness, legginess — and an unmistakable ornamental quality. It starts here with fur—bold, decorative, racy . . . and the right length to work over everything at night. Far left: Oscar de la Renta's bead-embroidered white Swakara jacket with black Saga fox borders. For Wagner Fur, to order at Kaufmann's; Swanson's on the Plaza; James Hirsch Furs, Dallas. About $7000. Over a cashmere tank top and velvet skirt. . . . Near left: Valentino's Alaskan seal bolero—cut out to reveal pink satin, trimmed in black-dyed Russian sable. About $9000. To order at Bloomingdale's, NYC. Also at Saks-Jandel; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin, Chicago; Woolf Brothers; I. Magnin, San Francisco. With his lace top and velvet culottes. These six pages: Hair, Didier Malige of Jean Louis David; makeup, Alberto Fava. Details, accessories, next to last pages this issue.

DRESSING WITH DAZZLE...

Chris von Wangenheim

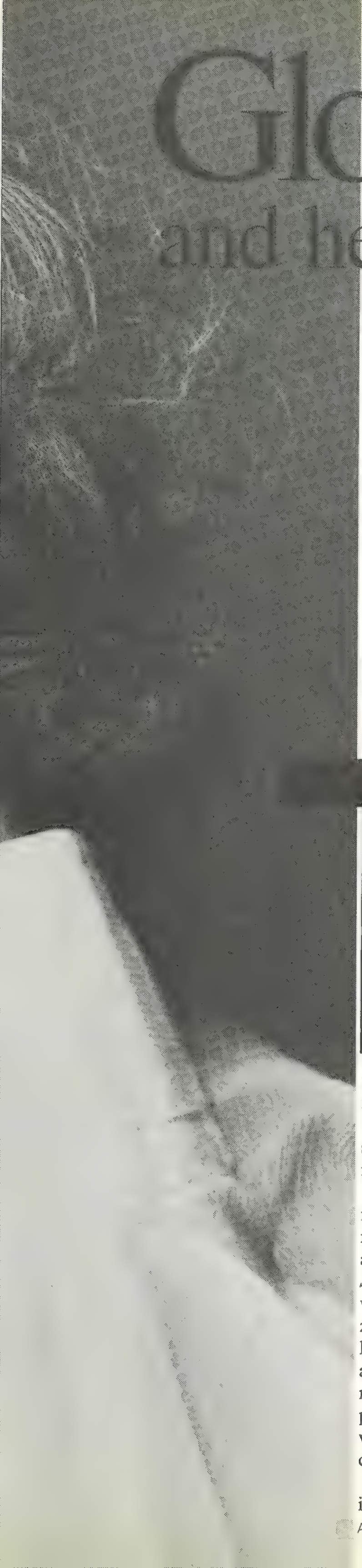
...IN LACE, RUFFLES, TAFFETA

Left: Ruffled black silk taffeta designed to be a little racier, a lot more revealing: Oscar de la Renta's snug-bodice, full-skirted, short evening dress. About $796. Saks Fifth Avenue; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Frederick & Nelson; Bonwit Teller. Below: An unexpected approach to romantic evenings from Galanos—his wonderful bright pink silk taffeta "pantaloons," sheer black lace top, pink camisole... all one piece, with a purple plume at the waist! About $2470. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Also at Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; Amelia Gray, Beverly Hills. Details, accessories, last pages.

DRESSING WITH DAZZLE...

...IN PARED-DOWN SHAPES

Near right: Knockout dazzle! Halston's small, spare "tank" dress in sheer silk organza completely embroidered with bugle beads. From Halston Originals, about $1300. Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach; Margaret Rice of Grosse Pointe Farms, Grosse Pointe MI; Marshall Field's; Neiman-Marcus; all Halston Boutiques. All jewelry by Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. . . . Far right: Geoffrey Beene's way with a very relaxed, very versatile dinner suit—he gives it the shimmer, the glamour of grey panne velvet, with a beautiful linen-collared silk chiffon blouse. About $3160. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sara Fredericks at Bonwit Teller, Boston; Sandy Austin, Lafayette LA; Harzfelds; Neiman-Marcus. Details, accessories, last pages.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Gloria Swanson and her new autobiography: giving the lowdown on movie-making, love-making —a tough, independent woman ahead of her time

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LEGEND
By Molly Haskell

Those of us who first encountered Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard* can never quite separate her from the image of Norma Desmond, that fading, vainglorious movie star, buried alive like some Egyptian princess with the memories and memorabilia of her past. The lady herself admits that her alter ego is something of a problem: everybody, even her mother, expected her to throw a scenery-chewing tantrum when she failed to win the Oscar for *Sunset Boulevard.*

"When I first meet people," Gloria Swanson says, "they look at me with terror in their eyes, not knowing what I'll do."

She looks into mine. What she sees is not terror but wide-eyed wonder—wonder, at this remarkable woman, who looks younger in person, at eighty-one, than she did thirty years ago in *Sunset Boulevard.* No one—not even someone who's been drinking purée of green beans and zucchini and celery all her life—has a right to look this good at eighty-one. It has to be genes, and she concedes that's part of it. (But her mother and the rest of them—if they'd eaten properly and taken care of themselves, they would have lived longer. Her mother's life was cut short at eighty-six.)

Gloria Swanson is glowing, energetic, and impossibly stylish, a tiny person who wears clothes that only taller people are supposed to wear and colors that only younger people are supposed to wear and wears them better than they all do: black silk lounging pyjamas—perfectly tailored, sensuous, just loose enough; a necklace of overlapping gold rings that is both bold and delicate; several inches of gold bracelets on her arms, linked together by the gadget that was used, on movie sets, to keep them from clanking.

The effect is precise, perfect. Nor is there anything vague in Gloria Swanson's conversation, no lapses of memory, no wavering of concentration. She is awesomely clear-eyed and in control.

This is a woman who doesn't look back. That's not to say she has shut out the past, far from it. Her ground-floor apartment is filled with busts she has sculpted, portraits and photographs of herself, her children, grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren, but the effect is more that of a living scrapbook than a mausoleum. Showing the apartment to me, she moves constantly, gracefully, almost prancing—like someone who is more comfortable on her feet than sitting down. I am the first one to head for the sofa with my glass of wine.

The apartment resembles Norma Desmond's mansion in that it is so completely an extension of its owner—no sign here of Bill Dufty, Gloria's husband number six. But this is no *Sunset Boulevard* set. A radio is playing, plants are everywhere, and it is surprisingly light for a ground-floor *(Continued on page 325)*

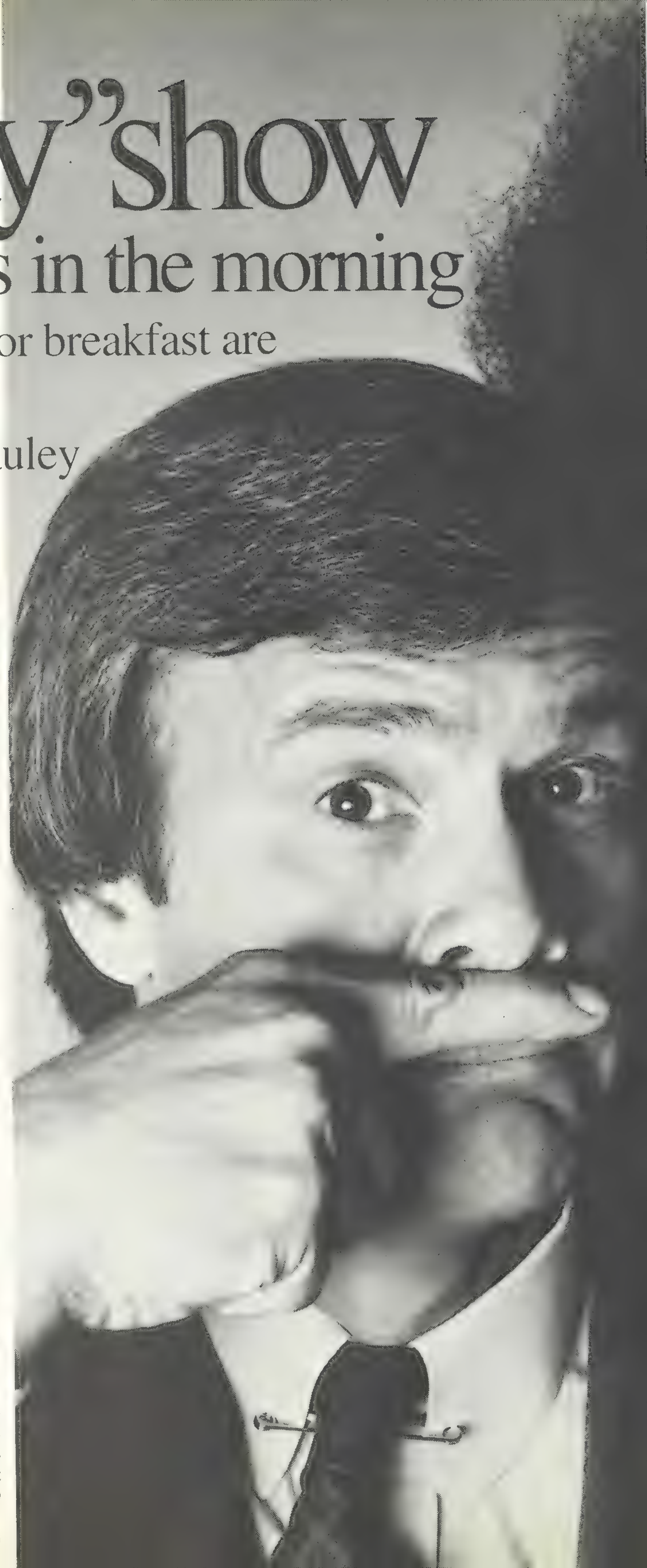
Avedon

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

The "Today" show

where the joy is in the morning

and the three best dates for breakfast are (from left) Tom Brokaw, Gene Shalit, and Jane Pauley



WHY I'M ADDICTED TO "TODAY"

By Francine du Plessix Gray

Some twenty-eight years ago, when a fledgling TV program called *Today* was threatened with extinction because of its disastrous rating, someone at NBC brought a chimpanzee onto the set. His name was J. Fred Muggs. He commuted daily from Scarsdale and was exuberantly frolicsome. He enjoyed throwing furniture around the set and taking nips at guests like Martha Raye. Once he even bit *Today* host Dave Garroway on the cheek: there was Garroway sitting at the anchorman's desk, blood running down his neck, hugging Muggs and telling the audience what a cute little animal he was. . . . Children all over the nation discovered Muggs during their preschool breakfast and went wild with enthusiasm.

Mom, dad, they called out, come and look at this cute chimp! Parents began to watch *Today* alongside their darlings and saw that it had more than a crazy chimp to offer. They started tuning in every morning for mellifluously delivered NBC news, weather reports which warned them to cover their tomatoes for the first frost, and numerous other features dealing with public affairs, ideas, and the arts. They continued to switch on NBC to watch interviews with such celebrities as Pablo Casals, Dean Rusk, Willy Brandt, Mickey Mantle, Prince Philip. Over the years, the *Today* show acquired an audience of five million Americans; Congressmen gleefully traveled all night in planes or trains to promote their candidacy or causes on the show; authors jostled to get on the program to do a five-minute dawn rap on a book which might have taken them seven years of their lives to write, but which gave them free publicity equivalent to $92,000 of advertising *(Continued on page 328)*

Avedon

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Norman Mailer on love, sex, God, and the devil

Shocking—that word has aptly described Norman Mailer's life and literary works for more than thirty years. Now, more shocks from Mailer: a controversial new book, "Of Women and Their Elegance"—nothing less than an invented autobiography of Marilyn Monroe; a new movie-acting role, in E. L. Doctorow's "Ragtime"; and here, in an exclusive Vogue interview, his unexpected revelations about himself, about love, sex, writing—the mysteries of the heart

By Cathleen Medwick

Norman Mailer, author of twenty-two books, nine children, countless arguments—literary, political, personal (some of which might better be described as brawls); winner, twice, of the Pulitzer Prize, most recently for *The Executioner's Song,* and of the National Book Award; sometime actor and playwright; unsuccessful candidate for Mayor...

of New York City (on a secessionist ticket); womanizer and scourge of militant feminists—Mailer once remarked on national television that he thought women should be kept in cages, and later confronted such lionesses as Kate Millett, Germaine Greer, Diana Trilling in an all-out, bloody debate.

Mailer is a man who has often invited the devil to have his say. Often, he speaks foolishly; but Mailer's charm is that he always knows it. Bullying his way through the '60s and '70s, he became the voice and, to some extent, the strong right arm of America's youthful counterculture. He had an instinct for the well-timed assault, the outrageous attitude. And he knew that, in his fast-talking, belligerent way, he cut a romantic figure in a society which, he judged, was headed for a computerized grave.

Mailer has styled himself, with abundant good humor, into a legend. Now, at age fifty-seven, he has the confidence and some of the world-weariness that recognition brings. He wears a coat from Brooks Brothers. His hair curls into silvery ringlets, almost dignified, and his eyes are a firm, intoxicating blue. When he sits, it is with some gratitude—relaxation finally suits him. There is something about Mailer now that is, if not exactly gentlemanly, at least courteous. Though it might shock his detractors to say so, he seems a gracious man.

Still, it comes as a surprise to see that Mailer's latest book, just published by Simon and Schuster, and illustrated with photographs by Milton H. Greene, is titled *Of Women and Their Elegance.* Norman Mailer, on elegance? What on earth could he know about it? In fact, the book's subject is Marilyn Monroe, a woman who, Mailer believes, must have longed for elegance because it was always just beyond her grasp. The book is pure invention, a fragment of what might have been Marilyn Monroe's autobiography—Mailer wrote a biography of her in 1973, but was always dissatisfied with it, he says. "Then I had a revelation, which was that acquiring elegance was as important to Marilyn as being a little macho is to an intellectual. You know, no intellectual ever wants to be entirely without some machismo. And no woman, no matter how much she may go in the opposite direction, ever is quite free of the ghost of elegance. Because elegance was the first art form allowed women, and for centuries was the only art form allowed them."

Speaking about elegance, about Marilyn, about love, sex, marriage, writing—subjects on which his opinions have usually created a flurry of outrage—Mailer is direct, but cautious, like a man walking very delicately on the tightrope of his beliefs. He is, incontestably, a romantic. Beyond that, he is a mystic whose world hangs in the balance between heaven and hell. It is Mailer's self-imposed mission to scale the heights and to chart, however perilously, the lower depths.

On Love

"Let's say I have enough respect for love so that I think if you start to talk about it, you can get into an awful lot of trouble. If you have any love in your life you're likely to let all the devils in the cosmos in on your little secret, which enables you to trap a little of that . . . that . . . that . . . substance that's rarer than gold. I mean, if a man had a small supply of gold, he wouldn't go around telling people where he mined it, would he? So I think that the only people who want to talk about love are the people who don't have any and pretend to know something about it.

"If you interview a mystic, you've got the single most difficult variety of interview on your hands, because mystics feel about interviews the way primitive people feel about being photographed. So I'm not going to give you a definition of love, I'm not going to give you a definition of sex, and I'm going to speak guardedly and circumferentially and let the readers make of it what they will. That's the way most people talk about sex and love most of the time anyway. My mother once described the plot of Romeo and Juliet as saying 'Well, I think they kind of liked each other'—my mother having been brought up in a school which believed that you should never talk about personal relationships at all."

On Sex, God, and the Devil

"It's possible that sex inspires more mystical feelings than love. Love can be terribly concrete and particular. You love the way someone walks, the way they talk, the way they do all those things in the songs, you love the way they smell and you love the way they wear clothing, you love the way they laugh, you love the way they tell a joke, you love the way they say 'no' to somebody—it's all the things they do. Whereas sex very often makes you feel close to God.

"Now if you love someone, if you have good sex with them, then you can feel very close to God. In fact, it's easier to feel close to God then, because very often you can be having good sex with somebody and if you don't like them you're left with an angry, confused, lustful feeling that may inspire you to more and more sex until you burn it out; but you get further and further away from any tenderness. And so to that extent you offer nothing to God, you're only thinking of the devil.

"Sex also inspires very often a feeling that you're awfully close to the devil. But I think the paradox of sex is that you can have sex with someone you don't know the first night, and you can feel closer to God in that moment than you're likely to feel again for five or ten years, even if you're never going to see that person again. You may say goodbye in the morning, a romance in the airport or something. Although I must confess I've never had a romance in an airport—can you imagine finding God in all that plastic?"

On Pornographic Writing

"I find that in a funny way I'm slightly embarrassed by explicit descriptions. I mean I'm one of the people who's supposed to have started all that. You know, I did a book on Henry Miller a few years ago—he is such a marvelous pornographic writer. I don't know whether he'd call himself a pornographic writer or not, and I don't want to insult the old boy, especially now that he's gone—but let's say he wrote about rip-roaring sex like nobody else. I really felt like a maiden aunt next to him. You know, I'm so Nice Nelly compared to Miller, and I'm not sure that I really know how to write about sex, I'm always making it too metaphorical."

On Marriage

"If one loves one's wife and loves one's children, after a while you begin to feel very close to God—not that your wife is God or the child is God, but you're married to still one more aspect of the creation, whatever it is. That is the way in which most people become quietly religious, and say at the end of a period of many years 'yes, I believe in God, I believe in God very much.' There's been a quiet growth of sentiment in them. Let's say a child is ill, they're praying for the child's protection and they realize they've gotten very close to God because they've seen this extraordinary miracle of a child growing every *(Continued on page 322)*

The newest bikini—a different kind of two-piece suit—a small, skin-baring, striped bikini bottom, with, instead of a bra top, a skinny, strapless tube. This one in pin-checked Burgundy cotton/spandex blend. To wear down, to roll up—or peel off! By MicMac, about $89. Henri Bendel. Barton/Sligh's. Stanley Korshak. Earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Hair, John Sahag, make-up, Ariella. For more on Las Hadas, see page 184 . . . For fashion and accessory details, see next to last pages

A WARM-WEATHER SPECIAL:
ON 38 PAGES, A GUIDE TO THE CLOTHES,
THE MAKEUP, THE KEY DIFFERENCES TO WATCH

UNCOMPLICATED

PLEASURES

Denis Piel

Whether you're heading for the sun, wishing you were, or just thinking ahead, here, warm-weather dressing at its best. And, the perfect setting for clothes like these—Las Hadas, Mexico, the delightful "fantasy" resort where these first fourteen pages were photographed. The kind of place that offers the perfect escape—and, one that calls for a certain kind of dressing: casual, bare, uncomplicated, now with a new sense of coloring, special charm...

A NEW APPROACH TO BARENESS

More of the difference in a bathing suit, *right*—and another way to show off the body: in a cotton "skivvy"—as revealing as any bikini—and the briefest red-and-white striped bottom, totally bare in the back. Of cotton/Lycra. Both, by OMO Norma Kamali, about $30. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills. For bare skin in the sun—Ultima II's new Sun Science Collection offers different levels of sun protection for different parts of the body . . . . *Inset above:* From Zoran, three of the key elements in warm-weather dressing—coolness, bareness, and the spark of red . . . in his silk charmeuse wrap top, about $135, with a short sarong, about $80. Henri Bendel; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Maxfield Bleu, Los Angeles. Fashion details, next to last pages. Hair: John Sahag. Makeup: *right,* Alberto Fava; *inset,* Ariella.

Denis Piel

UNCOMPLICATED PLEASURES

A NEW LOOK AT STRIPES...AND BARENESS

Above: The freshness of stripes, and a new leg-revealing "jumpsuit"—a cool navy-and-white silk crêpe de Chine blouse and cuffed walking shorts, both finished with cording. Top, about $125; shorts, about $110. By Kasper for J.L. Sport. Lord & Taylor; The Parisian, Birmingham AL; Balliet's; Sakowitz. . . . The bathing suit news continues, *far right*, with the briefest of briefs—striped, belted, and cut high on the leg—with a white cotton "skivvy" tucked in. By OMO Norma Kamali, about $35. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; Caché, Florida; Neiman-Marcus. Fashion details, last pages. The scene, *right*: the beautiful palm-shaded beach at Las Hadas. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava.

Denis Piel

TO WATCH FOR — A NEW EASE IN LATE-DAY DRESSING

Two key looks for warmer weather: relaxed and very engaging. *Below left:* Koos Van Den Akker's dirndl, about $320, and peasant blouse, about $260, in one of his signature collages. Elizabeth Arden Salons; John Wanamaker; Saks-Jandel; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin . . . and, *below right,* a more "classic" approach—with a sweater of ribbons and gold . . . and white silk pants. By Bill Blass Ltd. About $1270. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Sara Fredericks at Bonwit Teller, Boston; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Dayton's; Swanson's on the Plaza; Balliet's. Earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Fashion details, last pages. The Las Hadas view from Santiago Bay, with the hotel rising above the cabana-filled beach. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava.

UNCOMPLICATED PLEASURES

Denis Piel

BARENESS WITH A DIFFERENCE...WITH UNEXPECTED DARE

In a season of innovative ways to bare the body—one of the most! OMO Norma Kamali's strapless, slit, and shirred top, over a matching string bikini, completely bared in back. In leopard-stencilled chamois—the sexiest "sun-suit" around! Top, about $185, bottom, about $64. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills. Earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. . . . *Beauty Note:* Two ways to "sun" safely—Piz Buin tanning lotion, available in a range of protective strengths . . . and, for maximum protection, PreSun, a sunscreen that blocks out harmful rays as you tan. Both, from Westwood Pharmaceuticals. Photographed in Las Hadas by the side of the pool—one of the most spectacular in Mexico . . . filled with lagoons, islands, and its own waterfall. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava.

UNCOMPLICATED PLEASURES

Denis Piel

UNCOMPLICATED PLEASURES

THE VARIETY OF WARM-WEATHER PANTS, NOW, IN EVERY SHAPE—AND LENGTH—IMAGINABLE

The coolest way to be in pants when it's warm (*above*), the mid-calf "culotte." This, from Joan Vass in black cotton seersucker with her cropped pullover in white knit. Culotte, about $170; cotton/rayon/silk blend sweater, about $300. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Also at The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Hattie; Kane's, Chicago. The makeup—softer, sheerer . . . very feminine: Charmeuse Rose eye shadow, Cashmere Rose cheek color topped with Translucent powder, and Pink Pique lip color, all from the Coty Awards Collection. Makeup, Ariella . . . *Inset, opposite*, another kind of pants-dressing: Stephen Burrows' cool white cotton lawn strapless jumpsuit, wide-legged, edged and inset with lace. For Pat Tennant, about $200. Henri Bendel; John Wanamaker; Loretta Blum, Dallas; I. Magnin. Hair, both pages, John Sahag; makeup, this page, Alberto Fava. Details, next to last pages.

Denis Piel

FOR A SOFTER, MORE FEMININE TURN TO EVENING—

THE SHORT, LEGGY DINNER DRESS

For warm weather now, for summer later—or anytime!—nothing is more appealing than the right "little" dress . . . *This page*, Oscar de la Renta's short, ruffled, shaped chemise in black silk jacquard. About $430. Lord & Taylor; Saks-Jandel; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Marshall Field's; Sakowitz . . . *Inset, opposite*, the special style of Zandra Rhodes, in a charming black-and-white print silk chiffon dinner dress, embroidered with pearls, over a black rayon matte jersey slip. About $1395. Martha; Nan Duskin; Marshall Field's; Sakowitz. Details, next to last pages. . . . *Beauty Note:* When you're going for this kind of leggy bareness—or with any show of skin, a good body lotion that smooths, softens becomes more than an "extra"—it's a must. A nice touch: one that's scented, too—like Inoui Perfumed Body Lotion from Shiseido. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Ariella. All these fourteen pages photographed at Las Hadas, Mexico.

UNCOMPLICATED PLEASURES

Denis Piel

EASY DOES IT!

Now—casual, relaxed dressing isn't boxed in to strict sportswear, to gear. "Easy" is being redefined! In terrific new, individual ways. Two of the best ways—from two talented designers—here, Zoran; and, on the following two pages, Ralph Lauren

THE ZORAN WAY

From Zoran—in four short years, a star! —a sophisticated approach. Easy. Foolproof. Seasonless. No buttons, no zippers, no sizes, no fuss. Five key pieces, each in three lengths; in basic black, ivory, grey; basic cashmere, silk, gabardine. From time to time—subtle changes in shape, another bright color, an additional year-round fabric, a different dazzle. But always, everything is compatible. And everything remains in the collection. Just a few pieces give you multiple choices, open options, attractive looks that work any place in the world, any time. This streamlined concept evolved, says Zoran, because "For American women, life is getting faster . . . and closets smaller." . . . *Left to right*: His long black cashmere jacket (about $300); bare red cashmere tank (about $160); black wool gabardine walking shorts (about $120). . . . The tank top in black (about $160) with a small black silk charmeuse skirt (about $85). . . . A boat-neck silk charmeuse shirt, simple as a "T," tied at the waist (about $185) over black wool gabardine pull-on pants (about $210). Earrings, Cartier. . . . The "T" shape—longer, sleeved—in ivory silk charmeuse (about $200) and matching pants (about $210). Around the shoulders, a cashmere sweatshirt (about $270). Henri Bendel; Saks-Jandel; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago. Fashion details, last pages. These four pages: hair, Didier Malige of Jean Louis David; makeup, George Newell.

Patrick Demarchelier

UNCOMPLICATED PLEASURES

UNCOMPLICATED PLEASURES.

EASY DOES IT!

Hard to believe.
But Ralph Lauren has taken the casual, classic American look he's always done best —and done it better!
Given his simple, straightforward style . . . a softer touch. A new appeal that comes from Jordan-almond colors, pale but not syrupy; from delicate details— lace-edging, a little tie; from the prettiest knitting in years.
Left to right: A zippered jumpsuit in buttercup cotton (about $178) over a bright blue-and-white cotton velours shirt (about $65). Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; Garys & Company, Marina del Rey CA; I. Magnin. Jumpsuit only, Bonwit Teller. . . . Robin's-egg blue is the color of a cabled cotton cardigan (about $270). The camp shirt (about $130) and kilt (about $144) in white linen. Henri Bendel; Brittons, Columbia SC; Hudson Bay Trading Co., Hilton Head Island SC; Ralph Lauren/Polo, Coconut Grove FL; Polo/ Ralph Lauren, Dallas. . . .

THE RALPH LAUREN WAY

Forget navy blue! This year your Shetland wool blazer can be lavender (about $358). You see it brightening a pink cashmere polo shirt (about $178), white wool flannel trousers (about $178). Amazing how neutral it is! Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Washington DC; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Atlanta; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Chicago; Perkins Shearer, Denver. . . . What turns the look of the perennial Fair Isle pattern: pastels. Her cotton crewneck sweater (about $270) with a pink cotton polo shirt (about $26), white cotton twill shorts (about $46). Bloomingdale's; Ralph Lauren/Polo, Coconut Grove FL; Ruth Kishline's, Evansville IN; Harold's, Dallas; Polo/Ralph Lauren, San Antonio. The men's clothes, Polo by Ralph Lauren. Earrings and necklace, Cartier. Accessories, last pages.

Patrick Demarchelier

COLOR MAKES THE POINT!

UNCOMPLICATED PLEASURES

These new bathing suits are such standouts! What does it—the bravura color—bold, eye-catching. Top: This brilliant red, for instance. Striped —unexpectedly—in brown. The minimal bandeau and bikini in cotton spandex. MicMac. About $70. Henri Bendel; Stanley Korshak. . . . Not only bold color; strong pattern, too. Bottom: Black tiger stripes on a sleek red maillot, one-shouldered, cut all the way up on the thigh. Marcia Friedman for Le Bag. Antron/Lycra. About $46. Available January at Macy's; Sakowitz; Bullock's, Century City; Nordstrom. . . . Beauty Note: What makes it fast and easy to protect your hair from the sun: hair products with a sunscreen built in. All those by Pantene, for instance. These six pages: hair, John Sahag: makeup, Sophie Levy of the Pipino-Buccheri salon.

More stop-light red! More news! Right: A bikini cut in a V for a long-torso look. About the least you can wear if you're not going bare. DeWeese Designs in Antron/Lycra. About $28. Dayton's; Bullock's; Liberty House of Hawaii; Creeds, Canada. What a smidge of ruffle does for all this sleekness. Inset, left: At the halter top, the waist of this Jay Cee bikini. Nylon/Lycra. About $23. Inset, right: At the neckline of a classic maillot. Poppy. Antron/Lycra. About $32. Filene's. Details, last pages.

COLOR MAKES THE POINT!

UNCOMPLICATED PLEASURES

Another way to instant impact: positive/negative black and white. Above: If you feel great about the shape you're in—the most revealing, sexiest maillot—slashed all the way up and all the way down. Black ribbed Antron/Lycra, a white elasticized belt. Cole of California. About $35. Lord & Taylor, Swanson's on the Plaza, Bullocks Wilshire, Joseph Magnin. Below: Another sliver-small maillot, symmetrically divided black and white Antron/Lycra. By Marcia Friedman for Le Bag. About $54. Available early January at Macy's, Sakowitz

Stan Malinowski

gain and
strong assertive stripes. Near right: On-the-diagonal patterns, underscored with bright red lines. Gabar. Polyester/cotton/Lycra. About $35. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin; Liberty House of Hawaii. Far right: Black-plum and white bicolor; a bandeau that can be worn strapless or as a halter. Oleg Cassini Swimwear for Mare Moda. Antron/Lycra. About $25. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; Marshall Field's; Bullocks Wilshire; Liberty House of Hawaii. Details on last pages.

COLOR MAKES THE POINT!

UNCOMPLICATED PLEASURES

UNCOMPLICATED PLEASURES

Pure and simple delights, all-time classics—in white

Everybody's favorite pieces, softened—easy to wear, to live in in warm weather...year-round

Opposite: Joan Vass's silk/wool sweater (about $220), cropped linen pants (about $150). *Above*: Cotton/silk boatneck pullover (about $56), DDDominick; linen Bermudas (about $36), Reminiscence. *Below*: Crewneck and jogging pants—Silver Threads, cotton/polyester (about $40). These four pages: Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Sophie Levy of the Pipino-Buccheri salon. For stores, accessory information, see next to last pages this issue.

1

More delights—in *white*...

3

1. Handmade antique lace and cotton muslin vest ($300), lace-and-cotton lawn bloomers ($350); each, one of a kind—by Victoria Falls. 2. Sheer linen and cotton lace camisole ($90), sleeveless jacket ($110) Stephen Burrows for Pat Tennant. Pleated cotton khaki shorts, Barry I. Bricken, $45. 3. Linen shirt, Dennis Goldsmith for Boulevard Blouses, $52. Purple/white cotton seersucker trousers, Barry I. Bricken, $84. 4. Two-tiered, shirred cotton dress,

2

4

· Jo Francki

5

7

Sermoneta, $70. 5. Off-white cotton short jumpsuit, Willi Wear by Willi Smith, $39. 6. Cotton jumpsuit, 7/8-length, with a rolled cuff—by Leal, $160. 7. Cotton terry-lined vest, ($52) and cotton shorts ($28). Willi Wear by Willi Smith. 8. Ivory cashmere tank (Zoran, $160); man's shirt in white silk (Shanghai'd by Bowman Trading, $56); ivory linen trousers (Reminiscence, $44). All prices approximate. Stores, accessory information, next to last pages this issue.

6

8

UNCOMPLICATED PLEASURES

VOGUE PATTERN

VERY EASY
VOGUE PATTERN
7762

What's hardest to find for warm weather: a city-oriented dress. But if you sew!—you can have a dress that answers all the problems, highlights all the news. Fabric is the key! One of the best for this—any—season: silk broadcloth—lightweight, nonstop. In an exciting new print now—large abstract flowers—brightly colored, widely spaced. More of the news: the simple chemise shape, the way it's softened with gentle touches. . . .*Left*: Sum-up of what we mean: this taupe chemise, sparked with red and white; a delicate silk organza collar. Gives you options. Wear it loose, sashed, with a gutsy belt. Very Easy Vogue Pattern 7762

What you need most if it's warm: style that's light, easy, cool—but polished—clearly unrelated to a beach

Right: More large flowers on a dark-navy ground. More softness in the full sleeves, the floppy bow. Very Easy Vogue Pattern 7740. Silcreme prints from Mantero, for Skinner Retail fabrics. Organza, Maxine Fabrics. For accessories, pattern details, stores, see next to last pages this issue. Hair, Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Vincent Nasso. These four pages: photographed at the National/Pan American Terminal, JFK International Airport.

VERY EASY
VOGUE PATTERN
7740

More of what you need most—for warm weather

Day dressing with easy cool, easy polish . . . *Above:* A beautiful blouse, $75; basic pants, $80, from Jack Fuller Sport. *Below:* Fuller-cut wool pants, $200; faggoted silk blouse, $300. From Oscar de la Renta.

Above: A small, pretty cotton sweater, with cap sleeves, $120, and softer, shorter skirt, $100. By Gloria Sachs. *Below:* The very feminine, the very "finished" look of a dress, with lace and tucks on floral silk crêpe de Chine. By Jack Mulqueen, $140.

Two sides to pants, from Albert Nipon Collectibles. *Above*: The "dressed" look of an easy striped silk jacket, $220, crêpe camisole, $68, and trousers, $138. *Below*: More casual—these pleated pants, $150, with a cotton pullover, $82.

Pulled-together, versatile pieces. . . . *Above*: David Hayes' white Merino wool jacket and trousers, silk blouse, $430. *Below*: Helga's soft jersey pants, $140, and silk blouse, $260, under a wool jacket, $240.

All prices approximate. Details, stores, accessories, last pages. Hair: Garren at The Plaza, Clive Summers at Olympic Towers; make-up, Vincent Nasso, Harie Von Wijnberge, Paul Gobel.

Ishimuro

WARM

-weather good looks: There's a difference, now...and it has to do with color, with changes in light, with what you'll want for resort life or city spring. There are real—charming—changes in beauty, now: These six pages, polished looks, startling products, a new prettiness

What's different: Some new thinking about beauty, about good looks and the makeups, colors, and self-care that make them better. After seasons of saturated colors, what's coming are palest makeup tints, sheerest colorings, surprising workings. A cleanness like, *above left:* Just tan skin, wet hair, the most charming mascara color around—violet. *Above right,* it's not a sun block but a white lipstick: to pale the mouth, make any lipstick color softer for spring. . . . To get the look of a tan without the dangers: Now, new color stains (that wear off, won't streak), a new sophistication about sunning, *below right.* Research shows that body parts tan at different rates, require a variety of sunscreen strengths.

The products: Eyes, *above left,* have been rimmed—only—with Lancôme Maquicils Violet mascara; on lips, *top right,* the white lipstick shown is II Makiage #5 (direct order: $6 ppd., from II Makiage, P.O. Box 1064, Long Island City NY 11101). Sun protector/tanner, *below right:* From Coppertone, which comes in a range of sunscreen strengths, SPF 2—15. On these six pages: Hair, Garren at The Plaza/Glemby; makeup, Vincent Nasso; nails, Irene Nahon for Fidji Beauty. For all fashion details and stores, see next to last pages.

John Stember

Something's happening: For warm weather, there's prettiness … polish … plus a little something more: Hair with style—but nothing stylized … simple grooming—plus a sophistication about added sheerness, texture, tone. The biggest change, now, is with color: to a new paleness, a new subtlety, to new ways of working color—all with a gentle, attractive charm

John Stember

UNCOMPLICATED PLEASURES

What's happening with color? It's going pale, subtle, pretty. For eyes, sometimes unexpected: shadows in yellow, orange, or, *shown left,* turquoise and lavender . . . always paled and softened. Hair stays simple: swept to the side, tied back for hot weather, held with setting lotion. . . . Nails, *top right:* Clean, groomed . . . if there's color, it's unobtrusive—sheerest apricots, pinks, nudes. No heavy-handed makeup, *below right:* Just gentlest-color lips, nails.

What does it: *left,* on eyes, Purple Illusion and Tempting Turquoise shadows; lipstick in Camellia Pink. The Hot Passion Pink Collection, Diane Von Furstenberg. More paleness: From white lipstick, Il Makiage #5. *Top right:* Clean nails—with something more: Glazed Opal Fabu-Nail, feet smoothed with Pedi-Care Foot Groomer; all by Revlon. Soft, sheer color, *below right:* Chestnut Honey lip gloss, Pink Beige nail enamel. Both, from Clinique. Fashion details, stores, next to last pages.

UNCOMPLICATED PLEASURES

When it comes to evening, there's a freshness, a femininity ... a sense of surprise: unexpected, pale, all-over color ... new areas of bareness ... remarkable new products that, alone, can do it all

John Stember

The difference, at night: For warm weather, there's a prettiness, now . . . a new refinement to "pretty" . . . a freshness—that's done with a minimum of color (nudes, watery pales) and with a minimum of makeup: a wash or rub of sheerest tint. The best ways to use makeup, now, can be the simplest: a single product that turns a look around (*above*, Luna II, for a face washed in pale lavender) . . . or one makeup that does it all, such as Indian Earth. A clay-earth powder, it's all the color that's been used, *right*: brushed on for shadow and blush, mixed with water for eye-lining, with gloss for lips, with body moisturizer for shoulders and chest. Unexpected prettiness, *below left*: In '81, that can be the surprise of a red jumpsuit, a shock of under-arm bareness to the waist. There's a focus on body care now, a new selectivity to what you do . . . to moisturizing, tanning, exercise care. Only where *you* need it.

What makes the difference: *Above*, Alexandra de Markoff's Luna II . . . in lavender. *Right*, Indian Earth, from the Indian Earth Co. Available at Bloomingdale's, Henri Bendel, Filene's, Neiman-Marcus. For fashion details and stores, see next to last pages.

VOGUE'S Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

First of a new, monthly feature: The decisions that we made about what works and what doesn't; what we have learned, this month, about the putting together—and then the wearing—of clothes

Each month, there are surprises: We plan a story, choose the clothes; we even rearrange the pieces—the way every woman does: the best jacket in the market, a perfect pair of pants. In the office, we plot out—with precision—how we see them worn: the shoes, hair, bracelet, belt. We're set; we head for the studio.

And there, suddenly, clothes take on a life of their own. Working with a model, with a photographer, before a camera, something changes—and it's the human difference: One woman's body, the length of her hair, her special style. The "perfect" heel height doesn't work. A gutsy new accessory all at once does. **The same editing process that every woman goes through before her mirror takes place for us; but it happens sooner—much sooner—** and it happens again and again. Decisions about what works and what doesn't. New discoveries. Some sneaky finds. By the time an issue—this issue—is done, we've learned things. How-to tips . . . for us all.

Example: furs. When we worked on the evening fur story for this month (page 250–257), we were dealing with big coats, a lot of fur, show-biz stuff for night. In a large part, for us, it was a story about length. In winter, you want that length—you want that warmth; but you also give up some things along the way: narrowness—lightness—the dash of a jacket. You've got a large-scale fur. What do you do?

What we learned: **If you've made an investment, if you've got a fur to show off, go with it—for night or any time.** Follow the fur's proportion: a long, over-the-knee coat over long pants; a dress-length fur with a short dress. Pare down what goes underneath; add a belt for narrowness. Stay with the fur's coloring—silver fox with grey lamé pants, black calf over black. It worked for us. . . .

What works for night: If it's a short, sassy dress, a sexy, high, somehow-open shoe. A shoe with delicacy. This may be a great year for lower heels and wonderful walking shoes by day; at night, the heels that made the picture—that gave the right proportion—for big-event Oscar de la Renta and Halston dresses (pages 260, 262), for Las Hadas easy, warm-weather evening clothes (pages 282–3), were high (this year "high" doesn't have to mean tottering), sling-backed, sexy. Worn with short skirts, bare legs, or totally sheer black stockings, they give a woman a longer, leggier look, change the way she stands and moves.

Remember old-fashioned, honest sneakers? They're what you see/what you sometimes don't see in cropped close-ups of this month's resort clothes. When we started to look at pieces for warm weather—at comfortable, easy, uncluttered Zorans and Ralph Laurens, at clean khakis and whites—what made sense were some comfortable, white, equally straightforward shoes. Shoes that are what Levi's are in a world of "fashion" jeans: honest basics. With all the souped-up running shoes on the market, it's not easy to find some old-favorite Keds: We wound up air-expressing them in to New York . . . from another state.

Maybe it's our, every woman's, lack of patience with flash—and fad-pieces—that gather dust in our closets, but it seems like a particularly good time, now, to take a closer look at real success. To look at Zoran's interchangeable pieces, for example (page 284–5): Zoran's concept of fashion is realistic, strictly additive. Each season, he doesn't change directions totally, he just adds more pieces, other fabrics, new colorations—the way a woman really dresses. His short, pull-on skirt has been on the market, in some form, for three years. Why? Because there's sense there, there's no reason to change it. Photographing Zoran clothes for this issue got us to focus on his simple tank top: In different fabrics, with totally different pieces, we've photographed this top nine times for Vogue's fall issues. That's versatility. . . . And the piece shows up, again, in this issue: under silver-fox fur, page 255.

When there's across-the-board appeal, there's a reason for it: a special wearability, a knockout color, a good-to-the-skin softness. Sometimes, there's a piece that every woman seems to fall for: like Ralph Lauren's lemon-yellow, baby-wale corduroy jumpsuit (page 286). Models—who see more clothes in a day than most women see in a season—grab for it. Why? Because, they say, it looks great on just about every body, has the comfort, ease, even the color of a childhood pair of Dr. Dentons.

And when it comes to bathing suits . . . models always want the maillot. That's what happened, shooting suits for this issue. These are young women—women with great bodies—and women who are used, if anyone is—to showing those bodies off. But give them the pick of a one-piece or a bikini, the one-piece wins, hands-down. Low cut, high-cut, it's sexier, they say, than a bikini.

One body, Lisa Ramos', stopped a sitting. When Lisa—gymnast, former Golden Door instructor—walked out in Halston's silver bugle-beaded dress (page 262), all action stopped. That's an entrance! And the message, as Halston planned it, was pure body: nonstop legs, total transparency. (This dress is so sheer, even the thinnest pantyhose show a waist-band; out at night, what you need to go under it is a one-piece bodystocking.) We put the dress on Lisa with absolutely nothing; the only accessory we added were pavé earrings. Anything else would be simply extraneous.

Those bits of adornment, though, work in their own sneaky ways. Look at the bathing suits photographed at Las Hadas (pages 270–275): We shot them on women with something extra—Elsa Peretti's diamond and gold studs. For serious swimming, not many of us would put on earrings; for pool-vamping, we just might. But what the jewels do for the picture—for any woman—is bounce back light, give shine and cool shadows to a face.

That's what white does: focuses light on a woman's face. Maybe that's the special charm of it, for warm weather; the endless appeal of white with tan skin. But even with wonderful new watery-pastel makeups, this month, we found **white clothes gave a cleanness—a finish—a sophistication that sweet pastels never did.**

When it comes to warm-weather accessories, we all know what we want. The fewest possible. No clutter. But a little extra shine. With khaki and white sports pieces (pages 294–297), we tried primary-colored, plastic, "play" jewelry; they didn't make sense with these clean, honest clothes. Against tan skin, what gives more are bits of real—natural—color: ivory or coral bracelets, a turquoise cuff.

Big furs (pages 250–255), clothes with some bulk and some guts to them can stand up to an extravagant anchor: Arms covered with bracelets. Or a bold necklace. Or an Alex and Lee stop-traffic belt. It's a balance. . . .

That balance—eye for proportion—makes the difference . . . and it doesn't always happen, first try. We keep learning.

Clothes have a life of their own. ▽

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Collector Morton Neumann, at home with treasures: an artful passion

Talking about... Collecting

Once-a-year auction finds... littlest angel...most insatiable treasure hunter—and his trove

By Judith Goldman

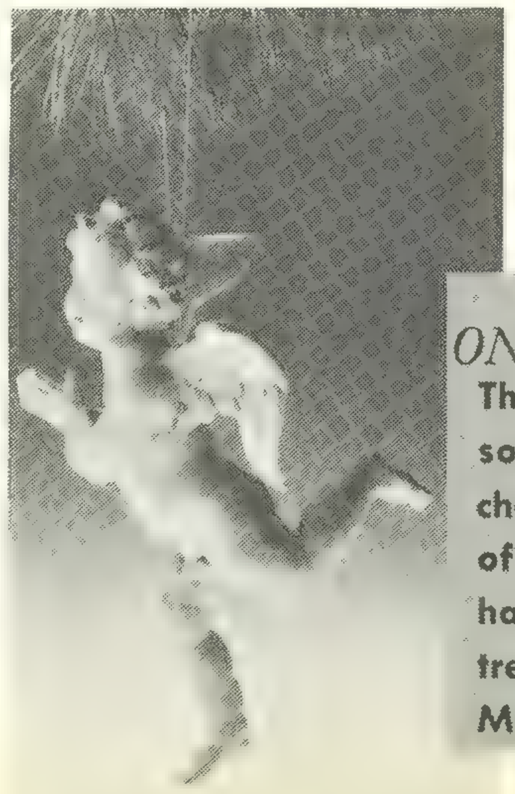
Says Morton Neumann, "I don't collect art, art collects me." The selections of twentieth-century art from Neumann's massive family collection (now at Washington's National Gallery) highlight nearly every major modern-art movement: Cubism, Dadaism, Surrealism, the New York School, Pop, and some minor ones—Super Realism, Pattern painting. An aesthetic mandarin, given to sometimes reckless enthusiasms, Neumann denies there's method to his madness. "I don't collect movements," he insists, "I collect art." Neumann also collects rugs, Art Deco figurines, Georgian silver, and photographs of artists he has known. But modern paintings are his major addiction; and despite all his wily denials, for the last thirty-odd years, Neumann has systematically bought examples of every school that's beguiled him.

Neumann's compulsion began in 1948 on a first trip to Paris. There he met Pierre Loeb, the dealer who became his guide, and Tristan Tzara who introduced him to Dada. He went on to buy Miros and Dubuffets in bulk, visited Picasso at La Californie, and acquired paintings and objects by Man Ray before anyone considered them art. Described as a man "willing to take other people's advice because he basically trusts his own," Neumann credits the dealers who taught him (D.H. Kahnweiler, Curt Valentin, Pierre Loeb, Sidney Janis, and Pierre Matisse). Still on good terms with dealers, he is known for acting on instinct and buying fast.

Neumann has an infectious smile, a raffish manner, and likes to boast of his gambler's flair. He says he bought Giacometti's "Seated Man," not knowing it was by Giacometti, because he saw a French art critic blow it a kiss. Over the years, he has remained at the edge of art-world fashions. When he bought Dubuffet, Rothko, and Man Ray, he was told he'd made terrible mistakes. He acquired Pop Art early, even though critics warned him against its "trendiness."

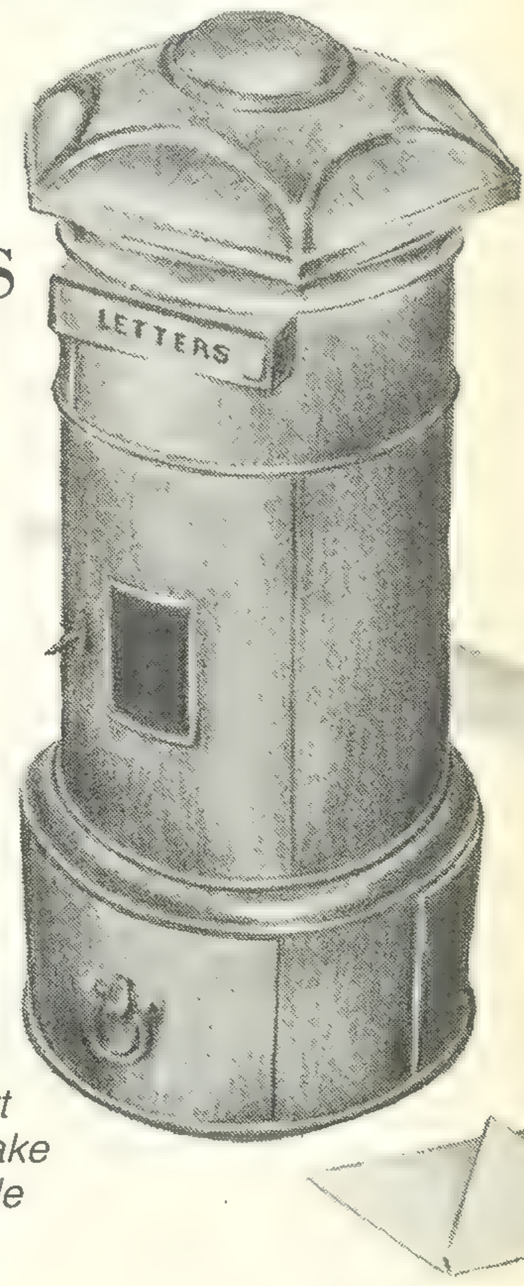
Neumann's interest and enthusiasm appear indefatigable. At eighty-two, he still visits artists' studios and claims to buy art "out of a psychological need." Like an artist, he resists categorical conclusions. "I can't fathom it myself. When I see things in a painting I've never seen before, I have to own it. I don't do it—the artist does." Few real collectors ever know why they do and most don't care. Real collecting, like real art, requires a homesteader's courage to face the badlands and to follow one's instincts wherever they lead.

The Neumann show, a curatorial coup for Washington's National Gallery, travels to the Art Institute in Neumann's native Chicago in February.



HOLIDAY SURPRISES

Like all auction galleries, William Doyle takes goods on consignment. But 40 percent of the time, they buy outright. "Broom cleaning," a special Doyle service, consists of not just buying an apartment's contents; the staff also cleans, scrubs, sorts through old clothes, silver, knick-knacks, then packs and sends them to thrift shops for deductions. Doyle does this all year, and along the way, he saves the interesting and less expensive items for his annual Christmas sale, where paisley shawls, Chinese export bowls, and wooden boxes always make timely appearances. At this year's sale on December 10th, Doyle also sells: a mauve-topped, opaline glass nineteenth-century wig stand that looks like the work of a contemporary glassmaker ($50-$100); a miniature Hepplewhite-style chest of drawers with ivory pulls, a serpentine apron, and flared French feet, the perfect jewel box for a furniture lover ($150-$200). There's a cut-crystal Scotch bottle with a lock and key to give heavy drinkers or teetotalers ($100-$200);



a wooden English letter box (above) shaped like a nineteenth-century London mailbox, with a letter slot, stamp drawer, and small window through which to view the day's mail that should amuse compulsives and satisfy lovers of privacy ($200-$300).

ONE TOUCH OF HEAVEN—ON A TREE

This year's best Christmas-tree ornament—a rhapsodically smiling, five-and-one-half-inch winged cherub *(left)*. Made of terra-cotta, this reproduction of a late eighteenth-century Neapolitan one that hangs on the Metropolitan Museum of Art's annual tree in New York costs $20, and is available at the Museum's upstairs gallery or through their catalogue.

Living: Ideas and Trends

By Barbara Plumb

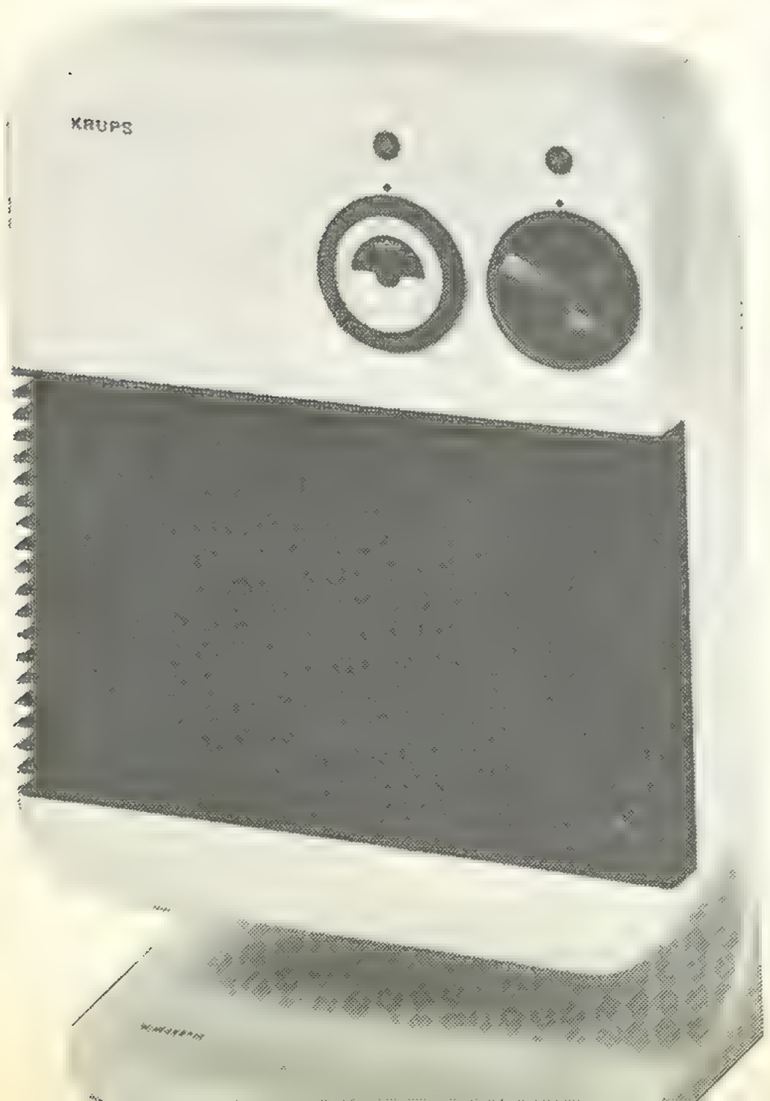
Round rugs and fires... caviar the American way... warm-ups: two for the taking

Architect Randolph Broxton's eye-fooling design for a fireplace—the most coveted luxury in a New York apartment—is the esthetic and architectural focal point in the room, at right. His fire screen looks round but actually consists of two rectangular solid steel doors, painted black to "disappear" into the background of Verde marble, with brass-banded half-circle inserts of wire mesh. Instead of a conventional mantel, Randolph built a cream-colored plaster ledge with Art Deco motif at mantel height and across the width of the room, enclosing cabinets to hold sound system and records, on the left, and a cubbyhole for firewood, on the right. The coffee table of Verde marble bordered with beige lacquered wood and the etched looking-glass designed by Randolph both "mirror" the fireplace design. Furniture upholstered in beige cozily surrounds the hearth.

OTTO BAITZ

ANTI-ICE DEVICE

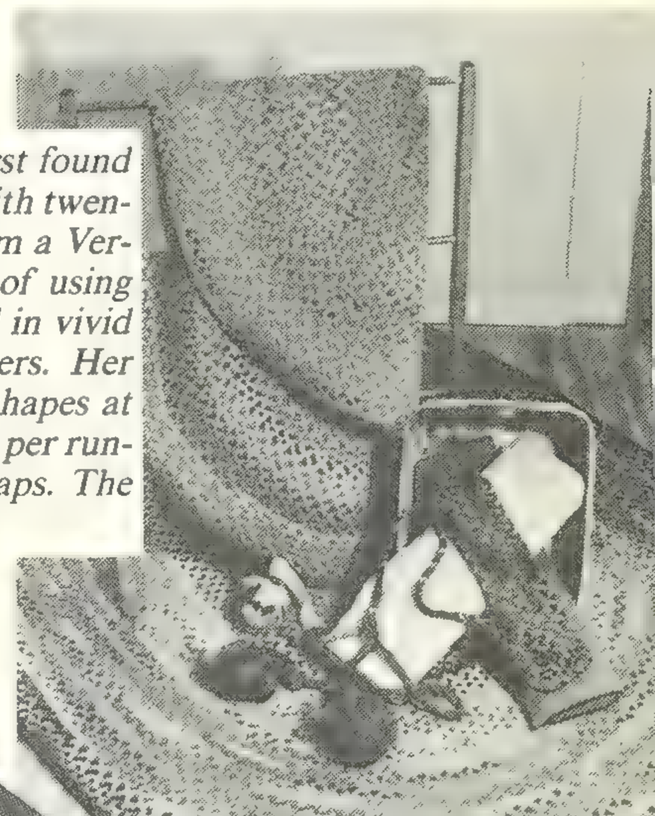
For energy-conscious vacation-home owners who like to keep furnace set low on winter days when they are absent but want to avoid freezing water pipes: a new portable fan heater that plays watchdog, turning heat on if room temperature falls below 36° F. The off-white plastic unit (*below*) has a black grill and a twenty-four-hour timer—so it can also ensure a warm bathroom each morning. Krups, $130, Bloomingdale's, NYC.

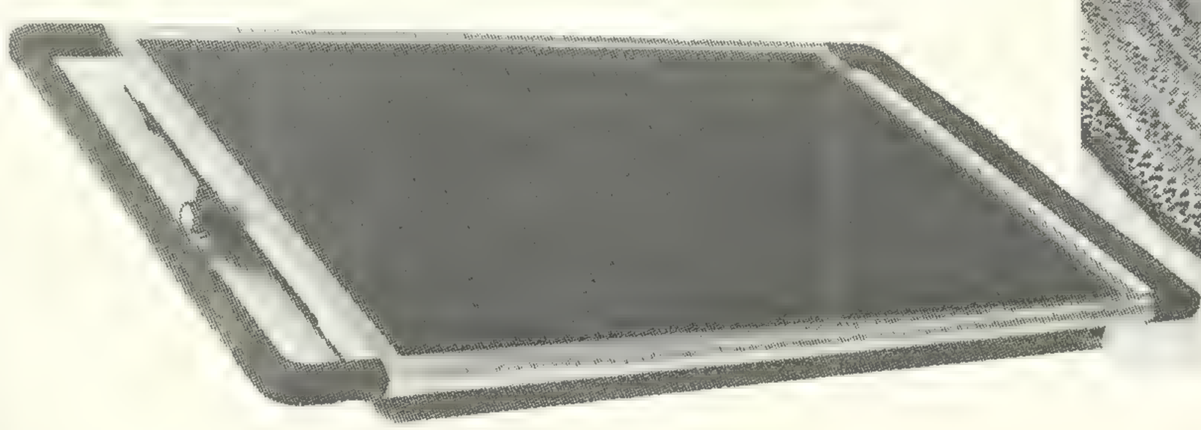


After three years of experimentation, specialty food expert Mario Garbarino has perfected an American sturgeon caviar that is fresher and less salty than Russian and Iranian varieties—and patriotic caviar lovers are rejoicing. American caviar (label, *left*) has replaced foreign imports in many New York restaurants, on cruise ships, airlines. "I taught the fishermen to prepare the caviar the way the Russians do," Mario said, "but with less salt to preserve it, because we will consume it quickly." Fourteen ounces, $105; Seven ounces, $60, ppd. Aquamar Gourmet Imports, Inc., 1741 First Avenue, NYC 10028.

From rags to rugs

Braided rugs—a Yankee tradition of homespun floor-coverings first found in drafty New England houses centuries ago—have been revived with twentieth-century style by Elizabeth Eakins, who learned the craft from a Vermont woman who had been braiding rugs since 1911. Instead of using typical muted earth tones in her designs, Eakins works with wool in vivid colors: fuchsia, aquamarine, cornflower, pea green, among others. Her hand-braided rugs (right) come in oval, rectangular, or circular shapes at $34 a square foot. Elizabeth also makes custom stair-runners—$30 per running foot—of her own wool or from a client's leftover fabric scraps. The Collector's Choice, 404 East 14th Street, NYC; (212) 254-7744.





Slim and stylish: *the latest food warmer (above) to help a hostess keep "seconds" hot at table. Designed by George Schmidt, this member of the Salton 700 line of warming trays, with a hot spot for coffee, has a stain-proof heating surface, elegant aluminum sides, black metal corners, and vinyl-wrapped handles. Fourteen by twenty-seven inches, $70 at Macy's, New York City.*

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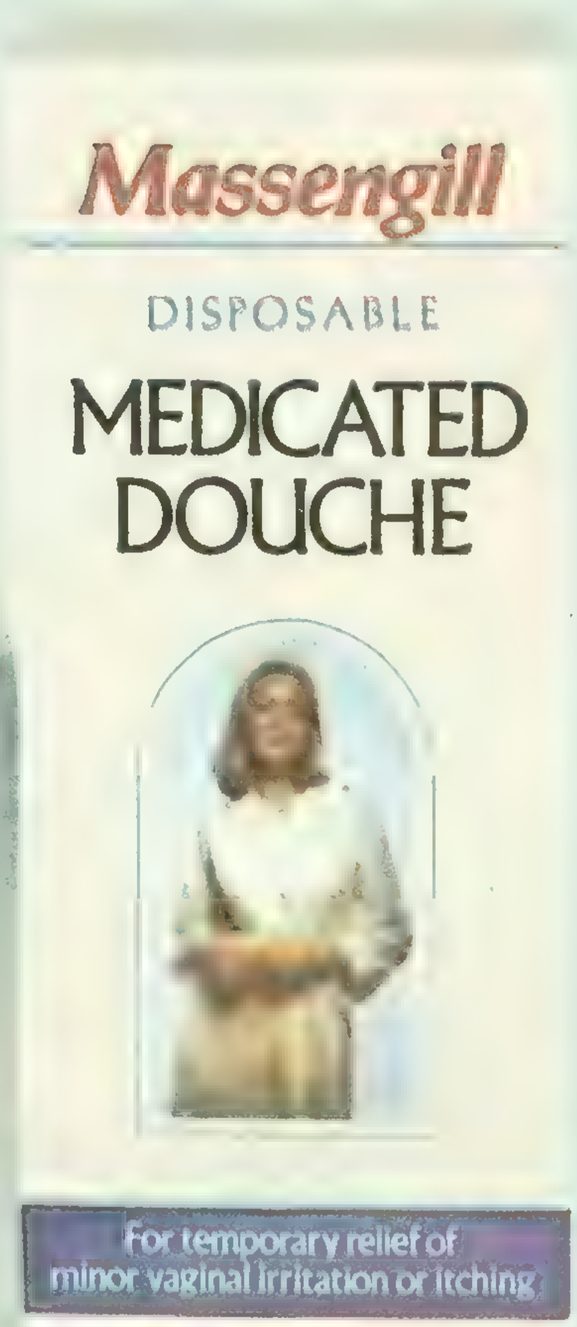

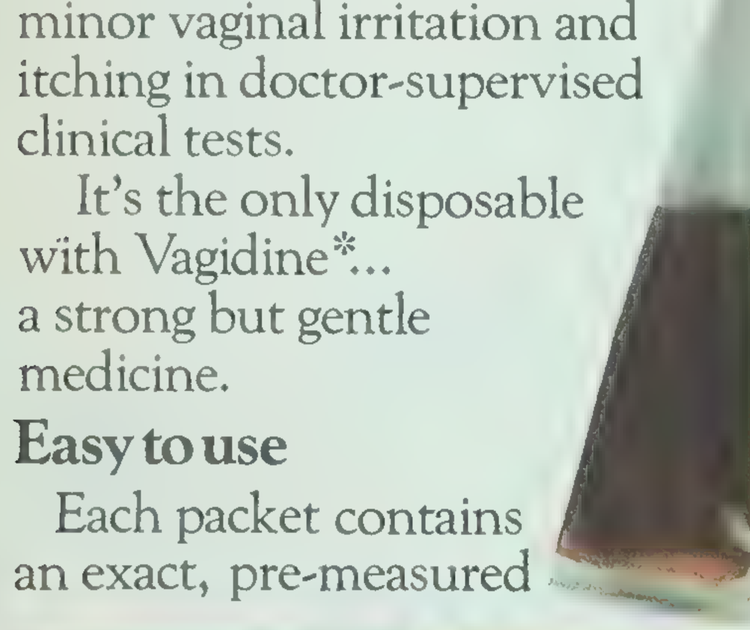
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Talking about... Dance

Bettman Archives

Making a comeback: tap dancing!
...old and young hoofers, "42nd Street"

By Holly Brubach

Every so often, in the course of trying to make some sense about dance, it's difficult to resist the idea that Americans look at dancing from the waist down—high kicks, fancy footwork, jumping and leaping. It's also said that Americans dance from the waist down: our own national style is, according to critics of other countries, all legs, notably lacking in expression with the head and arms, the upper body. Too simple to be entirely true, this notion nevertheless never dies because it so neatly accounts for a few otherwise mysterious, peculiarly American phenomena. One of which is tap dancing.

In the nineteenth century, while the classical ballet was growing up side-by-side with music-hall entertainment in Europe, vaudeville was the only dancing American audiences knew. It was on vaudeville stages that tap, conceived as a dance "match" in the street, was first legitimized, explored, and, later, refined; so began the American dance tradition. For the first half of this century, tap was the most ubiquitous form of dance in theater and in films; but to most minds, it's synonymous with one man—Fred Astaire.

Astaire mastered the steps codified by tradition, then made them weightless, made them travel. In his films, tap dancing acquired new sophistication, invention on a par with the finest ballet and modern dance, and a different emphasis: where other performers embellished conventional tap steps with suggestions of dancing on a larger scale (high kicks, big arm gestures, turns), Astaire presupposed that any dancing could be carried out in tap shoes—that tap dancing is not so much tap as it is dancing. That these dances are preserved on film is no coincidence, for tap dancing as subtle as Astaire's is primarily a solo form, made to be seen and appreciated at closer range than most theaters today allow.

Part of the current resurgence pays homage to the steps and styles of the past. Jane Goldberg, a young woman who for her training sought out Honi Coles, Charles "Cookie" Cook, Leslie "Bubba" Gaines, and other Black hoofers whose names were made in clubs and variety shows, has coaxed many of them out of retirement and into performing again, and has faithfully perpetuated their way of dancing in work with her own Changing Times Tap Dancing Company. Tap in these terms is easygoing, "grounded," highly articulated—with a wide range of different sounds; like Ella Fitzgerald's scat-singing, their tap is jazz. The diffidence with which they fire off the most complicated steps and rhythms belies the real showmanship of their routines: two Cotton Club hoofers whose act didn't come on until the middle of the night worked out an entire tap routine to keep them awake while they sat in the basement waiting their turn. So what began as makeshift becomes, in their sitting-down dance, highly theatrical.

In the 1960s and '70s, while Broadway and Hollywood choreographers turned their backs for the time being on tap, a new generation was being steeped in it at local dancing schools across the country—only to discover, when they came of age, that tap had somehow been outmoded. But for dancers who had already found in tap some natural means of expression,

How Americans look at dancing—from the waist down?

the discovery came too late; and now their own work insists on tap's viability. The best of these is Gail Conrad, who goes about tap choreography in ways as novel and inquiring as the post-modernists' dance experiments (her current project, to be seen in the spring, is an evening-length tap-dance melodrama).

On Broadway, shows like *The Boyfriend* and *No, No, Nanette,* however camp their appeal, at least saw to it that tap dancing stayed in circulation. This season, though, it's back in full force, in its own right, and in fine form—in *42nd Street,* the stage adaptation, with choreography by Gower Champion, of the 1932 movie by the same name. After the overture, a medley of already familiar songs, we overhear dancers excitedly trading rumors about a new Broadway show, then the sound of tap-dancing feet, and the curtain rises—very slowly—on an audition already in progress. From this feet-first first glimpse of a stageful of dancers chugging out time steps, the audience is sold on this show; the exuberance is contagious and, despite its 'thirties setting, the dancing is immediate.

In recent years, virtually no major choreographer has worked with tap, though George Balanchine, Twyla Tharp, and others freely borrowed from its style and its rhythms; it seemed for a time that tap would be quietly absorbed by other dance traditions. Dance forms have declined in the past when they no longer seemed contemporary, and so tap dancing was assumed to be out of step with the times. But times at last have changed and what was not long ago dismissed as a frivolous dance form, devoid of any real meaning or content, now can be celebrated for its pure dance values, its commentary on music.

Above, Fred Astaire in action—in tap shoes; left, "We're in the Money," from the current Broadway version of "42nd Street"

Martha Swope

VOGUE SPECIAL

LAST-MINUTE *FINDS*

Splendid choices for Christmas giving, from five of our experts: outstanding books, wonderful wines, treats for dance-lovers, unusual car accessories, irresistible records

Books

BY CATHLEEN MEDWICK

Christmas lambs . . . treasure-hunter's delight . . . Peter the Great lives again

At Christmas time, all readers—admit it or not—become children, eager for treats. This season, publishers are offering a store of books to charm the child in us—books as rich as sweetmeats, as delightful to read as they are to touch and see.

What's a Christmas scene without a lamb—bleating happily in a manger or (more surprisingly) in a Parisian living room? One of the year's most disarming little books, for adults as well as children, is a photo/essay called *The Lamb Who Went to Paris* (Clarkson N. Potter, $9.95) by Julie and Ruth Thayer. The star is Pascale, a milky, puppy-sized lamb abandoned by her mother and adopted at the age of one day by the Thayer family. The story, narrated by Julie Thayer's eight-year-old daughter Sasha (a wickedly pretty child), tells of Pascale's easy conquest of the City of Light; her cuddling rapport with Luther, the family's Labrador pup; her taste for tulips (she eats them), lap-sitting (she closes her eyes), and Woolite baths. The black-and-white photos, like the text, are crisp and simple as a baguette.

A most original flock can be found in *Henry Moore's Sheep Sketchbook* (Thames and Hudson, $19.95), with comments by the artist and by art historian Kenneth Clark. Moore's lambs can usually be found nestling blissfully beneath their ewes—"one of the favorite themes in my work," says Moore, "the large form related to the small form and protecting it." His sheep, seen from every angle (most beguilingly from the rear) have lofty, aquiline snouts, contented smiles, and coats that would put a mink to shame. Moore, who lives in Hertfordshire, England, is friend and neighbor to a great many sheep; and they serve his art well.

To love Ireland is to be a true romantic, one for whom a haunted mansion is home. *In Ruins: The Once Great Houses of Ireland* (Knopf, $22.50) is a fine, stately book that holds images of ancient glory—crumbling, ivied walls, turrets frozen in time, doomed families' wild hopes and immoderate despair. These houses are legendary, their ghosts proud. The photographs, by Simon Marsden, are poetic and sinister—mist and night and a peculiar white light shroud the decaying forms; the text, by Duncan McLaren, is brief, evocative of a lost world, and meant to be read aloud in front of a fire, preferably on a cold, ghostly night.

When Peter, son of Tsar Alexis Mikhailovich, was three years old he was given a tiny coach, "inset with gold ornament, drawn by four dwarf ponies, with four dwarfs riding at the side and another dwarf behind." Such was the eccentric taste of Russia's future Tsar, a man whose genius, both artistic and military, changed the direction of his world. *Peter the Great: His Life and World* by Robert K. Massie (Knopf, $17.95) is as sumptuous a book as its subject—that is, its ruler—could have wished. The author paints on a huge canvas—the horror and outrage of the Streltsy uprising, in which nearly all of Peter's family were massacred in his sight; the audacious climb to power of Princess Sophia, an extraordinary woman in an age when women were routinely abused or hidden away, who ruled as Russia's regent for seven years. The characters virtually gallop through some 850 pages of text, as if their moment in history were now.

From England, a land full of treasures (and treasure hunters, surely), a book that has sent schoolchildren, businessmen, and Oxford dons out combing their native countryside in search of a rare and secret delight. Kit Williams, a painter/author who looks very much like a bearded leprechaun, has fashioned and stashed a mythic piece of jewelry—a golden hare decked with ruby, moonstone, mother-of pearl—in a hiding place somewhere in Great Britain. His book *Masquerade* (Schocken Books, $9.95), a best seller in Britain, contains the clues that point to the prize. But the text—full of secrets both grisly and wondrous—and the dazzling trompe-l'oeil illustrations, are discoveries in themselves.

To tell a story—quickly, simply, in a short span, and to make the reader care—that's a skill possessed by a handful of writers today. Foremost among them, of course, is Eudora Welty, who lives in Jackson, Mississippi, and writes mostly about simple people—farmers, hairdressers, country girls—who live unobtrusive yet often passionate lives. Welty has an ear for what these people have to say, and she lets them say it, extracting from their speech the details of their deepest longings and fears. Welty's Americans have finally been gathered into a single volume, *The Collected Stories of Eudora Welty* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $17.50)—a book that offers the rare chance both to reaffirm the richness of her talent and to enter, quietly, each human heart.

For Anglophiles who thought Queen Victoria a bit of a prude, a royal pardon: *The Secret Life of Queen Victoria* by Jonathan Routh (Doubleday, $20) proves otherwise. Mr. Routh, claiming to have discovered Victoria's lost diaries from the year 1871, gives the Queen's account of her incognito visit to Jamaica (she went, he says, as "Mrs. King"), and goes to some lengths to prove that Her Majesty was often, in fact, amused. The author (or editor, as he calls himself) illustrates his point with some vividly funny paintings—the plump Queen tightrope-walking across a waterfall, plummeting out of a cannon and into the sea to the strains of a brass band, ballooning in a laundry basket. The paintings are awash with Caribbean blues and greens, in which the black-clad figure of Queen Victoria stands out with regal aplomb.

What is the best way to crack a crab? Truss a bird? Choose a leek? Not only does *The Cook Book* by Terence and Caroline Conran (Crown, $30) tell you, it patiently shows you, step by step, in hundreds of full-color illustrations. The premise, explain chefs Conran and Conran (he owns the department stores; she is a well-known cookery writer and editor), is that food, even in its raw, unadorned state, is sensual, and that any true cook wants to touch, taste, savor every moment of the gratifyingly creative process known as cooking. The book abounds in recipes—from Herrings in Oatmeal to Pâté en Croute—descriptions and photos of every kind of equipment, and contains an illustrated glossary of carving—so you can do it in front of an audience in style.

"80 Years of Ideas & Pleasure"—who could refuse such a gift? That is what *House & Garden* is offering in *20th Century Decorating Architecture & Gardens* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $29.95 until Dec. 31; thereafter $34.95), edited by *House & Garden* editor-in-chief Mary Jane Pool. The pages are crammed with images—of interiors, from Teddy Roosevelt's home in Oyster Bay, New York, with its elephant tusks and zebra skin rugs, to the curvaceous spa bath in Faye Dunaway's remodeled Manhattan apartment; and exteriors, from an eccentric *(Continued on page 318)*

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LAST-MINUTE FINDS

(Continued from page 316)

Japanese garden in New Jersey to an English formal garden in Connecticut, complete with tea roses. There are profiles of designers, decade-by-decade analyses of changing styles, articles by the likes of Dorothy Parker, Daphne du Maurier, Vita Sackville-West—in short, every word and idea about living in America this past century, and living well.

Paperback books today are, of necessity, stronger, tougher, more versatile than they've ever been, and more attractive as gifts. Pioneers in presenting volumes that court the eye as well as the purse are Dover books, whose prices average around $6. A folio of sixty-one *Picasso Lithographs,* at $2, offers a most rewarding glimpse into the master's diverse mind—producing lithographs was a "fever" with him. A collection of Andreas Feininger photos, *The Anatomy of Nature* ($6.95), shows in prolific detail the tendrils of a passion flower, the pattern of an electric discharge. Other titles: *The Great Luxury Liners, 1927-1952* ($6.95); *Film-Star Portraits of the Fifties* ($6.95); *Palladio's Architecture and its Influence* ($6) give a sense of Dover's diversity.

A modest, yet surprisingly regal book, sturdily bound and printed on pretty, cream-colored paper, is *King René's Book of Love* (Braziller, $9.95), reproduced from the fifteenth century illuminated manuscript. In the best allegorical fashion, the hero, Cueur (The Heart), accompanied by his page, Desire, courts Sweet Grace, captive of Love's arch enemies—Denial, Shame, and Fear. The manuscript pages, gilded and in full color, illustrate The Heart's difficult progress through an exotic world. The author and, arguably, the master painter of this manuscript was King René of Anjou—certainly a romantic at heart.

Wines

BY FRANK J. PRIAL

The case for sending a case . . . delicate glasses . . . wine guides . . . personal vineyard

It is almost impossible to buy the wrong wine gift because, to a true wine lover, all wines are fascinating. Bear in mind how much you want to spend and shop during off-peak hours. Then the salespeople will have time to help you.

What more dramatic gift than a case of wine? Even in today's overpriced market, a dozen bottles of excellent Beaujolais (Beaujolais Village Ropiteau Frères, 1979) or a good California Zinfandel (Sutter Home, 1977) can still be found for around $60. A fine wine gift can be had in almost any price range.

Do you want to spend $10? There are lovely German wines in the $8 to $10 a bottle range: Steinberger Spätlese 1976, $9; Wehlener Sonnenuhr Spätlese 1976, $10. How about a *magnum*—a double-sized bottle—of a good California Cabernet Sauvignon, like Christian Brothers Tricentennial Cabernet Sauvignon, 1975, $17? Can you spend $80? Why not a magnificent Burgundy from the Domaine de la Romanée-Conti? Or for $40, three or four good bottles of Chianti (Ruffino's Chianti Classico Riserva Ducale Gold, $10 a bottle).

If price is no object, there is always a rare bottle of nineteenth-century Bordeaux. An 1869 Château Lafite, perhaps, at around $15,000? Be sure to remind the lucky recipient not to drink it. It may not be any good and it most certainly will not be available next year when the going price may well be $20,000. Or why not a Nebuchadnezzar of champagne? A Nebuchadnezzar holds the equivalent of about eleven bottles—almost a full case. These bottles must be ordered in advance because the champagne houses can fill them only by opening smaller bottles and transferring the wine. The price will probably be in the neighborhood of about $1500. A Nebuchadnezzar is all very well but a magnum of Bollinger ($50), at less than a tenth the price, is pretty dramatic, too. So, also, would be a single bottle of one of the great first growths of the 1961 vintage, still probably the greatest since the war. A

A wineglass for $4; a case of wine, $55

Mouton, a Lafite, a Latour—any of them would probably cost less than $250.

Wine related gifts: The best *wineglasses* are the most delicate, so they are always in need of replacements. Good wineglasses start at around $4 a piece. A set of eight Baccarat champagne flutes will be under $300. How about a good *corkscrew*? Wine fans are always trying out new ones. This year's newest is something called a Screwpull. Featuring a most efficient Teflon-coated screw, it sells in better stores for around $14.

Books: Every wine drinker and would-be wine expert should have a copy of Alexis Lichine's *Encyclopedia of Wines and Spirits,* but a little detective work may be in order to see if one is needed. After that, Mr. Lichine's new *Guide to the Wines and Vineyards of France* and Hugh Johnson's *World Atlas of Wine* are almost indispensable to a good wine library.

The ultimate wine gift is a *vineyard.* A consultant such as Louis Gomberg in San Francisco will probably warn you away, but if you are persistent, he will find just the right spot for you in some hidden California valley. There are always a few Bordeaux châteaux on the block, too, if you prefer France. Or, you just might want a vine or two. Benmarl Vineyards, Marlboro NY, is prepared to sell you two vine rights, which include the production of two mature vines, about a case, every year. The cost is around $200 up, plus a one-time fee of around $50. You can transfer your rights and sell them, but most important, you get a certificate showing that you are an authentic vineyard owner.

Dance

BY HOLLY BRUBACH

Baryshnikov images . . . ballet music . . . souvenir programs . . . Royal Ballet tickets

For the dance-lovers on your list:

Books: A good, long look at Mikhail *Baryshnikov, in Color* (Abrams, $12.95): twenty-eight glorious, beautifully reproduced photographs, by Martha Swope and others, that testify to a dancer's greatness—more interesting than most photos of their kind because the subject is not ballet but Baryshnikov himself, a personality that naturally finds its expression in dancing. If you had to pick just one: Baryshnikov in *Airs,* deep in a lunge, reaching with one hand, palm out, toward the floor. . . .Or, as Franz in *Coppélia,* caught in midair above the corps' heads. . . .Or maybe as the show-off sailor-on-leave in *Fancy Free,* shaking a leg, with his tongue out the side of his mouth like a kid dancing for the first time.

What Baedeker is to Europe, Dame Margot Fonteyn's *The Magic of Dance* (Knopf, $17.95) is to ballet—a guided tour through history, an understanding of dance today in the context of the past, a lively and personable introduction for newcomers. The best of its kind, this book should be required reading for any audience.

"The only record of a dancer's art lies in the other arts." So begins Martha Graham's forward to the original 1941 edition of *Martha Graham: Sixteen Dances in Photographs,* by Barbara Morgan (Morgan & Morgan, $30), reprinted this fall from all new plates. No art is more photogenic than dance, and perhaps no dance more photogenic than Graham's—the drama, the intensity distilled in striking images from *Frontier, Primitive Mysteries, Letter to the World,* other landmarks.

Music: Tchaikovsky's trilogy of scores for the ballet, in the best-recorded versions of the lot: *Swan Lake,* the Boston Symphony conducted by Seiji Ozawa (Deutsche Grammophon). Not quite complete (missing the *pas de deux* Balanchine choreographed) but especially sensitive and colorful, well-paced and beautifully played.

The most magical music ever written for ballet, *The Sleeping Beauty,* transports the listener to King Florimund's realm from the very first bars of the overture. The benevolence of the Lilac Fairy, the menace Carabosse interjects, Aurora's passage from girl- to womanhood—every bit of this ballet resides in its score, at its most vivid in Ernest Ansermet's rendering, with the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London STS), recorded over twenty years ago and now reissued at a budget price.

The Nutcracker— of the dozens of available versions, André Previn's, with the London Symphony (Angel), does this score the greatest justice in a reading that is relaxed and spacious, with even tempi and all the grandeur this music is due.

Memorabilia: Ballet memorabilia to the highest bidder: Designs by Benois, Bakst, Goncharova; souvenir programs from the Diaghilev Ballets Russes; twenty-five unpublished designs by Marc Chagall for Léonide Massine's *Aleko,* all come up on the auction block at Sotheby Parke Bernet's Dance/Theatre/Opera auction, December 18. Rare—Robert Edmund Jones's designs for Nijinsky's *Til Eulenspiegel.* Curious—an album of "artistic" photos of Anna Pavlova in the nude, in poses from her most famous roles.

Tickets: Alternative to your local *Nutcracker:* A pair of tickets for Sir Frederick Ashton's *Cinderella,* this month at the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden, in London. There is absolutely no experience in all the dance world like *(Continued on page 321)*

The Norelco Christmas Hint List

Check one or more. Then give this list to someone who loves you.

☐ Norelco Curl Friend™ 14.
This super-compact Curl Friend makes a perfect traveling companion. 14 easy-to-remove curlers in 3 sizes.

☐ Norelco Curl Friend.™
This convenient, compact set of 20 heated curlers in 4 sizes gives you curls, waves and sets in minutes. Mist or dry.

☐ Norelco Curly Plus.™
Wrap it, mist it, let it go. This dual-voltage curling brush features a unique release button that lets you spin hair away for beautiful curls without a tangle.

☐ Norelco Gotcha Pro™ 1400.
It comes with 1400 watts of power, 6 heat and speed settings, 4 attachments and a pistol-grip handle for easy styling and drying.

☐ Norelco Mini Gotcha Gun™ 1200.
This pint-sized pistol-grip dryer features a full 1200 watts of drying power.

☐ Norelco Gotcha Gun™ 1200.
This dual-voltage 1200-watt styler-dryer has a handle that folds for travel, adjusts for two-handed styling.

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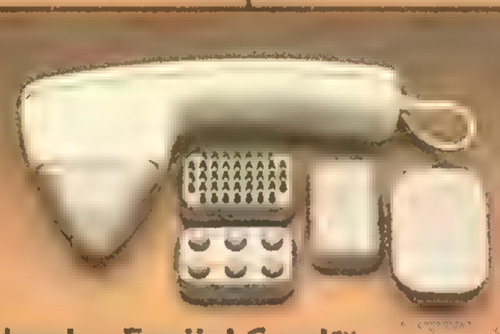

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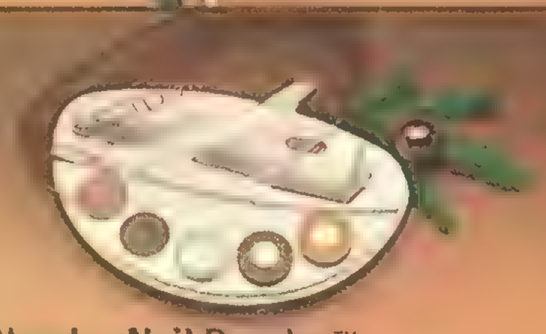

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LAST-MINUTE FINDS

(Continued from page 318)

seeing the Royal Ballet in their rightful context—the gilt proscenium, the small stage, the intimate house, the Crush Bar with sandwiches and champagne buckets prearranged for intermission, the light fixtures (nymphs holding candelabra at the base of every tier—the higher the tier, the younger the nymphs until, at amphitheater level, they're cherubic children). To say nothing of the Royal's filigreed style of dancing, a lesson in dignity and detail. (Tickets by phone, with a Visa card: 011–411–836–6903.) Or, if plane-fare-plus-the-tickets is beyond your Christmas budget, give an I.O.U.—the Royal Ballet comes Stateside in May of '81 (hurrah for the New Year!).

Cars

BY LILLIAN BORGESON

Safe fuel carrier . . . status suit-bags . . . tail-gater's aid . . . car seat with a brain

For your Car-Lovers Christmas list:

Steering wheel's second skin: Made of top-grain cowhide, a *fitted leather cover* turns any car's steering wheel into a very soft touch. Wheelskin fits snugly around the standard plastic steering wheel and is pleasant under the hand in any weather. This easy-to-install add-on costs $19.95 at auto-accessory stores or you can order from the manufacturer: Wheelskins, 6613 Hollis, Emeryville CA 94608. (*Note*: if you order by mail, specify car make, year, and model; and indicate your choice of black, brown, tan, rust, or gold.)

Failsafe fuel safe: Santa Claus may have no worries about gas shortages and gas-station lines, but he has to be the only long-distance driver who can make that claim. And while no one should transport fuel around from day-to-day, there are emergencies that call for an extra gallon or two in reserve. Now there's a safe way to cope: with a *portable emergency-fuel carrier* that's much safer than the usual (and very *unsafe*) metal can. Explosafe has a stout steel body, a safety vent plug, a leak-proof snap-on spout, and—most important of all—it's filled with honeycomb-like aluminum mesh that breaks up the fuel, distributing it evenly into cells that will not support uncontrolled combustion. The carrier is sold at Pep Boys and other auto supply stores throughout the U.S. (at about $25 for the one-gallon size, $42 for the five-gallon size). For information on where to find the carrier in your area, check with the manufacturer: Kidde Belleville, 675 Main St., Belleville NJ 07109.

Ready-beauty mirror: For the past couple of years the artist-technicians at San Francisco's glassworks Crystal Haze have been etching elegant and imaginative decorative designs into wind-wings, opera windows, sun-roofs, and other appropriate slabs of local automotive glass. Now they've added a ready-made item to their custom work; it's a handsome and distinctive *vanity mirror* made to be mounted on the standard pulldown car visor and decorated with charming etched borders in your choice of Art Nouveau, Art Deco, or classic Victorian styling. The price: $40; Crystal Haze Designs, 208 Valencia, San Francisco CA 94103.

Warmth when it's cold out: Come in from the cold with *heating pads* operated by twelve-volt car current designed to fit under the lining of car-seat and backrest. Turned on, they take five to ten minutes to reach a cozy surface temperature of about eighty degrees that you can then maintain by flipping a switch. Price for the Becker Seat Heater and all the wiring, switching, and connecting gear is $99.50, from FOB Becker of North America, 30 Park Place, Paramus NJ 07652.

For serious tail-gaters: A new item that's as suitable for land rovers as for sea rovers, Frigitote from Chris Craft is a *thermo-electric food-and-drink chest* that plugs into any car cigarette-lighter. Turn the plug one way and the chest's innards warm up to 170 degrees, toasty enough to keep snacks hot as you go inching down the highway toward the ski slopes. Turn the plug the other way and you have a compact cooler that needs no ice, makes no mess, and will keep foods and drinks forty-five degrees chillier than the surrounding air. Frigitote's price is $135 plus shipping; and, in all states but Michigan, credit-card customers can order on this toll-free phone number: (800) 521-3230. Or order by mail from Chris Craft Sales Inc., 2001 Pt. Tremble Road, Algonac MI 48001.

Status suit-bags: There's no doubt that the average hanging suit-bag is one of the drabber artifacts of Western civilization. But now comes an *all-leather suit-bag*, plain or with embroidered-on Ferrari, Mercedes, BMW, or Porsche emblems. This supple-as-a-glove bag in black, tan, or dark brown costs $169.95.

"Santa Claus has no gas-shortage worries"

Also available is butter-soft matching luggage: a seventeen by ten-inch bag at $129.95, a twenty-one by ten-inch bag at $139.95. For toll-free credit-card ordering, call (800) 421-0911 (except in California, Alaska, Hawaii). Or write to Beverly Hills Motoring Accessories, 200 S. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills CA 90211.

Car-seat comfort: *Sheepskin* is one of the softest and best-looking of all natural animal skins, and one of the best insulators—warm in winter, cool and moisture-absorbent in summer—making it a natural for automotive seat-covers. You'll find them in better auto-accessory shops, at prices that range from about $70 for one tie-on bucket-seat cover, to $300 or more for a fitted bench-seat cover. Or order from a major full-line supplier: Ramshead, 3060 Kerner Blvd., San Rafael CA 94901.

For the ultimate in driving comfort—and an outstanding gift—consider a *custom-made car-seat*, a firm, good-looking, and orthopedically oriented substitute for the squishy foam that's standard in most cars. The Recaro $350 "economy" model (with mechanical controls) is superbly designed and painstakingly crafted; you would pay $1500 for a seat with leather upholstery, electric controls, a heater, and sophisticated lumbar adjustments. For a far-out computerized seat with "memory" for the body requirements of three different drivers, the price may be $3000. For local distributors, contact Recaro USA, 1152 East Dominguez St., Carson CA 90746. ▽

Music

BY DAVID SARGENT

Elegant Haydn symphony . . . electronic seduction . . . exciting feminist rock

Records make wonderful gifts for anybody who loves to listen. Tastes vary, so that no one person is likely to want all the records recommended here. But there is at least something on this list for most any musical preference.

Fleetwood Mac's "Fleetwood Mac" on Original Master Recordings ($15.50), and **Erich Leinsdorf conducting Wagner** on Sheffield Labs ($15). Two impressive examples of the new audiophile record, the former an expensive repressing of this hit album's original master tape, the latter a "direct-disk" recording—about the most sonically spectacular orchestral record I have heard.

Alban Berg's "Lulu" on Deutsche Grammophon ($40). The opera recording of the year—not only the first recording of the complete, three-act version of Berg's twentieth-century erotic masterpiece, but the opera's best performance—period. A superb characterization from Teresa Stratas and definitive conducting by Pierre Boulez.

Two "wall" albums, both from CBS—**Michael Jackson's "Off the Wall"** on Epic ($9) finds the former leader of the Jackson Five fully matured as a solo artist, with the finest falsetto singing since Smokey Robinson. And **Pink Floyd's "The Wall"** ($16) on Columbia—is a brooding, evocative meditation on the failings of modern society.

Neville Marriner's Haydn Symphony series on Philips ($10). Gimmicky pairings of "name" symphonies (for example, *Maria Theresa* and *La Reine*). But about the most elegant Haydn symphony recordings ever.

Air, "Air Lore," on Arista/Novus ($8). One of new jazz's finest groups in a witty, affectionate look back at ragtime.

David Behram's "Figure in a Clearing" and "On the Other Ocean," on Lovely Music Ltd., a haunting, unashamedly beautiful example of modern-day electronic music, as gently seductive a record as you're likely to find in *any* idiom. **Bartok's "Bluebeard's Castle"** with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and his wife, Juila Varady, on Deutsche Grammophon. A fine modern recording of Bartok's only opera, and a nice way to observe the great Hungarian composer's centennary year of 1981.

George Lewis' "Homage to Charlie Parker" on Black Saint. Jazz, perhaps, but also exciting avant-garde music from a man busily bridging the jazz-classical gap without recourse to "third stream" polemics.

Marianne Faithfull, "Broken English," Island ($8). The one-time most beautiful face of the 1960s has returned from years of self-doubt to make the most bitter, exciting feminist rock record of the year.

Carl Ruggles, Complete Works, with Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, on CBS ($18). It only takes two disks to encompass the complete works of this craggy American genius, and they are well worth hearing. ▽

NORMAN MAILER

(Continued from page 269)

day, and changing, having some life that's not explicable by the wife's wit or your own. So the creation becomes beautiful, and manifest.

"But, as I say, that's not the way of the mystic. That's, if you would, finding Christ through works. The first time that someone has a profound sexual act—when it's all over, there's this shocked, stunned, incredible recognition—it comes with mystical force—why God, God exists."

On one-night stands
"There are certain advantages to one-night stands, in that one brings none of one's baggage to a one-night stand—which makes it possible to have, once in a while, extraordinary emotions. But unless it's very good indeed it leaves a terrible aftertaste.

"One-night stands are altogether different from a continuing sexual relationship where the man dominates in one way, the woman dominates in another, they share here, they're apart there, and it changes over a period of time. In the one-night stand there was, at least until very recent times, the notion that no matter what they did in bed, the man was dominant in that he had scored. He had scored the breakthrough and the woman had been taken, at least in the eyes of society. And the less we know of one another, the more important is the verdict of society.

"Oh, I think it's changing a great deal, it's almost getting to the point where women are saying, *I* scored. But I think it's got a long way to go before it truly gets there. I don't think one generation can wipe out what may or may not be biological and is certainly historical. You know, twenty centuries."

Inside a woman's mind
"I wanted to write about sex, first of all the way a woman would write about it, not a man, and most specifically the way Marilyn would write about it. And then, since Marilyn was not a writer, let me be so audacious as to say this is the way she might think about it. Now there we get into trouble, because you could say, well, no woman would ever describe it that way to a friend, and maybe she wouldn't. But she might describe it that way to herself in her own mind, that much I believe.

"The convention of the book was that it was a mock memoir and that she was telling me a story. Now, no one's going to take that too seriously and I don't know that I did, ultimately, in the sense that you could never get anyone to talk that intimately unless you'd known them for years. But they could be having such thoughts in their head while they were talking to you. And that was finally where I thought that book was written, this was the inside of Marilyn Monroe's head as I conceived it.

"Maybe there are a hundred men's minds I could enter, but maybe only ten women's minds I could go near. But I always had the feeling Marilyn was one of them in some funny way. I was always dissatisfied with that biography I wrote of her years ago because I'd never entered her head, I never quite dared to then. But then the years went by and I kept thinking about her, and finally it seemed as if I understood her. I took a look at those photographs and thought I knew exactly what was in her mind, why she had that little Mona Lisa smile in certain photographs."

Of women and their elegance
"I was originally going to go out and interview a good many models, and I was going to write a formal essay on elegance, the relation of these photographs to elegance. Then I started thinking about such a book, and I'd just finished *The Executioner's Song*, and I just didn't like the idea of going out and doing more interviews. I felt that interviews were about the worst way to come to grips with something like elegance. And finally I figured out that I might be one of the last people in the world who's qualified to write about elegance, and that it was going to be an impossible subject for me whether I was qualified or not. No one was going to take it seriously, and I was going to find it very hard to believe in such a book while I was doing it.

"I think people who know a great deal about elegance are going to be amused by my book. I don't think they're going to learn anything from it; but I think to people who are secretly drawn to it, or who are ashamed of that desire, the book will be much more interesting."

Monroe: "wicked, in a charming way"

On literature and legend
"Oddly enough, I would not call this a novel although I called the Gilmore book a novel, although it was as factual as I could make it. I think the reason is that Marilyn is a legend. Something in me rebels at the idea of writing a book about someone who's a legend and saying that it's a novel. A legend is a novel in and of itself, and you can't write a novel of a novel; that is, you couldn't write a novel about the characters in *Remembrance of Things Past*—it would become an exercise in literary criticism. So in this sense anything you say about a legend is neither true nor untrue. So for that reason, whatever you call it, you shouldn't call it a novel."

About Marilyn Monroe
"She's enormously charming. The way her mind works—and I'm not talking about the mind I have in this book, but the evidences of the way her mind works, in her art—and I'm one of the people who thinks of her as an artist, not just an over inflated movie star. I just find that it's endlessly diverting. Charm gives life, after all. We love people who are charming because, whatever else they do to us, they sweeten our loneliness, and she does that.

"I think she was much brighter and that she had, if you will, much more psychic fiber than other people give her—now I can be wrong, but that's the way I see her. And particularly in the years when she was optimistic and when things looked like they were going to work out well. I think the great achievement of her life was that she got married to Arthur Miller, I mean the way she saw it. And then she got trapped in everyone's dream of her, everyone's vision of her. So there weren't that many people who loved how various she was, no one around who really indulged and loved her sense of mischief. I think that's the thing that's not been put in any other portrait of her, she was just tremendously mischievous. If people accept this book at all in relation to her, they'll think of her as being much naughtier, much more wicked in an absolutely charming way than she was ever seen before."

On the critics
"I think the book is going to have a very peculiar press. I think it's going to be very mixed. I hope there are going to be a few very good reviews; I expect a good many bad ones, on the order of 'absolute garbage,' 'how dare he,' 'swine,' or 'new low in false biography'—all the factors are right for a lot of bad reviews.

"*The Executioner's Song* got wonderful reviews relatively, so after you get good reviews it's your turn to get bad ones. I think that's sort of a rule of thumb in publishing. With that book they went in feeling 'well, poor Mailer, we've been hitting him over the last few years, let's see if he's got anything to offer this time.'

"There'll be people who'll just feel that I don't have the right to invent large pieces of sordid, disgraceful, hideous business for a well-known legend, that it's going to derange people's minds, that it's bad news; that, even though the book has merits, its demerits in a sense are overwhelming. So I think all that is going to make for a great many bad reviews. I'm curious."

On his work-in-progress
"I'm back in 1130 B.C. in the 20th dynasty, the reign of Ramses IX. There's very little known about the period. It's really much more of a novel, sort of an historical novel. There's one sizable piece of history in it, a battle that actually took place, and there's enough written on it so that you can obey the history.

"The characters are all made up. Except for Ramses IX and there's nothing known about him, so he's my little king, not history's. I may never get back to my own person in a novel."

On Norman Mailer
"I've always thought that of all the writers around now, I probably am the only one who could have been an actor. Let me not say that, that assumes I have the talent of an actor. I'm the only one who has a personality that bears comparison to the personality of actors. And it's not difficult for me to see myself in a new role, being a new kind of writer.

"My old style wasn't working any more, it just wasn't working for the '70s. That style had come to the end of its potential. It was now a huge tail, something to drag with me from one book to another book. You see, I really started dropping it back in 1970, because I've been working on this book about Egypt all this time. While it's told in the first person, I'm not the one who's telling the story. It's not Norman Mailer wearing white Egyptian linen.

"Not as belligerent as I once was—well, I'm not, I'm not, just because—well, you get older, and you begin to learn that—belligerence always implies that you are more often right than is the world's best estimate of you. And so a few failures tend to remove belligerence. Some people tend to get more belligerent when they fail, but that's short-lived. If you're failing and failing and failing and getting more belligerent then obviously you're on a collision course. Then, I had some successes . . .

"Also I used to be ahead of the time, perhaps. Now I'm not, I'm doing my best to keep up with the time. I'm getting older and slower and they're getting faster and faster. And then my children are growing up, you know I have nine children. It's very hard to be an *enfant terrible* when you have nine children." ▽

"It looks like a Tia Maria night."

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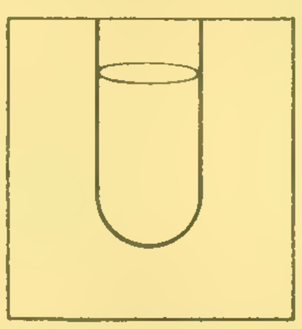
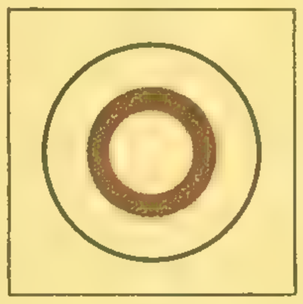


2. Add contents of plastic vial. Shake 10 seconds, place tube in holder. Leave undisturbed for two hours.



3. If, after two hours, a donut-shaped ring is visible, your test is positive. If no ring appears, your test is negative. (See package insert for complete instructions.)

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Carolyn R. Thomas
Illinois

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GLORIA SWANSON

(Continued from page 265)

apartment. And the houseboy—a blond, lanky, slightly awkward young man who rushes in late to see about our drinks—is no Erich von Stroheim.

The only touch of the pampered and overprotected movie goddess has come earlier in the day, when a man identifying himself as Swanson's manager calls to make sure I am going to get a "fresh" angle and lures me into his office with mention of the "one thousand pages that didn't get into the book." Having just returned from a Venetian holiday where I spent a shocking amount of time in my hotel room reading the more than six hundred pages that *did* get into the book—her new, juicy autobiography, *Swanson on Swanson*—I am easily hooked. As it turns out, the purpose of this preliminary session is to interview me. In return for a few meager tidbits and off-the-record comments, I am screened for conversational impurities (topics to which Swanson is allergic: show business, her marriages) and simultaneously pumped up with enthusiasm. ("The theme, Molly, is survival, courage, compassion!")

The effect of all this is to make me think I'm walking on eggshells, when in fact the woman who greets me at the door seems quite capable of handling anything on two legs.

When aroused, she is ferocious. Remembering a doctor who was mistreating a friend: "I throttled him against the hospital wall." Of a private nurse who had endangered her mother's life by propping her up in bed: "You sat her up!" Swanson, replaying the scene, shrieks these words, causing me to jump out of my seat. "I turned into Norma Desmond, then," she continues, "and chased her down the stairs in the middle of the night."

Ahead of her times in so many ways, Swanson has a lifelong distrust of the medical profession that goes back a long way. At the age of twenty-five on the eve of her marriage to the Marquis de la Falaise, she had a botched abortion and almost died from the ensuing infection.

"And there was the time I almost committed murder," she tells me. "That didn't get into the book. My governess was deliberately trying to turn my children against me." She remembers details with such clarity that I wonder if it isn't partly the memory of such villanies that fuels her, keeps her going. There are many of them in the book: The studio executives who dictated her private life to protect their investment or who treated her like a queen as long as she belonged to them but then set out to destroy her when she became her own producer. And the husbands and lovers—at best, they were sponges; at worst, they took her affairs in hand and then left her almost destitute.

The book's *pièce de résistance* and chief selling point is, of course, her affair with Joseph P. Kennedy, the brash, charmingly know-it-all and infinitely ambitious Bostonian who was determined to make a success as a movie producer and almost took her down with him. But the others—Wallace Beery; director Mickey Neilan; Crancy Gartz, the millionaire Marxist playboy; Herbert Marshall; the Marquis—are juicy, lurid, funny, memorable. Stories that never got into *Screen Romance* are recounted vividly, but with surprisingly little bitterness. Swanson, I suspect, is someone who

> "She played good women, tarnished women, working girls. Always, independent"

got her anger out at the time; and the men in her life, having slipped from her orbit, are no longer quite real to her. She is mentally trim. There is no excess emotional baggage cluttering up this woman's life, no resentment or sentiment.

"I have always been a romantic where men are concerned," she says. Indeed, her story is a typical female one of looking over and over again for that illusory daddy figure and finding only disappointment. And yet when I look at this sparkling survivor sitting before me, I think those men were lucky to get out alive.

The girl who began her career in 1914 as an extra in Essanay films in Chicago did not march triumphantly into the 'eighties by subordinating herself to any one man, by allowing herself to be submerged in any one image. She seems to have had, from the beginning, a remarkably strong sense of her individuality.

When Mack Sennett, who gave her her first big job in Keystone comedies, tried to promote her into the leading lady of slapstick, he promised to make her another Mabel Normand. It was the wrong thing to say. Gloria Swanson didn't want to be another anybody. She went to Paramount and, under Cecil B. De Mille's direction, made the sophisticated marital dramas that catapulted her to stardom. She was down-to-earth comical in Allan Dwan's *Manhandled* and *Stage Struck*. And she was both innocent and regal in the Joseph Kennedy-Erich von Stroheim commercial fiasco *Queen Kelly*. She played good women and slightly tarnished women; she played aristocrats and working girls. But always, she was independent. And always stylish. Her only failures were films in which she wore dowdy clothes. Her public insisted on seeing her in a certain number of new creations, and this was written into her contract.

How did she have the nerve to leave Paramount, and one of the juiciest contracts in Hollywood, to become her own producer? Or after that, to say goodbye to it altogether?

"Because I saw the way they treated you," she says. "They would give you the moon one minute, but as soon as they didn't need you anymore. . . ." She makes a gesture of tossing away a used Kleenex.

"Also, I had my own life, my children. Women then were discouraged from having children. The studios didn't want you to take time out for childbearing. It didn't go with your image. We were supposed to be glamorous, free. There were never any children in movies."

It's true. It wasn't 'til the 'fifties that the winds of fashion changed, and movies began pushing maternity as the feminine ideal and suburbia as a woman's sphere of operation. To someone raised on these narrowing horizons, the gay bachelor-girl spirit of Swanson's period seemed liberating indeed. "The world of 1916," she writes, "was a man's world." And so it probably was. But the 'twenties were on their way, with women's suffrage and a widening sense of opportunity for women who would seize it. Swanson, as always, was ahead of the pack.

"I'm an Aries," she says, when I ask her for an explanation. "We're born leaders."

While all the women I know are casting about in that search for the elusive "self," Gloria Swanson forges ahead with her projects; acting, for all the world, like someone who's got it and had it all along. She can play health advocate or housewife, glamour girl or grandmother, and all the identities are connected, like the bracelets, by a single link.

It's called style.

I have my own theory as to how she got it. It goes back to her childhood in Chicago, to the mother who made all of Gloria's clothes and, in defiance of family counsel, made them different. While schoolgirls then, as now, wanted only and desperately to look like each other, Gloria waltzed in wearing hats and dresses and even shoes that were like nobody else's. And loved it.

The result was, and is, Gloria Swanson. ▽

RENZO MONGIARDINO

(Continued from page 234)

influences that are reflected in Mongiardino's mature work stem from his childhood in Genoa—where he was born during the end of World War I—and his familiarity with that city's seventeenth-century palaces that sometimes had *turqueries* (objects, cushions, draperies, sometimes whole pleasure buildings—like pavilions—done in the Turkish manner). His earliest influences were his mother and his father, a Genoese theater director, who searched for new forms of expression and talent, such as D'Annunzio and Eleonora Duse. At this time, there were several people with the same experimental attitude towards the theater. (Mongiardino himself has designed sets for movies—Franco Zeffirelli's *The Taming of the Shrew, Romeo and Juliet,* and *Brother Sun, Sister Moon;* for opera—*Tosca* with Maria Callas, at Covent Garden, *Don Pasquale* for the Hamburg Opera, *Il Ballo in Maschera* for La Scala; and for the theater—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, at Stratford-on-Avon.)

It was his mother who mainly helped to develop and guide Mongiardino's love of beauty by surrounding him with it in their houses in Italy. Her taste was avant-garde; at a time when all interiors were heavy and dark, she removed all the furniture from a square room except for a chair, a table, and a bed, using only blue and gold Fortuny fabric. Was it the same velvet Proust referred to as being "of an intense blue which, as my gaze extended over it, changed into malleable gold by those same transmutations which, before the advancing gondolas, change into flaming metal, the azure of the Grand Canals"?

One of Renzo Mongiardino's nourishing memories as a student in Milan is an enormous painting, in the Brera Picture Gallery, of St. Mark in Alexandria, begun by Gentile Bellini in 1504 and finished by his brother, Giovanni, in March of 1507. In the background is a large church—beside the church, on the right, several camels.

(Continued on page 326)

RENZO MONGIARDINO

(Continued from page 325)

In the foreground are men in large bulbous white turbans and kneeling women with transparent white veils covering them from head to toe. To the left stands St. Mark on an imaginary bridge, with his right hand up, preaching to the crowd. Behind him and surrounding him—the notables of Venice. What Mongiardino loved about this luminous painting was its sense of fantasy—the Italian, Oriental charm, the unlikely combination of church, camels, Doges—the quiet surrealism—so rigorous in every detail and yet delirious in conception.

When Mongiardino was studying in Milan, Le Corbusier's influence predominated. Just before the Second World War, there was a fashion for strong, serious, modern design—all columns and marble—the Mussolini style. Everything that was not modern was rejected. Mongiardino tried to conform to this school, but it was against his true nature. He believed then, as he does today, that it is not a sin for the contemporary artist to copy or reinterpret the past—as Raphael did from Pompeii, Piranesi from Raphael, the neo-classicists from Piranesi. He risked failing his exams by presenting a project just the opposite of contemporary tastes—a three-foot-by-three-foot *trompe-l'oeil* room, a fantasy painted in dream colors—mauves, roses, and blues. The walls were painted with scenes of fauns and nymphs; there was a fireplace, but above it a fountain, a water source, cascading over the fire. He painted a tree on the wall, and where the trunk thickened he created a pouf for sitting. And even before graduation he began to gain some recognition when several of his projects were published in small reviews, and he had decorated a small room in Portofino as a niche in *trompe-l'oeil*. Guided by his strong artistic beliefs, he did pass his exams.

After graduation at age twenty-two, he formed a small group with some architects, but soon broke with them, preferring to work alone and pursue his singular vision of architecture and decoration. His first chance to decorate came when a Milanese industrialist with a collection of De Chirico paintings saw some of his work that had been published in a small review and telephoned him. In deference to the Master, Mongiardino allowed De Chirico's fantasy to dominate the oval room. He understood that everything should remain calm, and so he chose a strong shade of almond green for the walls.

> "He loves all that is well-made and beautiful, his innate taste never shocks"

Over the years, Mongiardino has had many apprentices, but they are almost never architects. They could be painters, upholsterers, carpenters, stucco workers, stencilers, masons, artisans who work with rare materials—people with whom he feels a certain affinity. He can always spot talent, dedication, sensitivity.

Like all truly visual men, Mongiardino was born with a combination of talent and character, recognized by those who work with him. His influence is strong but not oppressive; his contacts with various co-workers happen in an atmosphere of gaiety, confidence, and mutual trust. There is a generous exchange of ideas and often true friendship between them—harmony and ease that occur when there is mutual respect. Mongiardino is never "boss" but more like a guild master who encourages his fellow craftsmen to participate. Sometimes there are temperamental craftsmen to deal with, but they often surprise him and yield the most interesting results. He can tease them with his gentle charm and guide them to go beyond their apparent capabilities. With a stroke of his architectural crayon he makes them understand what he is working towards. They often collaborate on ideas, learn, and perfect new techniques. Creativity is life, and Mongiardino has given life to his houses.

After the conception of a project, a maquette is immediately begun, the base of all Mongiardino's work. From this he knows what furniture, paintings, or collections can fit into a room. Colors and materials are chosen and then the craftsmen begin. They discuss how they can achieve technically what Mongiardino has visualized. He listens and explains openly, yet very precisely, how to achieve the desired effect. There are moments of discouragement ahead and the inevitable time when a room is stripped and ugly with new problems to be thought out.

After discussing the restoration of a seventeenth-century palace in France, Mongiardino decided to cut a large room in two to house part of his client's treasures. These two rooms became *cabinets d'amateurs*—small rooms like those in which great collectors in the past kept their treasures—medallions, enamels, drawings. His client did not want velvet for her distinguished collection of Limoges enamels, and Mongiardino wanted to avoid the cliché of a room lined with vitrines. He had a difficult moment trying to find a solution until one day, walking down the *quais*, he spotted a Renaissance box that gave him the idea of placing the collection on the walls, like precious jewels. After weeks of thought, it became the only solution—it was right. Then the rest of the puzzle began piecing itself together and now the room looks as though it had always been as it is today.

In another room, Mongiardino loved the Cordoba leather screens belonging to the owners and wanted to fill the room entirely with leather, creating a warm glow and filling in the spaces between the screens with material that looked the same. He knew there was only one person able to copy leather like this—his old friend Steva Doubujinsky—the greatest mask maker in the world, a magician at his art. Together, using latex, and copying a design from an antique source, they created the dado and lateral frames that surround the original Cordoba panels, using rich tones and blending them so one does not know the ancient from the modern.

Often good work can take hours of preparation and reflection, then within minutes the work is executed. To illustrate this preparation, Mongiardino likes to quote a Chinese tale that concludes, "To paint it took an hour and a half, but the time to imagine and find the correct technique took a year and a half."

Unlike William Morris, a nineteenth-century visionary who created Morris and Company (a revolutionary guild with some theological and political undertones) and a designer of furniture, tapestries, rugs, graphics, jewelry, wallpapers, and fabrics, Mongiardino prefers to remain anonymous, non-political, and independent with his informal guild. But, like Morris, Mongiardino has contributed to the realization of the idea that the core of art lies in its craftsmen. He considers each job a unique creation. One of Mongiardino's beliefs is: what is important is what *is done,* and not *who* has done it. This modesty is part of his gentlemanly character.

Mongiardino lives his work like a craftsman, a Renaissance man, giving permanent shape to his magnificent stage sets for contemporary life. He loves all that is well-made and beautiful, his innate taste never shocks, his colors are strong but subtle. Unlike many contemporary decorators, he never sets out to make a "beautiful house"; he works from the interior outwards and, because of his choice of materials, the house grows beautiful. His uncompromisingly high quality of workmanship and his rigorous standard of perfection are the most readily identifying marks of his work. It could be said of Renzo Mongiardino what Somerset Maugham wrote in an essay in *Points of View*: "His creative gifts have by artistic production added adornment to the business of living." ▽

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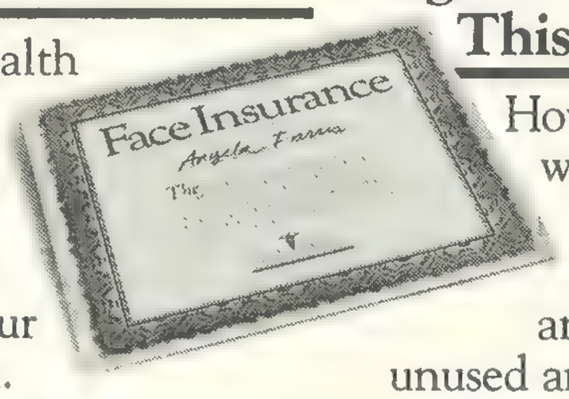

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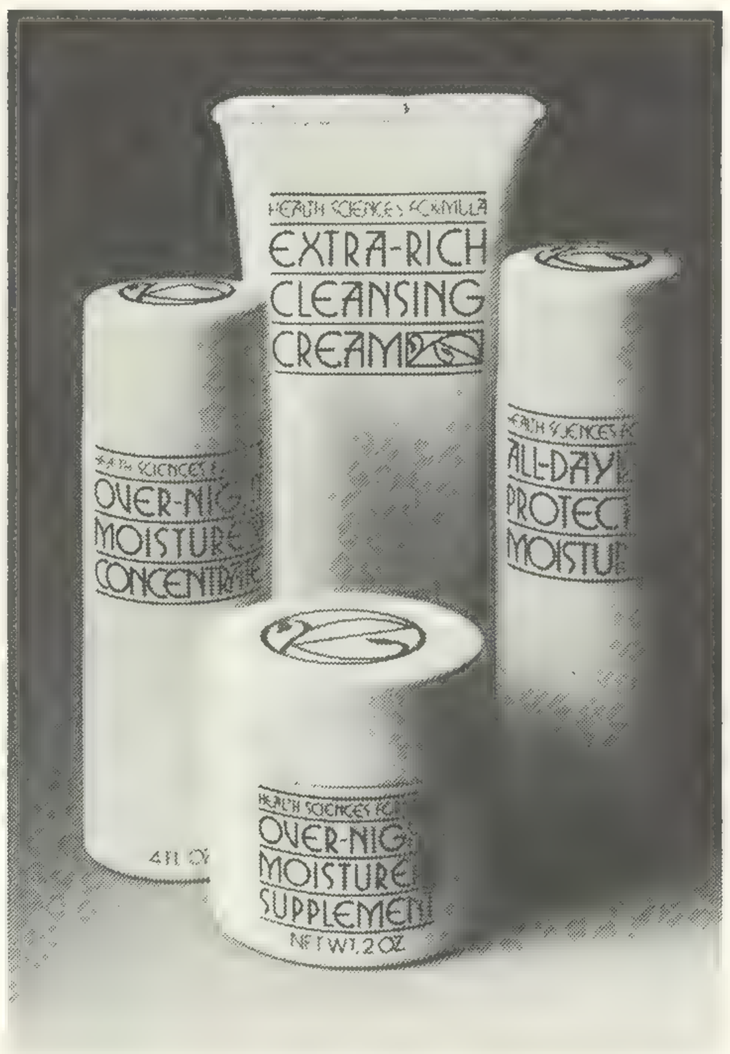

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"TODAY" SHOW

(Continued from page 266)

time. So it was that an institution which will soon celebrate its thirtieth birthday was in part rescued by that most enthusiastic of consumers, the American child.

I often wonder whether I've relapsed into childhood as I struggle out of bed many mornings of the week to turn the knob to NBC. After all, here I am a rigorously print-oriented cultural conservative who often lectures on the disastrous effect of the media on contemporary education and mores. . .who apart from this crazy A.M. habit seldom watches anything on the tube but Presidential elections and tennis matches. . . . But my loathing for the idiot box is irrelevant to my addiction to *Today*. I suspect that *Today*'s phenomenal appeal has little to do with trendy McLuhanesque theories about multi-sensory information-getting. It has to do with the biological fact that early morning is our most fragile, regressive stage. Every waking out of the womb of sleep is like a little birth, needing gentle coaxing to be bearable. Writers tend to be poor sleepers, and I wake up surlier and more infantile than most citizens, being further plagued with an allergy to caffeine. There's a radiant optimism about the *Today* show that eases, soothes me into the reality of the new day. What gentler stimulant could I add to my bland morning diet of honey and yogurt and watery tea than *Today*'s mellow logos of dawn colors, and those four charming and disparate personalities saying, "Good morning, Yakima, Washington!" "Good morning, Jane; Good morning, Gene; Good morning, Tom. . ." "Great name, Yakima! Can only be beaten by Walla Walla, Washington, right . . . ." "We've a busy hour ahead—this morning, we're going to talk with the former ambassador to Poland and later we have an exclusive interview with Elton John, so stick around with us. . . ."

So I stick around and *Today* cuddles me into wakefulness. It's my Lamaze method of being born into the day. And what a team of midwives! Delicious Jane Pauley of the porcelain cheeks and primly braided tresses, Catherine Deneuve of the corn belt, you look precisely the way I wished to look when I was thirteen. *Not* when I was eighteen (by which time, I wanted to be a vamp like Veronica Lake or Rita Hayworth) but at that precise age when I was emerging from my own childhood. Dainty, pert Jane who used to deliver eggs from her grandfather's farm in Indiana, Janie yum yum who looks equally luscious whether she's spoon-feeding me news about the rising OPEC oil prices or the perils of hygienic tampons. . . . I find it touching that she was only ten weeks old when the *Today* show was first aired.

Part of *Today*'s spell upon the childlike consciousness of waking hours is the archetypal, almost fairytale appeal of its hosts. Next to Cinderella Jane sits Satanic-headed Gene Shalit, and there's so much heart and intelligence behind his Luciferian face that I swallow his puns as docilely as I ingest my morning yogurt. ("This is a sad film. The heroine falls for a Czech and the Czech bounces.") As for Tom Brokaw, he's the valorous White Knight from South Dakota who rescues us from the sensationalism and lies of much media talk, who exudes equal probity and stalwartness whether he's telling us about the Iran-Iraq war or the problems of battered husbands. Like the rest of *Today*'s staff, there's something asexual, presexual about Brokaw's charm. He is a distillation of decency who never goes for the jugular; he is admirably soothing to frightened guests. I became addicted to *Today* in 1976, at the very moment when the Brokaw-Pauley team took over.

Now for the bad news. There's a witch-like smoothie of a spectacle called *Good Morning America* which airs simultaneously with *Today* and is stealing many viewers from my morning fix. So many, in fact, that *Today*'s producers are threatening to change its format and—God forbid—Jane and Tom. I reluctantly switched on *Good Morning America* (*GMA* in trade talk) some months ago and here's what I found: six-foot-five actor David Hartman (formerly NBC's *Lucas Tanner*) who is the Platonic essence of the Chairman of the Board; and a colleague named Joan Lunden who looks like the Cosmopolitan girl at her uppermost age-limit, the kind of sleekly cosmeticized, glossily blow-dried executive secretary who chooses to make it only with the top corporate brass. Even the pudgy, toupeed weatherman wears a three-piece suit.

Unlike the honest-to-goodness TV-station setting of *Today*, *GMA*'s hosts sit in a make-believe living room complete with bookcases, coffee tables, potted plants, fireplace; and behind them a bay window opens out upon the rhododendroned landscape of a posh upper-middle-class suburban home. There is a frighteningly robotized, dehumanized pace to the show. The two hosts "relate" to each other with a charmless and computerized efficiency, never allowing themselves those slips of the tongue which Jane or Tom occasionally correct with winsome bantering. *GMA* is said to be overtaking *Today* because of its "cope"—a euphemism for health, marriage, consumer concerns, and homey nonsense such as Erma Bombeck's chirpings.

The first time I turned on *Good Morning America*, David and Joan were seated in overstuffed chairs chatting about an Election Year item—toilet paper embossed with Reagan's and Carter's names—and discussing their rates of sale (59 percent Carter tissue to Reagan's 49 percent). A few days later, I got the full blast of *GMA* "cope"—a child analyst was discussing the family tensions of newly remarried couples whose children by previous marriages suddenly have to live together. A film was shown on which five ill-mannered brats sat around the dinner table screaming, "Why did she get the chicken *leg* and I *didn't*. . ." "She kicked me *first*, I didn't kick *her*!" Meanwhile, the psychiatrist in the studio was exulting, "Absolutely normal! Absolutely normal!" Too heavy for my morning, I mumbled, and flipped back impatiently to NBC, on which Jane was pertly perched on a stool asking a winner of the International Chopin Competition, "Garrick, could you play us a piece that *sounds* difficult but is easy, and then one that *sounds* easy but is difficult. . . ." Garrick Ohlsson obliged with lovely renderings of Liszt and Debussy.

There's no denying that *Good Morning America* often gets hotter news scoops than *Today*. It satellited the Afghan pilots from Germany a few days after their defection, and it recently had an exclusive with Billy Carter, while on *Today* a conservationist was discussing the saving of dolphins. But ABC's *Good Morning America* has non-people in a make-believe suburban living room, while *Today* has irresistibly real people sitting in a real studio. Ersatz corporate suburbia versus ingenuous Middle-Western freshness transported to the Big Apple. Whether its glacially professional hosts discuss Methods of Aggressive Love-Making or The Newest Cure for Anorexia, I have only one word for the show: Board-dom. Its rising popularity has awesome implications for the state of the American psyche. Have we suddenly lost our appetite for youth? Are we preferring the corporation to the family? Are we favoring computerized performance at the expense of spontaneous conversation? If *Today* is the Lamaze method of waking from the womb of night, *Good Morning America* has the dehumanized technological efficiency of a deliberately chosen Caesarean section.

"Delicious Jane Pauley of the porcelain cheeks . . . Satanic-headed Gene Shalit. . . Tom Brokaw, the valorous white knight."

The changes imposed upon the *Today* format to meet *GMA*'s challenge are a mixed blessing. On the blessed side, there's the obdurately cheerful, 270-pound, flower-lapeled weatherman Willard Scott, whose puns are as pleasantly corny as Shalit's and who delights in folksy, regional doings. "Let's look at the weather chart and see what goodies it has to offer . . . gorgeous fall temperatures everywhere, as receding as my hairline . . . don't miss the quilt show in Missouri this weekend . . . and in Alabama, they're holding a watermelon seed-spitting contest. . . ." Another blessing of *Today*'s struggle to recapture its dominance over *GMA* is a frequent ten-minute segment with the now legendary Phil Donahue. One of Donahue's fortes is his capacity to elicit the total trust of any female audience or guest and his tender fascination for the female gender in general. "This is a laparoscope Dr. X is showing us today . . . fascinating instrument . . . if you stick it into the belly-button, leaving only the tiniest of scars, you can see the uterus and all that marvelous, exquisite construction of women's bodies, the delicate, fascinating, little Fallopian tubes. . . ."

On the negative side of *Today*'s struggle to recapture the number-one place in America's waking heart is its overly frantic search for show-biz pizazz. There's the disturbing news, for instance, that the cheapest feature of *GMA*—my pet peeve Rona Barrett—has been persuaded to defect to *Today*. NBC's struggle for the exotic and the folksy can be equally disastrous. A recent feature on a Methodist minister who does his *(Continued on page 330)*

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Bill Cosby talks to Jim Lund: Red Cross lifesaving hero.

Cosby:
"Must've been fate that brought you to that motel 1,000 miles from home, Jim."

Lund:
"Good thing I walked out by the pool when I did, Bill – that boy would be a drowning statistic. Nobody else knew what to do . . . a man was shaking the kid by his heels!

All I could think was *get air in those lungs*. I laid him down and tilted his head back to open the airway so I could breathe some life into him.

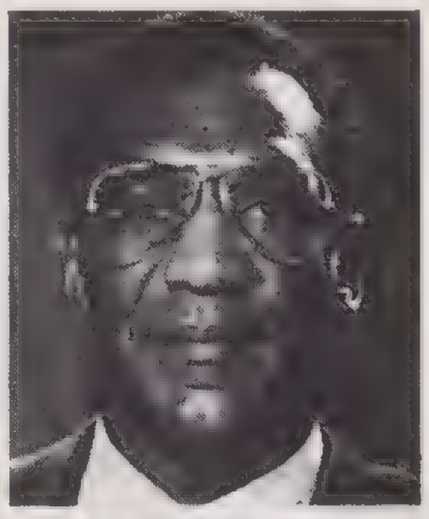
The mouth-to-mouth was – everything was automatic. My Red Cross training came back clear as a bell that day – 25 years after I took that course."

Cosby:
"And the boy – O.K.?"

Lund:
"First time I ever got pleasure seeing a little boy cry. His father cried, too."

Cosby:
"Bet he was grateful."

Lund:
"Yes, that boy's father was grateful. So was I. Grateful for Red Cross."



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"TODAY" SHOW

(Continued from page 328)

pastoral work in clown's costume was just plain silly. And Jane Pauley's interview with an insufferably snobbish, name-dropping young man whose miniature replicas of millionaires' homes were on show at Tiffany's was equally depressing. Even Jane was understandably annoyed with her guest and for once stopped smiling . . . which brings up one more negative result of the *Today* versus *Good Morning America* race; Jane is flashing her delicious smile a bit too often to combat the accusation (to my mind asinine) that the atmosphere on the NBC set was too "chilly." Sunny Jane, soother of my misery of waking, you're so radiant you can afford to look a bit serious when you introduce a star gymnast who was born with only one arm, or a one-legged long-distance runner. . . .

"Happy Birthday, Willard! This is Willard Scott's thirtieth birthday on NBC!"

"Yes Jane, I knew General Sarnoff when he was an enlisted man. . . ."

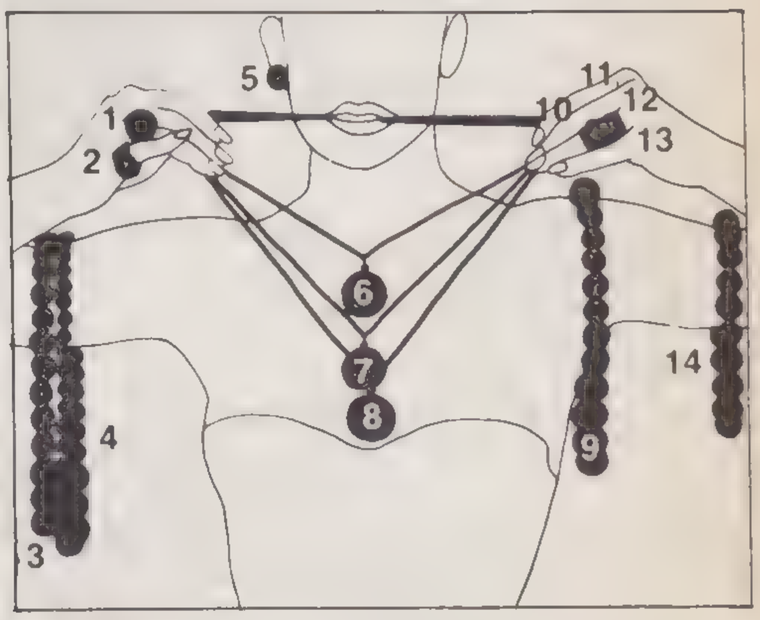
"Now for a station break. . . ."

Every Friday morning, as of this writing, Connie Collins, the scrubbed young blond in sensible cashmeres who looks as if she'd bowled for her sorority at Iowa State and gives the local New York news, ends her broadcast with the words: "That's all for now, and thank *goodness* it's Friday again."

No no, Connie, don't say that—on Saturday and Sunday I have nothing to do but cold-turkey on Robert J. Lurtsema's catatonically delivered news and a Saint-Saëns violin concerto on PBS which I can't take in until I'm fully awake. . . On weekend mornings when there's no *Today*, I'm bereft of something deeply comforting, quintessentially American, marvelously professional, and as enduring (I hope) as apple pie. ▽

TIFFANY PRESENTS

Details of pages 242-247



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Paloma Picasso

1. Fire opal and 18k-gold* ring, $6400. **2.** Gold ring with rubelite and blue topaz stones, $9100. **3.** Charoite ball necklace, three balls studded with diamonds.** Gold ball as clasp, $8400. **4.** Coral ball necklace, one ball at center studded with diamonds. Gold ball as clasp, $13,000. **5.** Fire opal and gold earrings, $3700. **6.** Black tiger eye ball studded with diamonds, black silk cord with gold tips, $4500. **7.** Milky emerald ball studded with diamonds, black silk cord with gold tips, $6700. **8.** Lapis ball studded with diamonds, black silk cord with gold tips, $8400. **9.** Rhodochrosite pink ball necklace, three balls studded with diamonds; gold ball as clasp, $4225. **10.** Gold ring with three green tourmaline stones, $1550. **11.** Gold ring with pink tourmaline and aquamarine stones, $1475. **12.** Gold ring with

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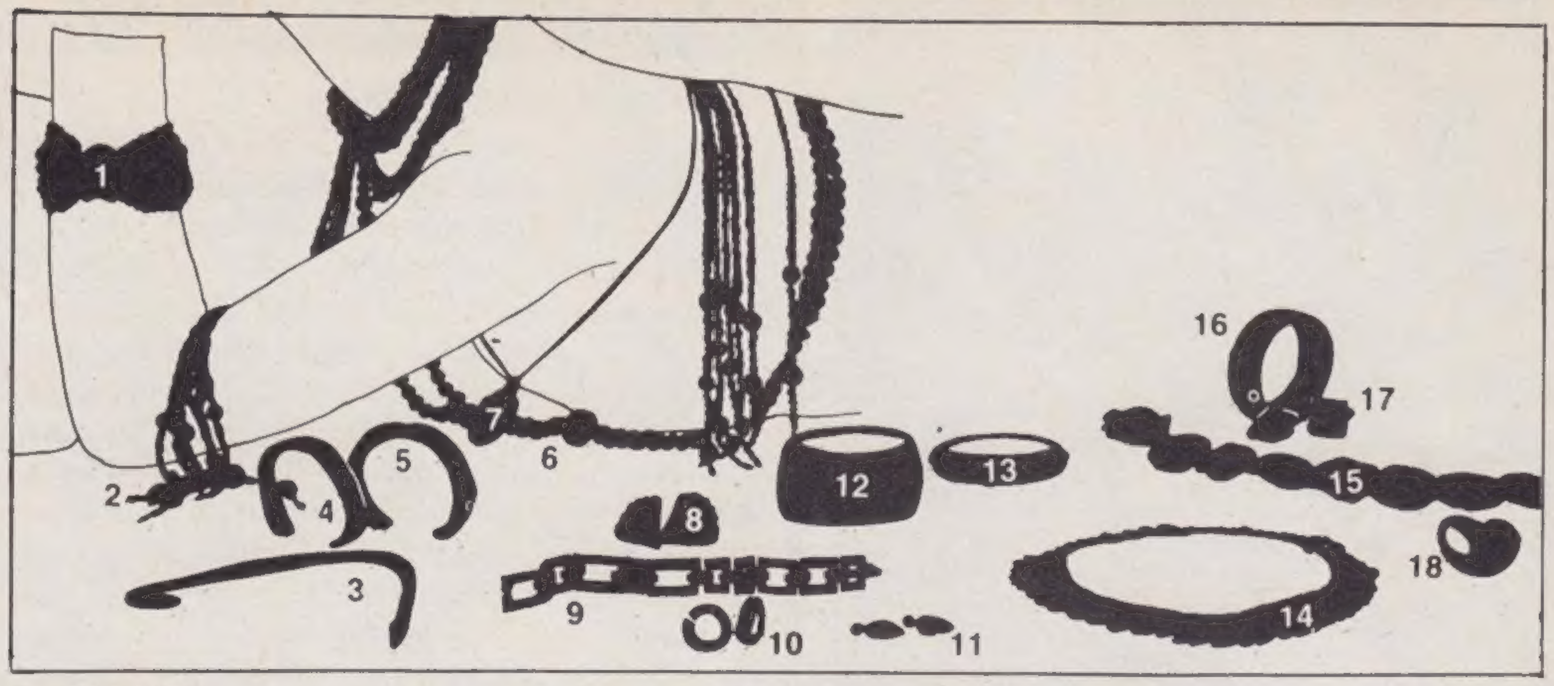
amethyst, topaz and pink tourmaline stones, $1695. **13.** Gold ring with two green tourmaline and two aquamarine stones, $2200. **14.** Blue quartz ball necklace, three gold balls studded with diamonds, $5900. *All gold, 18 karat. **All jewelry studded with diamonds in gold bezel and set in platinum. Prima Boutique nylon/spandex guepiere, $135. Bloomingdale's; Victoria's Secret, San Francisco; Nordstrom. All prices approximate.

Angela Cummings
1. Pink baroque pearl bracelet, $2600. **2.** Pink baroque pearl lariat with amethysts and 18k-gold* balls, $3200. **3.** Gold "swan" choker, $3995. **4.** Gold cuff bracelet, $995. **5.** Sterling silver cuff bracelet, $255. **6.** Double-strand pink pearl necklace with diamond ball, $9995. **7.** Kunzite pendant in diamond bezel on gold chain, $6995. **8.** Gold "rose petal" earrings, $675. **9.** Gold, blue steel, and pavé diamond link bracelet, $12,200. **10.** Gold hoop earrings with pavé diamonds, $3995. **11.** Gold and pavé diamond "leaf" earrings, $1450. **12.** Gold cyclamen-patterned cuff bracelet inlaid with gem stones, $9400. **13.** Gold handwoven bangle bracelet, $2600. **14.** "Fan" gold and diamond necklace, $28,000. **15.** "Rose petal" necklace, $3400. **16.** Coral, hematite, black jade striped cuff bracelet inset in gold, $3995. **17.** Coral, hematite, black jade and gold striped earrings, $1200. **18.** Gold "shell" ring, $1400. *All gold, 18 karat. All prices approximate. Pavlova's Pointe Ltd. nylon/Lycra unitard, $40. Pavlova's Pointe, NYC.

Elsa Peretti
1. 18k* gold "wire wave" earrings, $345. **2.** Sterling silver heart belt buckle, $235. Yellow leather belt, $30. Sterling silver stud fastener, $28. **3.** Silver mesh clutch purse, $595. **4.** Gold and diamond wave bracelet, $2300. **5.** Gold and pearl safety pin, $995. **6.** Gold and green jade safety pin, $250. **7.** Sterling silver mesh necklace $240. **8.** Gold bracelet with coral stone, $950. **9.** Gold bracelet with lapis stone, $950. **10.** Gold bracelet with tiger iron stone, $1350. **11.** Green jade letter opener, $175. **12.** Crystal salt and pepper dish, $275. **13.** Red jasper spoon, $25. **14.** Gold and 10 ct. diamond cuff links, $225,000. **15.** Crystal bottle on gold chain with ruby top, $820. **16.** Gold strand choker with pavé bean clasp, $6900. **17.** Chrysophase pebble earrings, $125. **18.** Gold thumbprint earrings, $495. **19.** Rock crystal bird dish, $550. **20.** Black metal pen, $12. **21.** Sterling silver "pot cover" ashtray,



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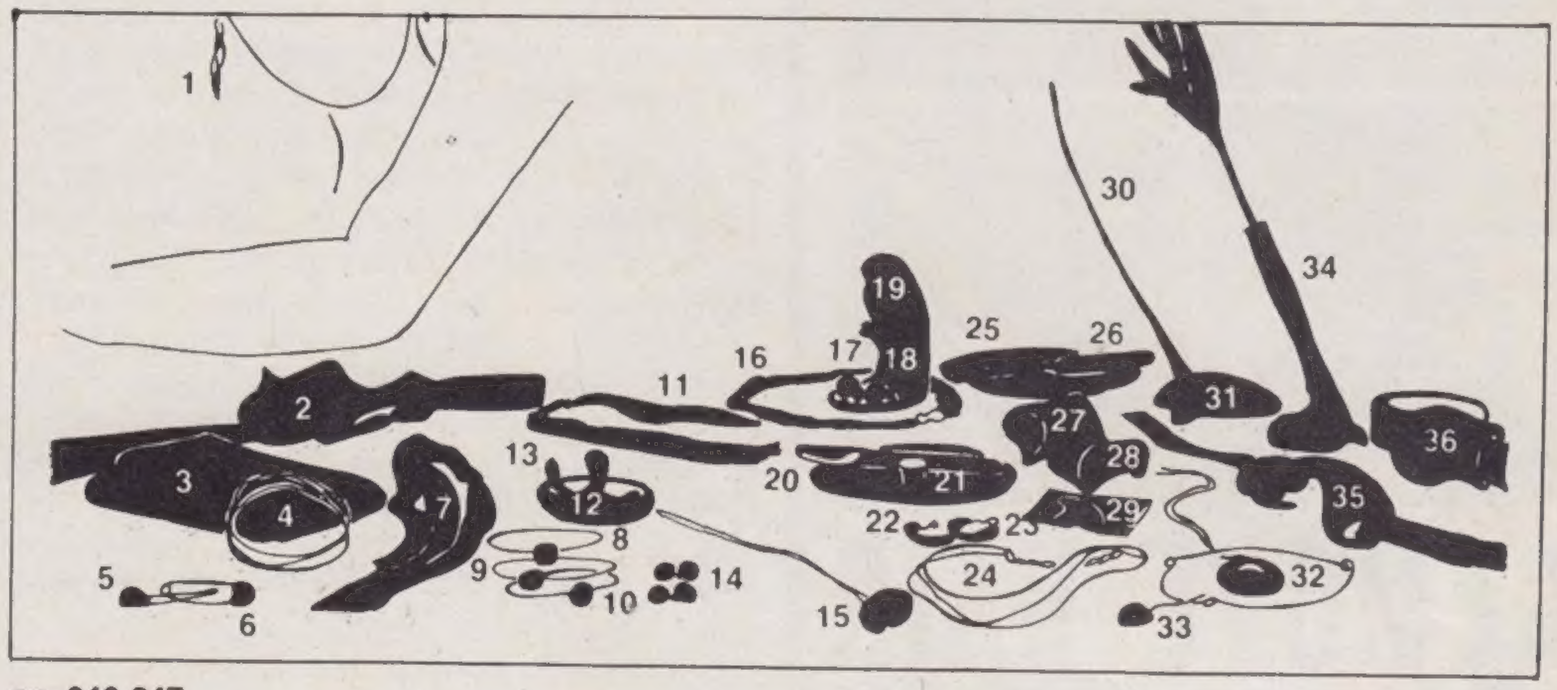

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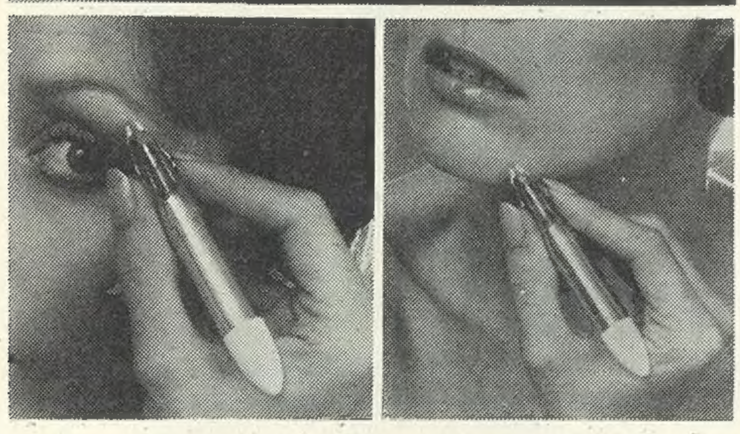
$355. **22.** Sterling silver swirl hoop earrings, $68. **23.** Gold swirl hoop earrings, $750. **24.** Gold and diamond wave necklace, $4700. **25.** Black jade bread and butter plate, $395. **26.** Green jade butter knife, $175. **27.** Sterling silver open end cuff, $295. **28.** Gold wing cuff, $2550. **29.** Sterling silver claw money clip, $59. **30.** Sterling silver quill pen, $69. **31.** Sterling silver rock stand, $250. **32.** Sterling silver mother-of-pearl pendant on white silk cord, $195. **33.** Gold neck wire with drop pearl and two diamonds, $6500. **34.** Sterling silver and crystal bud vase, $340. **35.** Sterling silver hook belt buckle $235. with red leather belt, $30. **36.** Gold thumbprint belt buckle with black leather belt, $2275. *All gold, 18-karat. Antron/Lycra maillot, $55. From OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Max, Denver; Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills. All prices approximate.

FASHION INFORMATION

Page 88: Cover details: Jacket fabric: silk velvet by Gandini; Bucol lamé collar and facing. Blouse fabric, silk satin by Abraham. Skirt fabric, silk velvet by Moreau. **Page 250:** Fernando Sanchez quilted moiré jacket edged in marabou feathers. About $175. Bergdorf Goodman; Creeds, Canada. Bogner stretch pants of nylon/wool/Lycra. About $138. Scandinavian Ski Shop, NYC. Ken Begun earrings and ring. Both at Henri Bendel. Alex & Lee "one of a kind" necklace at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Hattie; Amen Wardy. Magda K bangles at Bonwit Teller. Boots, Andrew Geller. **Page 251:** Adrienne Vittadini angora/lambswool/nylon strapless sweater. About $60. Zoran silk pants. Belt, Cesar of Gstaad. **Page 252:** Zoran silk/polyester lamé shorts, (about $300) and grey cashmere scarf (about $80). To order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Also at Saks-Jandel; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Earrings, Terrafirma. Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelet, Alex & Lee "one of a kind." Bergdorf Goodman. Panty stockings, Givenchy for Round-the-Clock. Available at fine stores nationwide. **Page 253:** Serape, Koos Van Den Akker, NYC. Earrings, Marieluisa Stern for Stigi. Henri Bendel. Alex & Lee "one of a kind" belt. Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelets, Magda K. Panty stockings, Givenchy for Round-the-Clock. Available at fine stores nationwide. Givenchy shoes. **Page 254:** Andre Van Pier gold silk lamé sarong skirt, about $400. D'signer, NYC and San Francisco; Caché, Florida. Burlington panty stockings. Shoes, Pancaldi. **Page 255:** Zoran black cashmere tank top, about $160, and silver silk/polyester lamé pants, about $400. Saks Fifth Avenue (pants to order); Ultimo, Chicago; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Earrings, Ken Begun. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Alex & Lee "one of a kind" belt available at Bergdorf Goodman. Panty stockings, Givenchy for Round-the-Clock. Shoes, Anne Klein. **Pages 256-257:** *Left:* Zoran silk charmeuse pants, about $200 at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Earrings, Eve Sandler for Treasures. Bergdorf Goodman; Margie Roth, Sylvania OH. Model's right arm, bracelets top to bottom: Jane Scileppi; Jacques Carcanagues; Jacques Carcanagues; M&J Savitt; Jane Scileppi. Model's left arm, top to bottom: M&J Savitt; Jacques Carcanagues; Jacques Carcanagues; Jacques Carcanagues; Jane Scileppi; Jacques Carcanagues. Jane Scileppi bracelets at Macy's, Herald Square. M&J Savitt bracelets, to order at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Jacques Carcanagues bracelets at Jacques Carcanagues, NYC. Belt, Cesar of Gstaad. Burlington panty stockings. Shoes by Anne Klein. . . . *Right:* Toga, Michaele Vollbracht. Earrings and bracelet, Robert Lee Morris available at Artwear, NYC. Gloves, Ken Goldstein for LaCrasia. Hanes Hosiery. Higbee's; Marshall Field's. Shoes by Yves Saint Laurent. **Page 258:** Zoran's cashmere tank top and velvet skirt. Top about $160. Skirt about $200. Henri Bendel; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Ken Begun earrings. Henri Bendel. Cesar of Gstaad belt. Men's clothes, *left to right:* Jean-Paul Germaine, NYC. Calvin Klein jacket and Jaeger sweater. Both at Barney's, NYC. **Page 259:** Jules van Rouge earrings. Alex & Lee "one of a kind" belt. Bergdorf Goodman. Ring, Ken Begun. Henri Bendel. Sweater, Zanella. Barney's, NYC. **Pages 260-261:** *Left:* Jules van Rouge earrings. Hanes Hosiery, at fine department and specialty stores. Pancaldi shoes. . . . *Right:* Whelen rayon/polyester lace. Lafitte silk satin. Earrings by Fifth Avenue Accessories. The Florence Shop, Bergenfield NJ. Hanes Hosiery. Shoes, Halston for Garolini. . . . *Men's clothes, left to right:* Calvin Klein bomber jacket. . . . Zanella polo sweater. . . . Jean-Paul Germaine tuxedo. . . . J.H. Koopman bouclé jacket. All available at Barney's, NYC. **Page 262:** Panty stockings, Round-the-Clock at fine stores nationwide. Halston for Garolini sandals. Man's clothes Jean-Paul Germaine, NYC. **Page 263:** Suit, panne velvet (viscose/silk). Kenneth Jay Lane earrings. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Panty stockings, Round-the-Clock at fine stores nationwide. Anne Klein shoes. Men's clothes, *left to right:* Calvin Klein jacket. Jaeger sweater. . . . J.H. Koopman jacket. . . . Zanella polo shirt. Tuxedo pumps, Kilgour French & Stanbury. All men's clothes and shoes, at Barney's, NYC. **Pages 270-271:** Hunting World cosmetic case at Hunting World, NYC. **Page 272:** *Inset above:* Bracelets, Vanglo Designs. Sandals, by Bernardo. **Page 274:** Jane Scileppi bracelets. Macy's, Herald Square. Bernardo sandals. **Page 275:** *Left:* Suit bottom by Gottex. . . . *Right:* OMO Norma Kamali cotton top, Lycra bottom. **Page 276:** Koos Van Den Akker cotton gauze blouse with stripes of cotton/acetate/nylon. Acetate/nylon skirt. . . . Bill Blass wool/rayon/Lurex sweater. **Page 278:** *Far left:* Leotard by Pavlova's Pointe Ltd., NYC. **Page 280:** *Above:* Shoes, Capezio Ballet Makers at Capezio Dance-Theatre Shops nationwide. **Pages 282-283:** Esther Gallant earrings. Henri Bendel. Cuff, Eagle & Fox. To order at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Bullocks Wilshire. Cosmetics *(Continued on page 332)*



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FASHION INFORMATION

(Continued from page 331)

case, Hunting World, NYC. Shoes, Halston for Garolini. . . . *Inset:* Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Bergdorf Goodman. Cuff, see above. Duffle bags, Hunting World, NYC. Shoes, *left:* Halston for Garolini. . . . *right:* Rossi. **Pages 284-285:** Man's sweater, Drumohr for John Mendez. His pants, available at The Gap Stores nationwide. Keds sneakers available at better shoe and department stores. **Pages 286-287:** *Left to right:* Keds sneakers at better shoe and department stores. . . . Jazz shoes by Capezio Ballet Makers at Capezio Dance–Theatre shops nationwide. . . . Sacha moccasins at I. Miller, Eastchester NY. . . . Socks, Ralph Lauren Hosiery. Bloomingdale's. Keds sneakers. **Page 291:** Jay Cee bikini available in January at fine stores. **Page 292:** *Below:* "One of a kind" belt. Jacques Carcanagues, NYC. **Page 294:** Macy's, Herald Square; John Wanamaker; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Hattie. Earrings and bracelet, Robert Lee Morris available at Artwear, NYC. Shoes, La marca, NYC. **Page 295:** *Above:* Pullover, Henri Bendel; Robinson's, California. Bermudas, Reminiscence, NYC. Tess Sholom for Tess Designs earrings. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Napier. *Below:* Jogging suit at Tennis Lady, NYC. Sweater around neck by Adrienne Vittadini. Keds sneakers. At better shoe and department stores. **Page 296-297:** 1. Victoria Falls, NYC. Earrings, Robert Lee Morris available at Artwear, NYC. Bernardo sandals. . . . 2. Stephen Burrows for Pat Tennant. Henri Bendel; Chuck Jones & Jack Parker, Palm Beach and Bal Harbor; Stanley Korshak; Giorgio, Beverly Hills. Barry I. Bricken. Peter Elliot, NYC; Swanson's on the Plaza; Neiman-Marcus. Ken Begun earrings. Bracelet, Les Bernard. . . . 3. Shirt at Henri Bendel. Ruza for Elegant belt. Keds sneakers. At better shoe and department stores. . . . 4. Sermoneta, NYC; Pilgrim's Progress, Plymouth MA; Mooshka, Philadelphia PA; Lifestyles, Tulsa OK. Earrings, Ted Muehling available at Artwear, NYC. Bernardo sandals. . . . 5. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Sakowitz. . . . 6. Saks Fifth Avenue, exclusively. Bracelet, Bonwillum Designs. Belt, La Bagagerie, NYC and Beverly Hills. Bernardo sandals. . . . 7. Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Marshall Field's. Two Winds U.S.A. necklace. Bracelet, Andrew Hatfield at Kruger Gallery, NYC. . . . 8. Zoran. Henri Bendel. Shanghai'd by Bowman Trading. Henry Lehr, NYC. Pants, Reminiscence, NYC. Terrafirma bracelet. Joan & David sandals. **Page 298:** Silcreme prints from Mantero for Skinner Retail fabrics. Available late January at Herbert Gladson, NYC; Jacobson's Fashion Fabrics, Grosse Pointe MI; G. Fishman's Sons, Chicago; Ocone Fabrics, Fort Worth TX; Home Silk Shop, Los Angeles. White organza, to order at Maxine Fabrics, 417 Fifth Avenue, NY, NY 10016. Earrings, F. B. Durland at Kruger Gallery, NYC. Bracelets, Les Bernard. Belt, Terrafirma. Bergdorf Goodman; Ruth Kishline's, Evansville IN. Christian Dior Legwear. Givenchy shoes. **Page 299:** Navy fabric, see information for print fabric, page 298. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Bloomingdale's. Christian Dior Legwear: Ungaro shoes. **Page 300:** Jack Fuller polyester shantung blouse and tropical worsted wool trousers. Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's, Florida; Jackson Graves. F.B. Durland earrings. Alex & Lee "one of a kind" belt. Frosted bangles by Cara Croninger. Brass bangle, Carol for Eva Graham. . . . Oscar de la Renta. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Balliet's. Special order at Sakowitz. Cara Croninger belt available at Artwear, NYC; The Front Room, New Orleans. Gloria Sachs sweater and cotton/linen skirt. February at Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz; Bonwit Teller, Chicago and Beverly Hills. Cuff by Reema available at Artwear, NYC. Sandals, Parachutes Fly. . . . Jack Mulqueen. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field's; Bullock's. Cara Croninger belt at Artwear, NYC. Beads, wrapped at waist, Lisandro Sarasola. Joan & David sandals. **Page 301:** Albert Nipon blazer, rayon/acetate camisole and pants at Altman's; Jacobson's; Frost Bros. La Bagagerie belt at La Bagagerie NYC and Beverly Hills. Bracelet by Hans Appenzeller, available at Artwear, NYC. Bag, Il Bisonte by Barbara Bolan. La marca sandals at La marca, NYC. . . . Albert Nipon Collectibles sweater and fibranne pants. Altman's; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Jacobson's; Frost Bros. Rolex watch. Bonwillum bracelet. Cole-Haan moccasins. Hofheimer's, Norfolk VA. David Hayes Anglo Merino extra-fine wool jacket and pants; silk blouse. Saks Fifth Avenue; Saks-Jandel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Jane Scileppi earrings. Hunting World bag at Hunting World, NYC. David Evins shoes. . . . Helga wool gabardine jacket (Anglo), silk blouse (Abraham), acrylic/silk pants (Jasco). Elizabeth Arden Salons; Frances Brewster, Palm Beach; I. Magnin; Carol & Mary, Hawaii. Belt by Hélène Kaufman. **Pages 302–303:** *Left:* Silk blouse, Shanghai'd by Bowman Trading. About $56 at Henry Lehr, NYC. Earrings by Laurel, Inc. at International Barn, NYC; The Jewel Box, Chicago; Taylor & Ng, San Francisco. Harry Neufeld ivory bracelets. Repliqué at the Warwick, Philadelphia; Montrachet, Margate NJ. . . . *Above right:* Hat, Whittal & Javits. . . . *Below right:* Visor available through Courrèges Boutiques. Sony Walkman by Sony Corporation of America. **Page 304:** Andre Van Pier blouse. Napier earrings. At fine stores nationwide. Scarf, Lisa Nishi. Bergdorf Goodman. **Page 305:** Cotton/polyester sweatshirt, about $9, available at The Gap Stores nationwide. **Page 306:** *Above:* Silk organza ruffled jacket by Stephen Burrows for Pat Tennant, about $300. Saks Fifth Avenue NYC; Chuck Jones & Jack Parker, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Stanley Korshak; Lewie Watkins, Little Rock AR; Loretta Blum, Dallas; I. Magnin. Ken Begun earrings at Henri Bendel. . . . *Inset:* Red rayon jumpsuit from Halston Sportswear, about $250. January at Bloomingdale's, NYC; John Wanamaker; all Halston Boutiques. Earrings, Jerry Kott. Bracelets by Two Winds U.S.A. **Page 307:** Adrienne Vittadini sweater. Earrings, Brian Campbell at Bergdorf Goodman.

VOGUE PATTERNS

Back views, yardages, details of pages 298-299

7762

7740

Dress with collar. Very Easy Vogue Pattern 7762. Sizes 6–14. Size 10: 2⅛ yards 54″ fabric. $4.00. Canada, $4.90. Collar: ¼ yard 42″ fabric. **Dress with bow.** Very Easy Vogue Pattern 7740. Sizes 8–16. Size 10: 2⅜ yards 54″ fabric. $4.00. Canada, $4.90.

SEWING TIPS

Pattern 7762.View B. Slit the front opening 2½″ lower than the pattern marking indicates. Duplicate the original dress collar in white organza and tack to the inside of the dress collar. Do not interface the organza. Taper the side seams from the bottom of the armseye to the hem so that the circumference of the hem is about 2″ less than the pattern indicates.

Pattern 7740. View B. Slit front opening 2½″ lower than the pattern marking indicates. Before inserting sleeves, ease sleeve caps around the entire armseye by extending ease stitching beyond notches. Use lightweight (wisp) pads in shoulders of dress. Taper the side seams from the bottom of the armseye to the hem so that the circumference of the hem is about 2″ less than the pattern indicates.

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